June 24, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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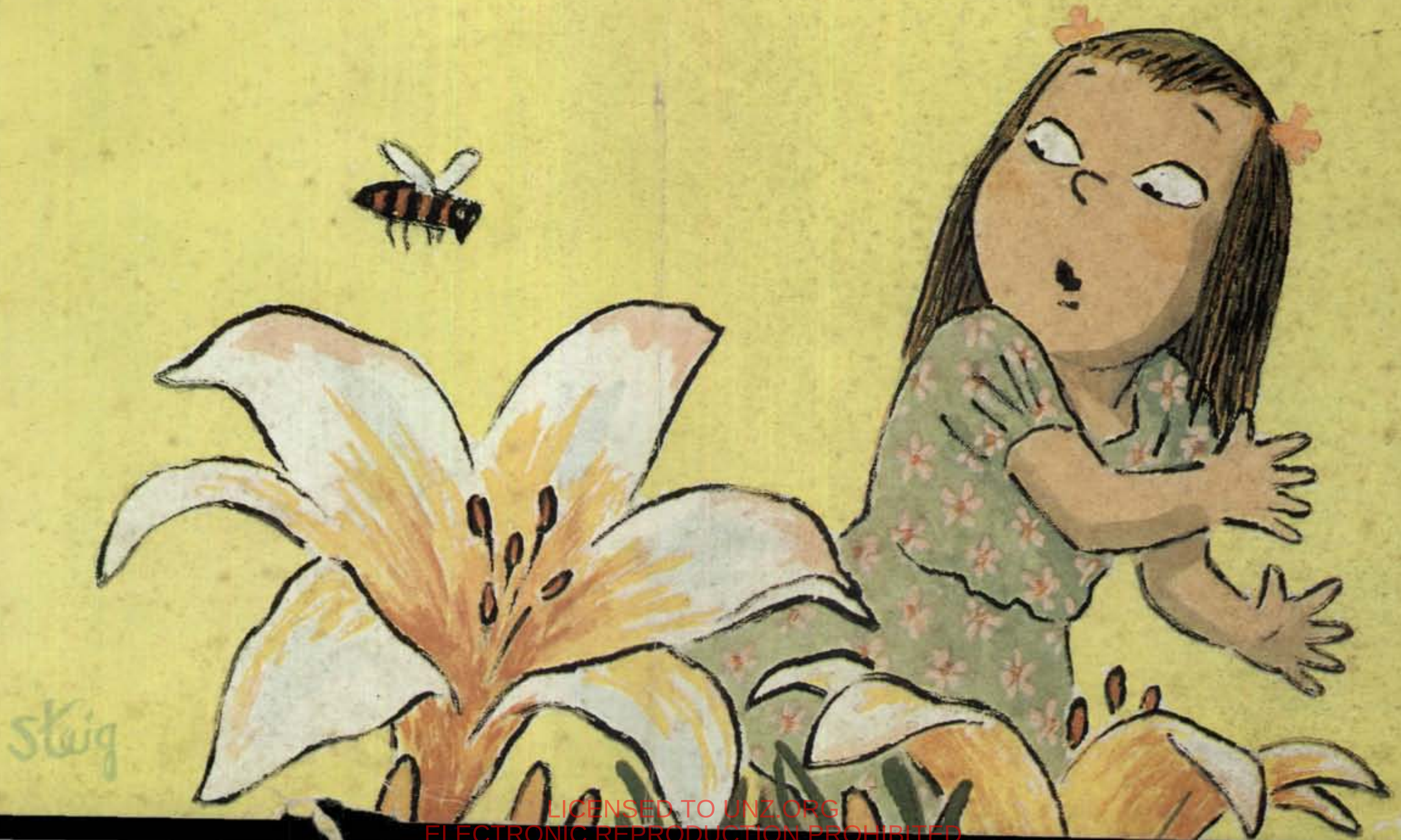

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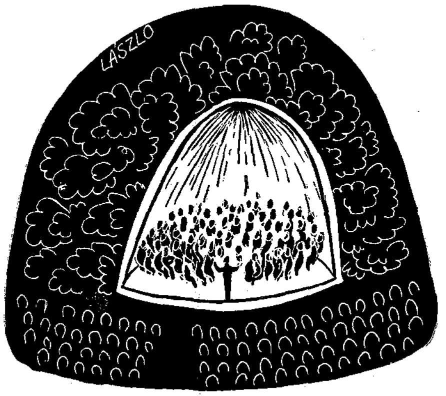
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Warren Berlinger, Lou Jacobi, Sarah Marshall, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Frances Cuka, Hermione Baddeley, Frederick Combs, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those present. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE BEST MAN:** Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MIRACLE WORKER:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Karen Lee and Suzanne Pleshette now play the leading roles, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are all kinds of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Gower Champion has directed the play with a lot of verve, Will Steven Armstrong has provided clever sets, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard add plenty of liveliness to the proceedings. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Donnybrook!—Eddie Foy and several other sprightly types cutting some cute capers in a play about an Irish-American who goes back to Erin to find peace and quiet and winds up in a terrible turmoil with an Irish girl and her overweening brother. It has music and lyrics by Johnny Burke, and Jack Cole is responsible for the direction and choreography. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—"Lysistrata" gets another going over in this adaptation by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, but while the play is elementary, Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and the others in the cast demonstrate that there is life in the old girl yet. The lyrics are by E. Y. Harburg, the score is by Jacques Offenbach, and the direction by Mr. Ritchard. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 24.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are now the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **FIORELLO!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley plays the Little Flower. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is *generally advisable.*)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Pal Joey," with Carol Bruce and Bob Fosse, is the last in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 25.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII. No. 19, June 24, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—An eleven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, June 22-25: "Princess Ida." . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 2: "Iolanthe." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A FIG LEAF IN HER BONNET—Henderson Forsythe and Claudia Morgan in a play by Jesse Torn, directed by Basil Langton. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

NOONTIDE—An adaptation, by Howard Hart, of an early Paul Claudel play (1906), which tells practically all there is to know about love, sin, and God. The language is hothouse poetic, the setting is the Orient, and the cast of four—three men and a woman—is suitably inscrutable. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

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RED EYE OF LOVE—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Father William himself. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

NOTE—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who will also appear with his Royal Canadians. Opens Thursday, June 22. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

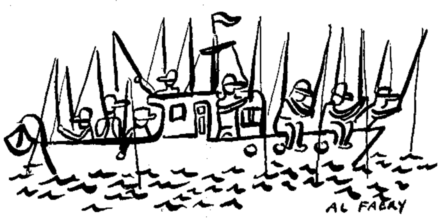
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Status quo and an occasional status seeker, along with all those fifth-generation New Yorkers. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of sociology.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's small group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long. Renato Rossini's guitar, which alternates between heartbreak and heart's balm, indulges in solo flights every night but Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, suddenly deciding to sign a new lease (two weeks) on life, is still reverberating at dinner and supper to Enzo Stuarti, an unabashedly romantic and unquestionably robust tenor. This jollity is surrounded by the dance bands of Ted Straeter and Mark Monte, which are pretty joyous themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra, which performs for listeners in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinner, strikes its colors (mauve, cerise, et al.) on Friday, June 23. . . . ¶ The sky over the cheery old Rendez-Vous is practically Knickerbocker gray now that Charles Columbus, an old Mayfair Dances hand, is captain of the ship. The small bands of Charles Holden and Nicholas D'Amico play on, play on for dancing. Closed Sundays.



ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the dance band of Milton Saunders, a New Yorker of many years' standing and serving, has the floor most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Up above the world so high, little stars are twinkling in their Balenciaga ball gowns as they waltz to the summer breezes of Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Saturday, June 24, is season's end for the Empire Room, where Woody Herman, in charge of what must be his thirty-third herd of bandsmen, is at present cannonading (and singing) for the benefit of not only listeners but dancers. Further pleasure is afforded by Norma Douglas, whose voice adds heat lightning to the band, and Steve Condos, whose feet are willing and able. There is also a separate séance with Frank Gari, a distinct (in every sense of the word) improvement on most of the juvenile singers. . . . ¶ Night life in Peacock Alley (thinking music from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, dance tunes thereafter to one except Sunday, when there's dancing from eight to one) ends on Sunday, June 25.

NOTE—*A captain's walk at the top of midtown* Manhattan's mainmast can be found in the Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio and a solo piano that start at four-thirty and continue through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Real characters, character actors, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder and all made in New York. Marty Berns, who knows the sort of piano that goes with this charade, begins at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7243): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and hubble-bubble double piano. A ten-day recess will be called after Thursday, June 29. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): High noon along the Rialto. Despite the traffic's boom, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way from table to table, tailed by a pair of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera company (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Rant and rave, Spain's two most popular sports, are now being carried on by two colonial troupes, one from the Argen-

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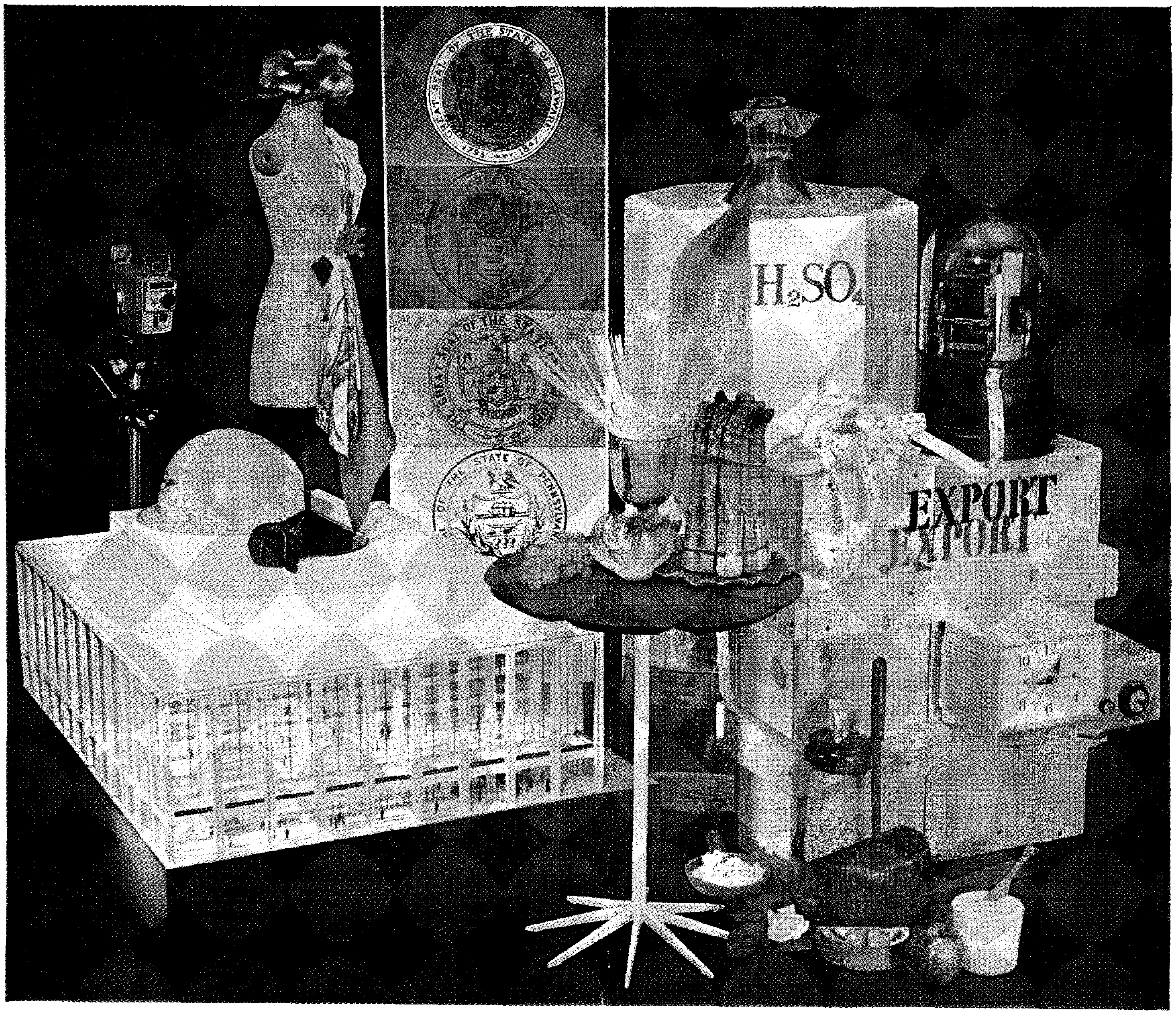

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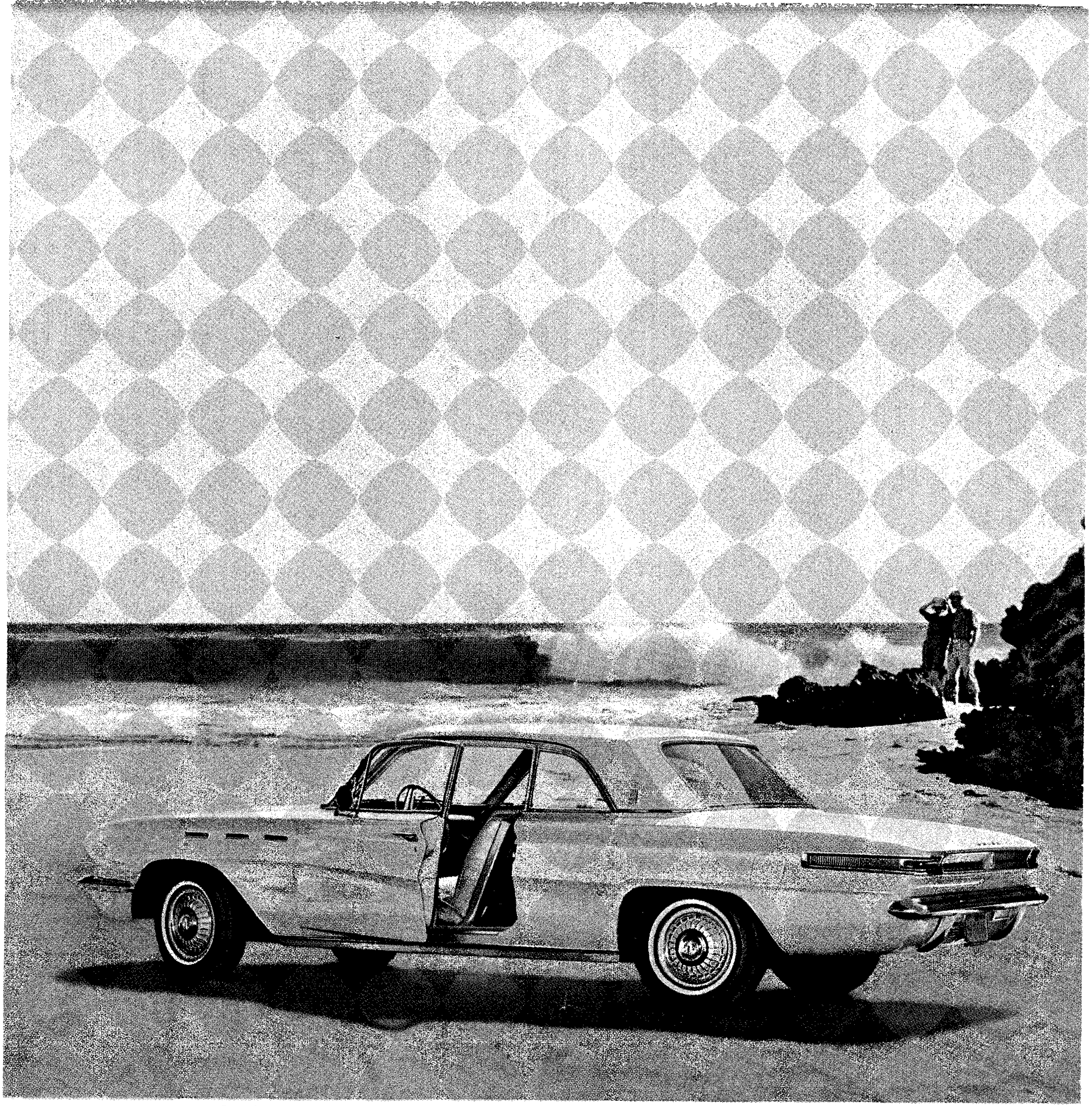

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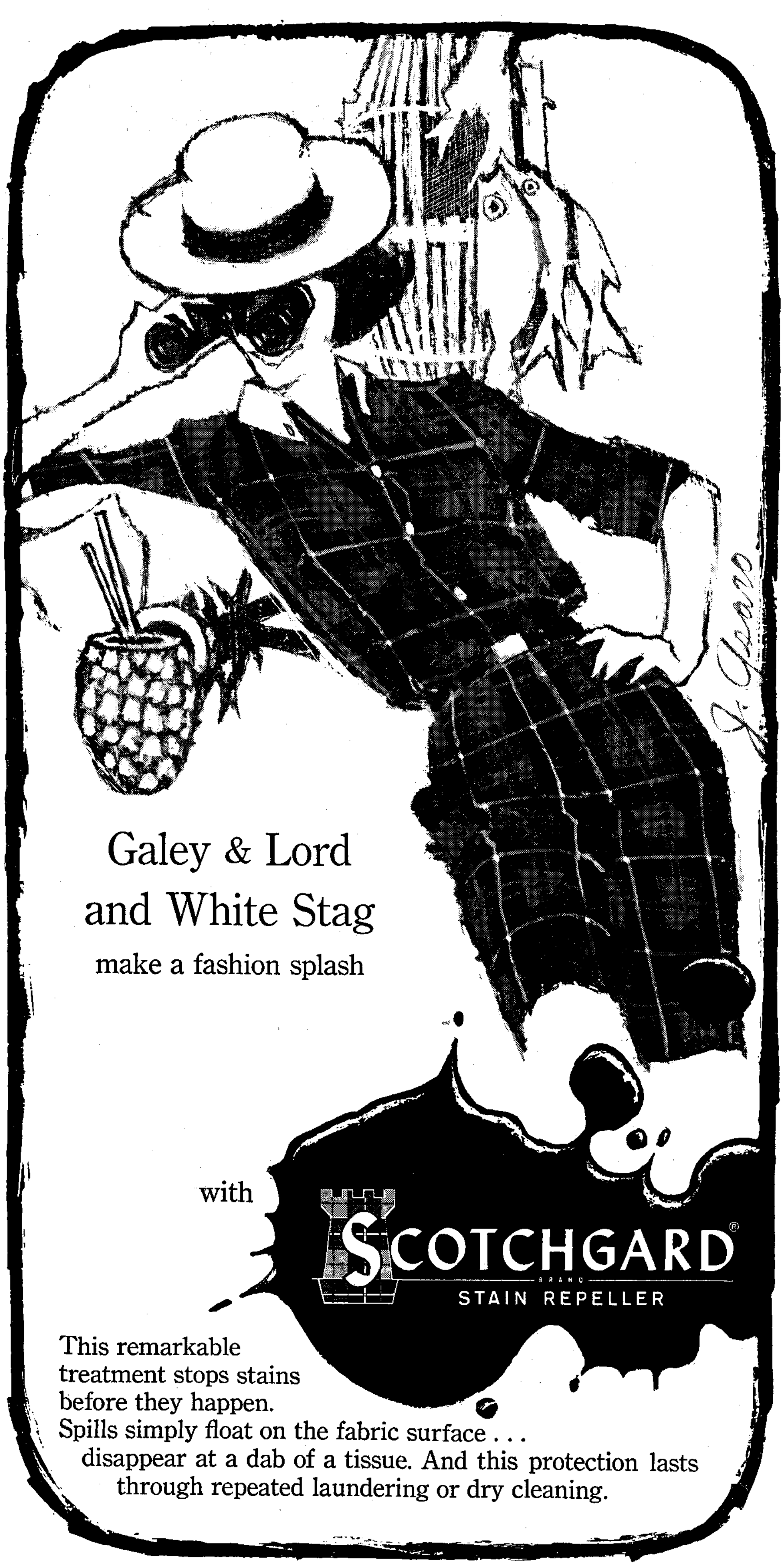
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tine and one from the Dominican Republic. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and such. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding hither and yon with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): One way of leading the Good Life. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Headquarters for a couple of guys named Dun and Bradstreet. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls and a pair of musicians who are short of well-chosen words. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. After the theatre, a clutch of orioles (new ones arrive every week or so) comes onstage like swallows returning to Sorrento. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Indigenous stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper every night of the week. George Summers, a more American *type*, holds down the piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A touch of—well, the Barberry Coast, adapted from the Moorish architecture of the time but manned by New Yorkers. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders along from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano, guitar, and soprano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mittel-europa-native as the town offers. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and a girlish soprano. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is beguiling guitar, which is present from nine-thirty to one. Sunday, June 25, is the last musicale of the season. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty, led by an untamed wildcat named Gloria Le Roy, is careering through the night in a maidenly attempt to keep warm and in a successful attempt to warm the cockles of the audience's heart. Warming, too, are the foreign acrobatic acts of the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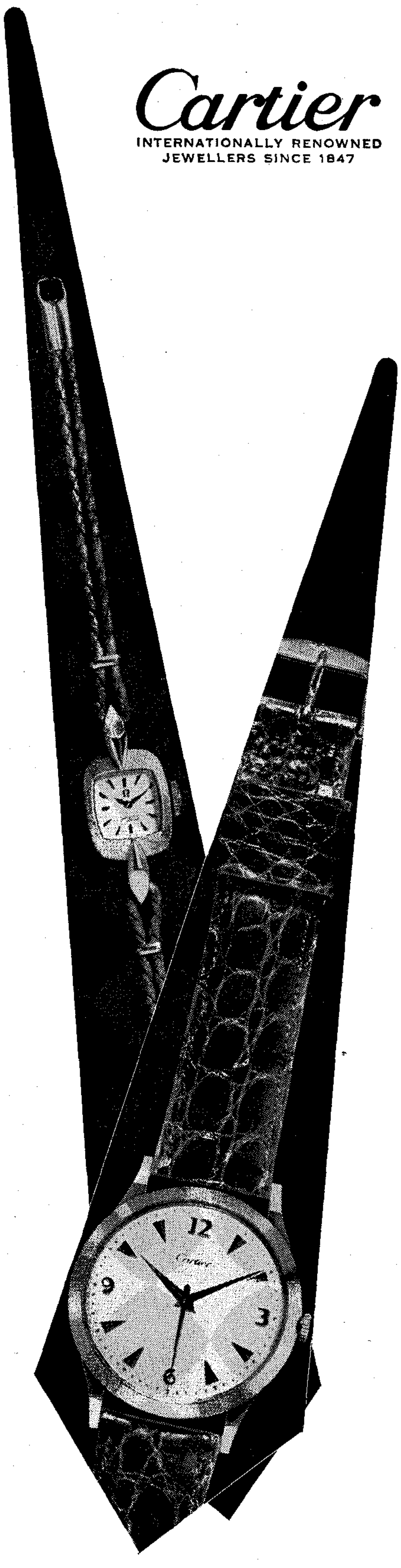

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sort that only the Latin Quarter now affords us, as well as some other turns, such as the ancient Chaz Chase, who is funny without saying a word, and Eleanor Powell, that Hollywood hollyhock, whose aim is to remind us that tap-dancing once was (and still can be) a fine art. Dancing for the customers as well. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Larry Daniels, a relaxed, we-all-belong-to-the-same-club conversationalist, is now unfurling the witticisms; Bobby Rydell, of the youth brigade, is doing the chanting. The pageantry is contributed by eight dryads of the ballet, a careless lot as apt as not to put their footwork into their beautiful mouths. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): On the seventh day, Mort Sahl rests from his labors, but the rest of his week is devoted to the creation of a new world, and a merry one, very much in his own image. Also resting on the seventh day are the Limeliters, who can put quite a head on any folk tune they choose to decant, and the listening-music band of Peter Nero, a pyrotechnician pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Something new has been added to life after dark by Stagg McMann, a sad sack who is ostensibly only a harmonica virtuoso but actually a muse whose words exist in a truly rarefied atmosphere. Also present: Woody Allen, an author turned performer, and (in his desperate young way) a notably amusing one, and the Lost City Ramblers, who are real rings-on-their-fingers-and-bells-on-their-toes hillbilly singers. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio (Joe Puma and Beverly Peer are in it) and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight dining every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is likely to do extra sets early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Signs of the times, illuminated not by thousand-watt bulbs but in their own natural colors, are the basis of the annual Julius Monk revue, which is just about as bright as it could possibly be. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. The departure times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise—a sort of undergraduate study hall in which Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood devote large chunks of the night to the most artful double piano in town. Onstage, in between, is an honor-bright freshman group of good voices called the Three Young Men. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Here the queen of the nights (which are apt to be Limehouse) is Sylvia Syms, a throat specialist who pats some songs on their charming heads and beats the unruly ones into submission every night of the week. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A collection of highly vocal Latins who are also outfitted with dancing feet occupies the back room. There is dancing for the guests, too, by Pupi Campo's staccato band. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The storm center is Jorie Remus, a lecturer who is convinced that girl idiots are born, not made, and who would like to do something about it; the other guest is "Greenwich Village, U.S.A. 1961," a toy revue upon which the outgoing ebullience of such New York types as Burke McHugh and Del Hanley are generally wasted. The permanent party—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—is still around. Loumel Morgan and Don Evans do the intermission piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): In a good-looking reminder of the days when Gatsby was king, one may examine the odd state of mind attached to Virginia De Luce, singer, talker, and brooder.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's quintet, a happy crew that's unwilling to let bygone days be bygone, is now and then supported by the guitar of Mr. Condon himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, June 25, puts an end to the jubilation of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, whose vocal point and counterpoint are the ultimate in jet propulsion, and to the instrumentation issuing from Bill Evans' trio, which leaves no tune unturned. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. On Tuesday, June 27, a new state of affairs: The quintet of the eminent Miles Davis, which now contains J. J. Johnson, and a new threesome, run by a girl named Shirley Horn, who is voice and piano. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among them Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin, and making it clear that American music had a glorious past. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The wiliest sort of chamber music (there's an occasional implication that jazz lies sleeping just below the surface) issues from the Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. The Bourbon Street Six (off duty Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet (on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The local piano begins to look fourth-dimensional as soon as Thelonious Monk gets his firm grip on it. His quartet and the quintet of Philly Joe Jones share the work here. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, June 28, is quitting time for the cheerful bombast of Count Basie's horde and the tightly compressed riddles of Junior Mance's triad of experts. Next evening brings along the drumfire of Buddy Rich (a small band goes with it) and Slide Hampton's eight-man crew. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): A point-blank lesson in American history is hurled at the customers by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, all of whom sound newly minted; a hearty welcome is issued by Tyree Glenn's quartet (Don Abney is on piano), which offers up the most assertive dance music in town. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trumpet of Jonah Jones, at the head of a quartet, creates as much thunder and lightning as the ground rules allow. On Monday June 26, Cecil Lloyd's trio, which is progressive indeed for this establishment, will be added to the cast. Sundays offer pot-luck bouts between extra hands. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A couple of novices are at work in this gym—the Jazz Brothers quintet (off Mondays) and Barry Harris's trio (off Tuesdays). . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): One folk singer after another keeps coming through the rye, but there is also Cal Tjader's quintet, which trots back and forth between abstruseness and cataclysm. The cataclysm will be expanded Friday and

Saturday, June 23-24, by Art Blakey's all-out quintet. On and after Tuesday, June 27, the folk singing will come from Leon Bibb, which is a great idea. Closed Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post on the fringes of civilization at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. The rites of the new era are conducted by a quintet in the hands of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): Another haven for the musicologists dispossessed from their poolside forum in Washington Square. In this case, the singers are Logan English and Anne Bird. For more worldly ears are the words of Orson Bean, a gay blade who serves on the air as Jack Paar's alter egomaniac and who in person is even more *dégagé*. Nine is the starting hour. The Bean sprouts wings on Sunday, June 25; on Tuesday, June 27, four singers will be added to the incumbents to achieve a folk sextet. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—An exhibition of European cityscapes with figures that is running simultaneously with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum; through Friday, June 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—His first exhibition of abstract paintings here in ten years; through Friday, June 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

OSCAR JESPERS—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings, by a Belgian artist; through Friday, June 30. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

FRANCES PRATT—A water-color retrospective dating from 1938; through Friday, June 30. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Welded sculptures, as inventive in their use of random materials as ever; through Friday, June 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstract water colors; through Friday, June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

EARLY MASTERS OF MODERN ART—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through Friday, June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Saturdays.)

SCULPTURES—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Pieces by Oliver Andrews, Richard Hunt, William King, and Jack Squier, all lively and inventive; through Friday, June 30. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain and Edward Higgins, reliefs by Lee Bontecou and Salvatore Scarpitta; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through Friday, June 30.

AFRICAN ART—Statues, masks, stools, and implements (in wood, ivory, and metal) from the Baluba, Warega, and other tribes in the Congo; through Friday, June 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BARONE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by Tim Deverell, Jason Seley, Ann Arnold, and other gallery artists and friends; through July 15. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through July 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DE AENLLE,** 59 W. 53rd St.: Paintings and drawings of the figure by Elaine de Kooning, Richard Diebenkorn, and Larry Rivers (to name a few); through

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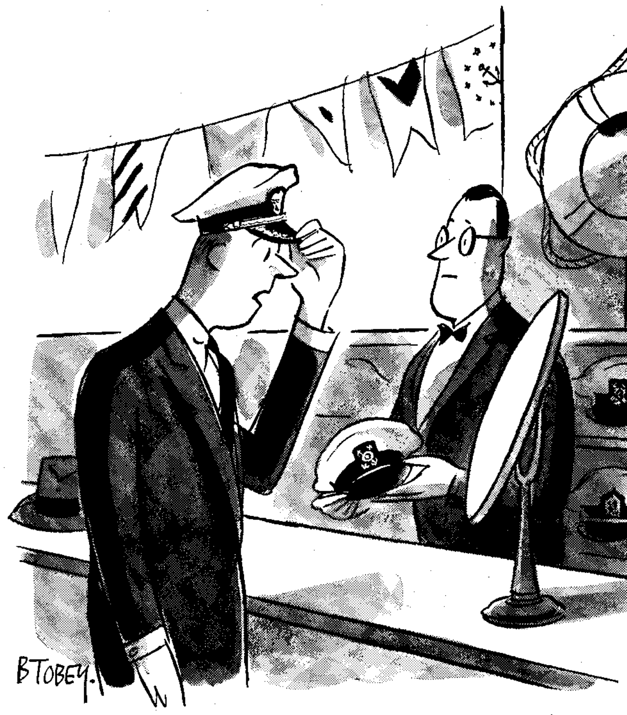

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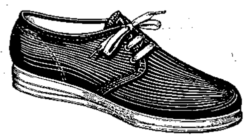

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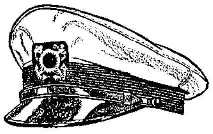

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 4. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ *Priscilla Roberts, John Pike,* and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **GREEN**, 15 W. 57th St.: Works by Claes Oldenberg, Richard Smith, Jean Follet, and others; through Saturday, June 24. . . . **JACKSON** and **ANDERSON**, both at 32 E. 69th St.: "Environments-Situations-Spaces," an exhibit devoted to new art movements by six younger artists, including Alan Kaprow and Walter Gaudnek; through Friday, June 23. . . . **JUSTER**, 154 E. 79th St.: Nine painters and three sculptors, among them Riva Helfond, Dorothy Hoyt, and Priscilla Pattison; through Saturday, July 1. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Friday, June 30. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures includes works by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, and Raimondo Puccinelli; through Friday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through July 28. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The last prize-winners' show of the season presents the work of Thea Tewi (sculptures), Sylvia Lowen (drawings), and June Falk (graphics); through Wednesday, June 28. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Audrey Skaling, Gillian Jagger, and Anthony Padovano; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Works on paper by George Luks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George O. (Pop) Hart, and other early-twentieth-century artists; through Friday, June 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KNAPIK**, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: James Brooks, Georges Mathieu, and other painters, plus the sculptors Ibram Lassaw and Phillip Pavia; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barre, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through July 29. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Such painters as Max Beckmann and Leonardo *Cremonini, together with two sculptors*—Luciano Minguzzi and Bernard Rosenthal; through Thursday, June 29.

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Oils, water colors, drawings, original prints, and sculptures by thirty Latin-American artists; through July 15. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30, and Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers. . . . ¶ "Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of thirty paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. Adele R. Levy, notably works of late-nineteenth-century French masters—Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, and *others; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6,* and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martin de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through July 16. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through July 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Special Treasures," an exhibition of cylinder seals, clay tablets, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, illustrated books, and embroidered bindings; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. A good complement to the Greene showing is his exhibition (ending Friday) at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 22: Pierre Monteux conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24: Franz Allers conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Dorothy Collins, soprano; Jack Russell, baritone; and the Merrill Staton Singers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 27: Franz Allers conducting a program of music by the Strausses, with Eva Likova and Jeanette Scovotti, sopranos; Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano; and Frank Porretta, tenor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28: Franz Allers conducting, with Marjorie Mitchell, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29: Hugo Fiorato conducting, with Maria Tallchief, Erik Bruhn, and the André Eglevsky Festival Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1: Hugo Fiorato conducting a different program with Maria Tallchief, Erik Bruhn, and the André Eglevsky Festival Ballet. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office

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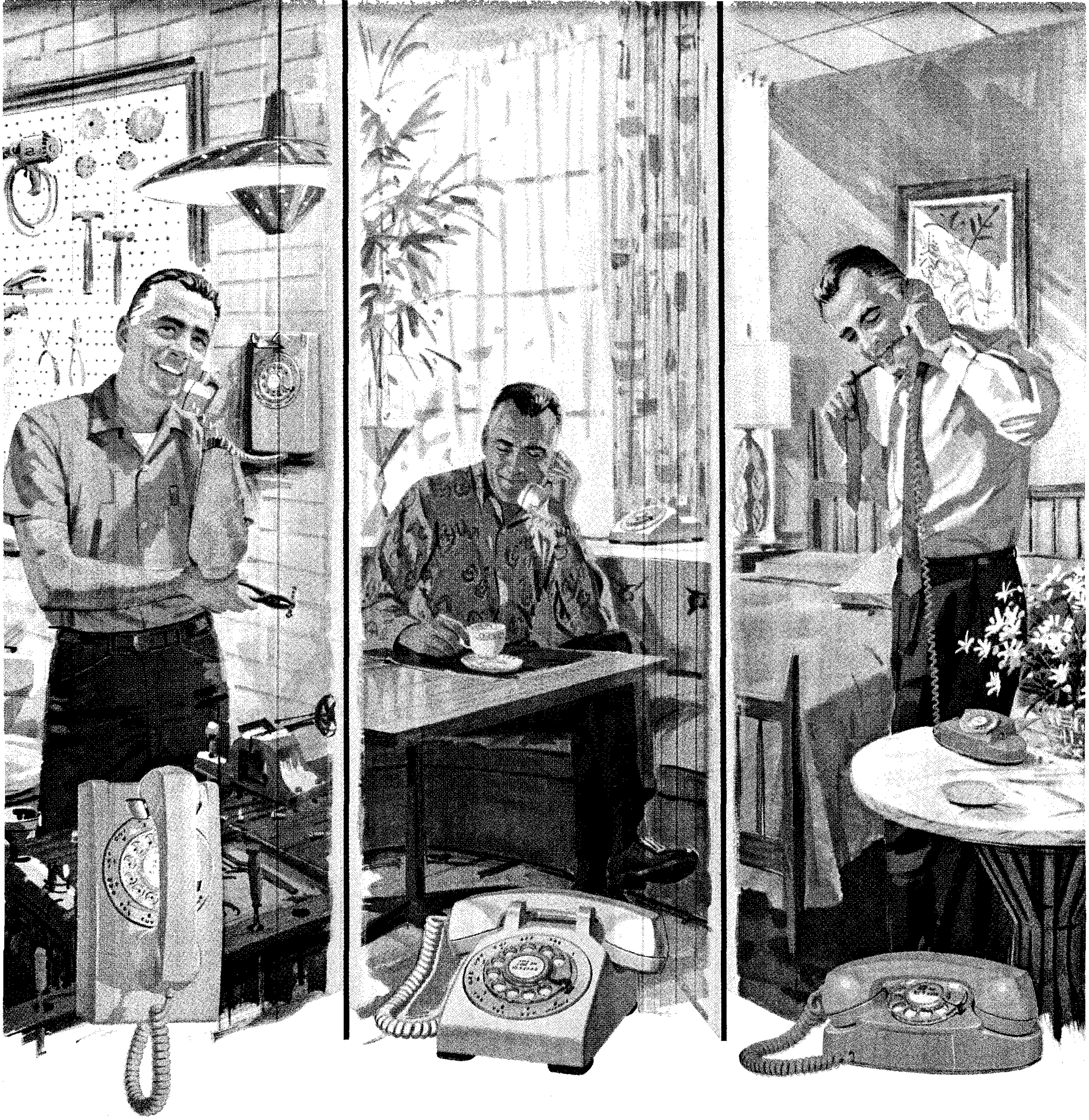

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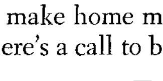

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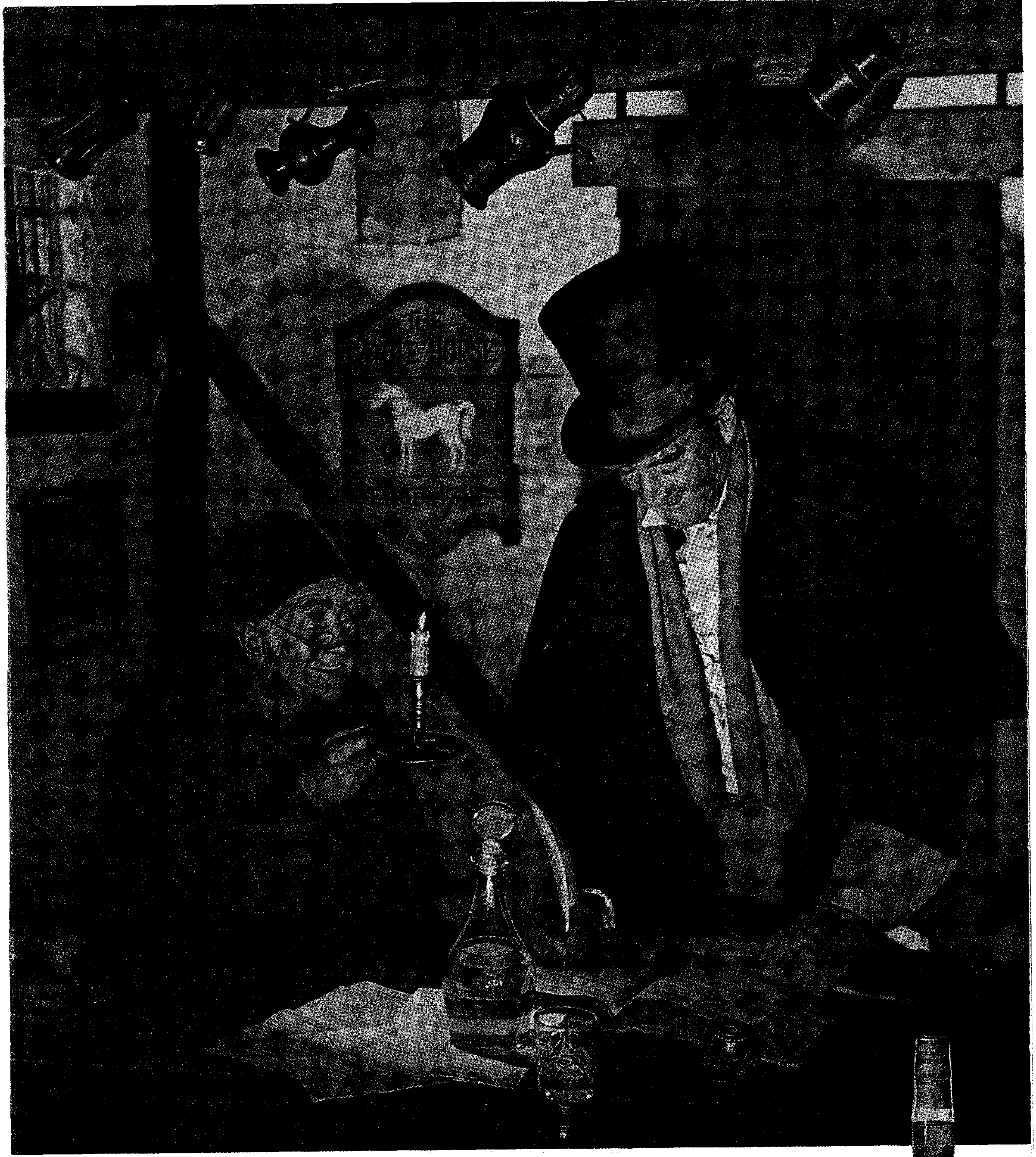

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. In the event of threatening weather last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Goldman Band—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.)

Jazz Concerts—**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN:** Thursday, June 22: Bud Freeman's All-Stars, with Pee Wee Russell. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29: Slide Hampton's Octet. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **RANDALLS ISLAND:** The bands of Louis Armstrong, Cannonball Adderley, and Gerry Mulligan. (Downing Stadium. Wednesday, June 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call BO 3-7538.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Washington. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, June 30, at 8, and Saturday, July 1, at 2.)

Boxing—José Gonzales vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, June 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, June 29-July 1.)

Horse Shows—Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport. Thursday through Sunday, June 22-25.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Friday, June 30. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 24, and the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Monday, June 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, July 1, through Saturday, July 29. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 1. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: New York American Ball Boys vs. Long Island Juniors (exhibition game) and Petah Tikva (Israel) vs. Shamrock Rovers (Ireland), Sunday, June 25, at 2:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At **WATKINS GLEN,** N.Y.: Saturday, June 24, at 10. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 1, at 2.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 22-25.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 24, through Sunday, July 2.)

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25, at 2.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—If you feel that cinematic technique should be an end in itself, you may feel that this Italian movie is worth two and a half hours of your time. If not, not. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 26.)

The Big Deal—An extremely funny parody of crime melodrama. Half a dozen radically incompetent petty thieves in Rome attempt a difficult safecracking job and at every point outwit and double-cross themselves. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 27.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Don Quixote—A chance to see a magnificent Russian actor, Nikolai Cherkasov, in a consistently subtle and affecting performance as Cervantes' mad, sad knight. Director Grigory Kozintsev is equally impressive for his color photography, which is just as well, since the story itself never builds up much dramatic steam, and the dubbed-in translation is sloppy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

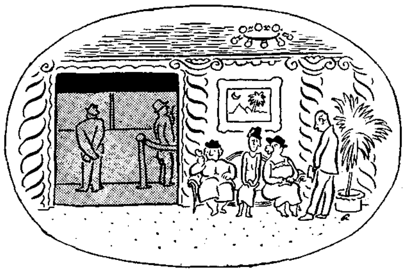
Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusterers. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

One-Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the enemies. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting June 25.)

On the Double—Danny Kaye is freer and funnier than he has been in a long time as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general in deadly peril. The cast includes Wilfrid Hyde White and Margaret Rutherford, both of whom add a good deal to the gaiety. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave, at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 27. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; June 25-27.)

Picnic on the Grass—Nothing very lucid can, or need, be said about this delightful, utterly confused romp through some of the prettiest meadows of Provence. A stiff-necked professor is pursued by a passionate peasant girl and does not escape. Jean Renoir, who wrote, produced, and directed this French film, preaches a gospel of love and idleness, and very convincing he is. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 24.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry has adapted her own play about the effect of an insurance check for ten thousand dollars on a Negro matriarch and her family in a Chicago tenement. It has lost something on its way from the stage to the screen, but its spirit and vitality have survived the trip. Daniel Petrie is the director, and the cast, which includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee, is substantially the same one that opened on Broadway. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through June 24. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through June 25. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through June 27. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through June 28.)



Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Sundowners—The plot of this tale about a group of Australian sheep drovers is TV-serial stuff, but some eye-popping scenery, plenty of kangaroos, and Fred Zinnemann's tasteful direction more than compensate for its faults. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are an attractive and credible family, and Peter Ustinov is Peter Ustinov, which is plenty good enough. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; June 25-27.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 28, tentative.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through June 24.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 25, at 1 and 2:40.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting June 28.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 22.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 28.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 22.)

Nazi Terror at Night (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler regime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Mario Adorf. Formerly called "The Devil Strikes at Night." (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Oliver Twist (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver, and Alec Guinness as Fagin. An English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 26, at 7 and 9:30.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 24.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting June 25.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture concerned with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting June 23.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; through June 24.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; starting June 28.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles"—Through June 24: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), with Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Starting June 25: "Journey Into Fear" (1943), with Dolores Del Rio and Joseph Cotten. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 27: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.
From June 28: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
From June 22, at 8:30: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 25: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**
From June 26: "The Truth" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Charles Vanel.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
NAZI TERROR AT NIGHT (formerly called "The Devil Strikes at Night"), revival.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 28 (tentative): **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (YU 2-0990; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 24: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.
June 25-27: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From June 28: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," revival, Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 27: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.
From June 28: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 27 (tentative): **ONE-EYED JACKS.**
From June 28 (tentative): "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler; and "Too Many Crooks," revival, Terry-Thomas, George Cole.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
June 22: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.
From June 23: "The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 24: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**
June 25-27: **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.
From June 28: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 26: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).
From June 27, at 8: "Rocco and His Brothers" (in Italian), Alain Delon.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 27 (tentative): "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.
From June 28: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 27: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.
From June 28: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 27: **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.
From June 28: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 22: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA**, revival.
From June 23: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain. On Sunday, June 25, showings will begin at 4:35. At 1 and 2:40, there will be showings of **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 24: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French); and **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival.
From June 25: **ONE-EYED JACKS.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
DON QUIXOTE.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 27: **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.
From June 28: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 27: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian); and "Love by Appointment," revival, Claus Holm.
From June 28: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 24: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.

From June 25: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450)
"Ballad of Narayama" (in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through June 25: "The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Pascale Petit.
From June 26: "The Truth" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Charles Vanel.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 27: **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.
From June 28: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 27 (last showing at 2:10): "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer. (On Monday, June 26, only, the last showing will begin at 2:10. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of **OLIVER TWIST**, revival.)
From June 28: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "Gold Diggers of 1935," revival, Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 27: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.
From June 28: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "This Could Be the Night," revival, Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.

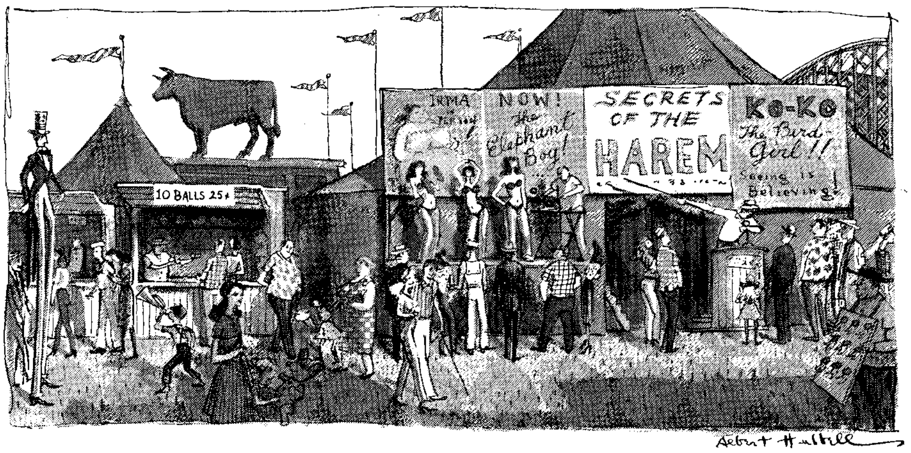
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 22: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle," revival, Jacques Tati.
June 23: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
June 24: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **GRAND ILLUSION** (both in French and both revivals).
June 25: **TALES OF HOFFMAN**, revival; and "The Gypsy Baron" (in German), revival.
June 26: "The Last Angry Man," revival, Paul Muni, David Wayne; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
June 27: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and "Between Eleven and Midnight" (in French), revival.
June 28: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Safety Match" (in Russian), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 28: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 27: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian).
From June 28: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli; and "The Grand Maneuver" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 27: **ON THE DOUBLE**; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.
From June 28: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

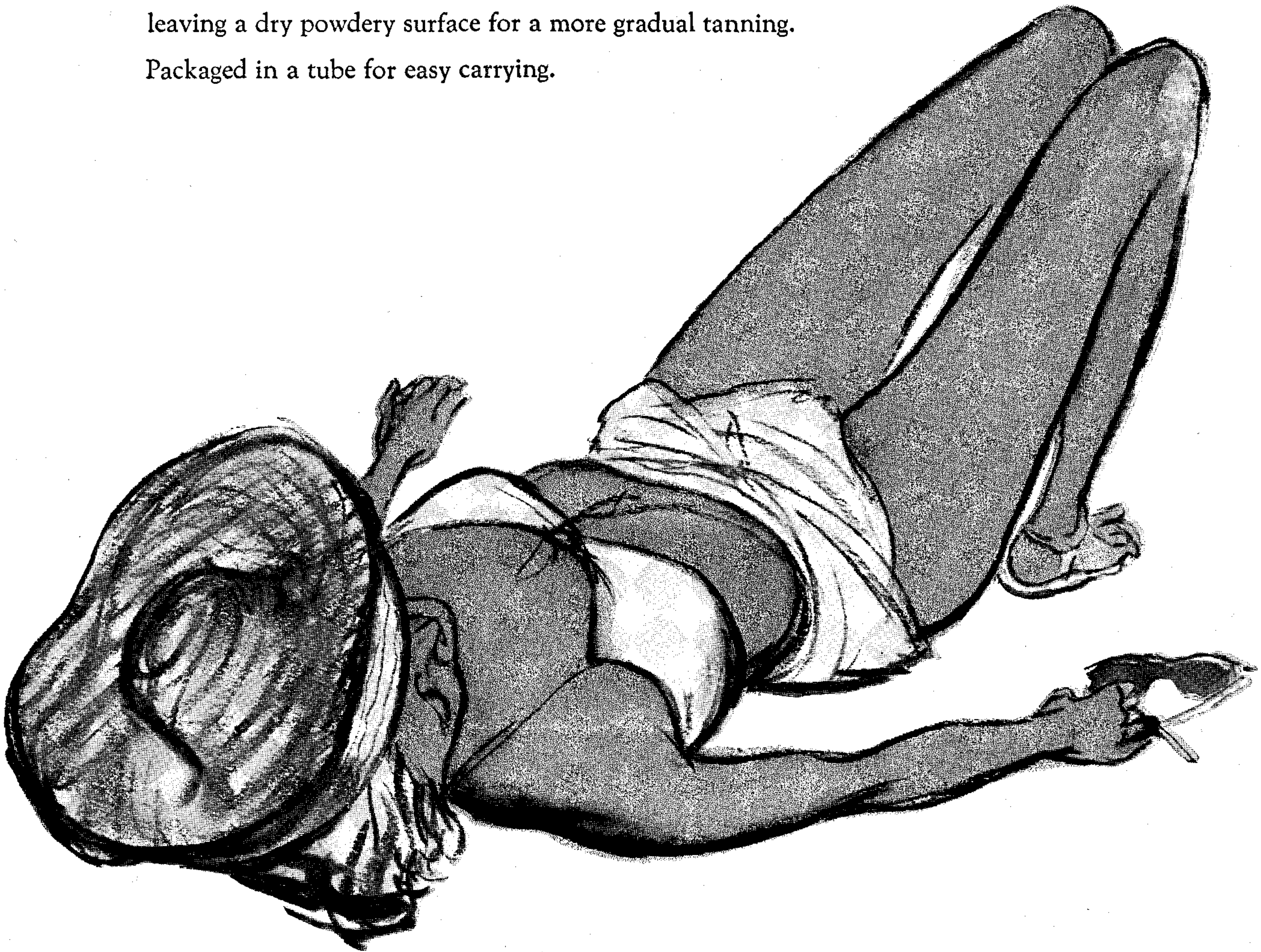
Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 27: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; and "Stop Me Before I Kill!," Claude Dauphin.
From June 28: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.



Monteil's suggestions for a summer without burn

Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly which leaves a soft film on the skin as protection for a quick suntan. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Super-Sol—a subtly scented greaseless cream which disappears entirely into the skin, leaving a dry powdery surface for a more gradual tanning. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.



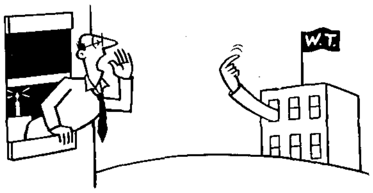
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

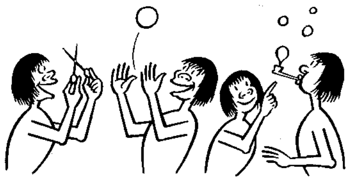
POSSIBLY the oddest result of last week's four-and-a-half-hour power failure in mid-Manhattan was the City Edition of the *Times*, which came out wearing the print of the *World-Telegram & Sun*. Explaining its strange getup, the City Edition told its readers, in a front-page story, that it had been caught by the loss of electricity, had called over to the *World-Telegram*, on Barclay Street, asking for help, and had been told for heaven's sake to come on down and make use of the place till the crisis passed. A parcel of typesetters and relays of office boys, in automobiles, had been dispatched to Barclay Street—a neighborly street Barclay is—while the rest of the *Times* staff carried on at home by candlelight. As it turned out, the *World-Telegram* type, although a better fit than that of either the *Post* or the *Journal-American* would have been, was still a little flashier than the old lady is accustomed to. But by the Late City Edition the lights had come on again, the typesetters and the office boys in their cars had been called home, and the *Times* was back in its normal clothes. It was as though Aunt Aggie had appeared on the front porch wearing a neighbor's black toreador pants, carrying a broom, and announcing, in a crisp, reasonable way, that there was an emergency on and work to be done, and then, while a sleepy crowd was still gathering, had popped back indoors and into her regular blue cotton. People would talk about it for weeks, but the dignity of the performance had insured that there would be no sniggering.



Back

LAST year, we were privileged to say farewell to Dr. Robert Carneiro and his wife, Dr. Gertrude Dole, as she is known professionally, when they set out for the Peruvian rain forest, or Montaña, lugging fifteen hundred pounds of supplies with them. Down in the Montaña, the most elusive tribe is the Amahuaca, which likes to reduce people to a rich, invigorating stew, and since the Doctors intended to spend six months with these hungry folk, we worried about them. But a week or so ago they came triumphantly home, toting twelve hundred pounds of gear and Amahuaca artifacts, and showing no signs of having been stewed, or even braised. We welcomed the anthropologists in their digs on the fifth floor of the American Museum of Natural History, and found them tanned and happy. Unlike most people, who go on picnics only to discover that they've forgotten the mustard, the Carneiros found nothing lacking on their voyage into the Montaña; in fact, they found certain items unnecessary. Their revolver, for instance, was loaded only once, when an Amahuaca girl thought she saw a jaguar, which, upon investigation, turned out to be a peccary. The portable burglar alarm, taken along to scare away acquisitive Indians, never went off, but it proved a handy bread-and-butter present for a missionary whom the Carneiros visited. They rarely referred to their copy of "Wildwood Wisdom," which contains helpful hints for young anthropologists. The rain caused more trouble than the Peruvian Indians, or the Peruvian insects. By the end of the eight-week rainy season, the Carneiros' rain gauge had recorded thirty-seven inches of precipitation, and during one downpour it overflowed. Enough rain fell to mildew their entire stock of instant oatmeal, but the Indians provided monkey, tapir, peccary, and paca steaks, which proved better than oatmeal, instant or otherwise. For their between-meals brushings, the Carneiros took along eight toothbrushes. After Dr. Dole's were worn out, she turned them over to the Indians in exchange for trinkets; her husband simply tossed his onto the garbage heap, from which the Indians salvaged them.

The trading in the Montaña was not limited to Dr. Dole's transactions in toothbrushes and trinkets. Copies of *Natural History Magazine* were effective in breaking down sales resistance, for the Amahuacas recognized in the journal some photographs of friends and relations from other tribes. (There are forty disparate tribes in the Montaña.) The natives were wild about the scissors, the rubber balls, and the soap-bubble blower that the Carneiros had in their kits, and lipsticks went over particularly well, since the Amahuacas, who are given to painting their bodies, thought they'd look really smart in Fire and Ice. The principal commercial disappointment was the hundreds of curtain rings, which the Carneiros insisted to us last July would be worth their weight in gold. The rings remained unpopular during the Doctors' stay, but both feel sure that the natives made a grab for them when their owners blew the forest. "A curtain ring in a nose," observed Dr. Carneiro. "What could be more impressive?" The twelve Sheffield-steel machetes, intended to serve as big bills in bargaining, proved as shaky a medium of exchange as the curtain



rings, the Indians having better ones of their own. The machetes landed the Carneiros in the major social difficulty of their trip, because they unloaded them all in one village and neglected to save one for the resident sorcerer, a crotchety fellow called Xaïwïxï. He retreated in a huff to his hut. On one occasion, when the sorcerer took a trip, the Carneiros wound up caring for his pet Brannick's giant rat, an affectionate rodent that took to sleeping curled up in Dr. Carneiro's instep. As time went on, the rat, which had teeth like chisels, began to eat up the furniture, including the bedposts, and now and then made a loving swipe at his bunkmate. The Carneiros were living in a wooden house, and when they tossed him out, he tried to eat his way right back again through a wall. Eventually, he was wounded by a native boy, and the sorcerer put him out of his misery.

We learned that most New York exports bring a fair price in the Amahuaca market. The Carneiros, in exchange for five inexpensive woodworking tools, picked up five chisels made from rodents' incisors, and Dr. Dole's worn-out dungarees fetched a planting stick. A steel hatchet was good for an Amahuaca headdress—the first recorded example of porcupine-quill work in South America—and six pairs of scissors paid for six skirts made from the kind of palm fabric that goes into panama hats. For similarly trifling items, the Carneiros picked up Amahuaca arrow points and pipe stems made from the leg bones of spider monkeys, snuff tubes made from the wing bones of hawks, and some sap liquor called *ayahuasca*—a powerful brew that is supposed to invoke Technicolor dreams of bush spirits and deceased ancestors. The Carneiros haven't tried the *ayahuasca* yet, but they think they might take a sip or two as an inspiration when they get around to sorting out some three thousand index cards, closely written on both sides, on which they have made the first record ever of the extraordinary ways of the Amahuacas.

Streamlined

Peggy Wood, the actress, was invited by Hamilton College to recite some poems by the late John V. A. Weaver, who was her first husband and a Hamilton alumnus. The college paper took down biographical data about Miss Wood over the telephone, and then printed the information that she had appeared in "Blythe Spirit" and "Bittersweet" and had also portrayed a Shakespearean character called Porche.

Cold Secrets

Hidden in a maze of Bohack warehouses in Brooklyn is the factory of the Good Humor Corporation, a subsidiary of Thomas J. Lipton, the tea company, that is dedicated to keeping children chilled and nourished by giving them assorted frozen goodies impaled on sticks. One recent muggy day, we went over to the plant, got a badge pinned on us, as if we were entering a munitions dump, and presently found ourself chatting with George Neumann, vice-president of Good Humor and as clean-cut and All-American as the Nickel Stick, one of the firm's creations.

"Sunshine means money in the bank," said Mr. Neumann, closing the blinds of his office against the streaming sunbeams, which at that very moment were driving little ones to his Good Humor wagons. After introducing us to a couple of assistants who were on hand, he apologized for making us wear a badge, and explained that a firm like Good Humor, which springs a new product on New York every week between April 1st and September 30th, can't be too careful about snoopers from rival outfits. "Advertising has been a headache," he remarked. "When we brought out our chocolate cake on a stick, one competitor got wind of it and peddled his own variation as ours. This cut him in on the benefits of our advertising. Now we send out radio commercials in code, and on the day they run I phone the stations to declassify them. Our recipes are kept in a well-guarded safe."

On Mr. Neumann's desk was a chart featuring the cryptic letters "APD," and we asked him what they stood for.

"Apple Pan Dowdy," an assistant blurted out before Mr. Neumann could shush him.

"Between ourselves," said Mr. Neumann, "the APD is next week's special, our sixtieth new flavor."

Mr. Neumann then escorted us down to the experimental kitchen, where a consumer test panel, consisting of two small girls and a small boy, were attacking various prototypes of the Apple Pan Dowdy Good Humor. Since fifty-five per cent of Good Humor's business is with children under twelve, a group of chefs, Mr. Neumann, and another vice-president, E. J. Otken, observed the reactions of the panelists nervously.

"Well, how did it taste?" asked Mr. Otken when the panelists had had their fill.

"Good," said the boy, and there was visible relaxation among the chefs, one of whom made a notation on a chart.

"What did it taste like?" asked Mr. Neumann.

"Pineapple," said one of the little girls.

"It could be apple," said the other little girl, and that was good enough for everybody except Mr. Otken, who made the nippers rinse their mouths and start over.

We took the opportunity to corner a chef and ask what the secret ingredient of the Apple Pan Dowdy was.

"Apples," he said warily.

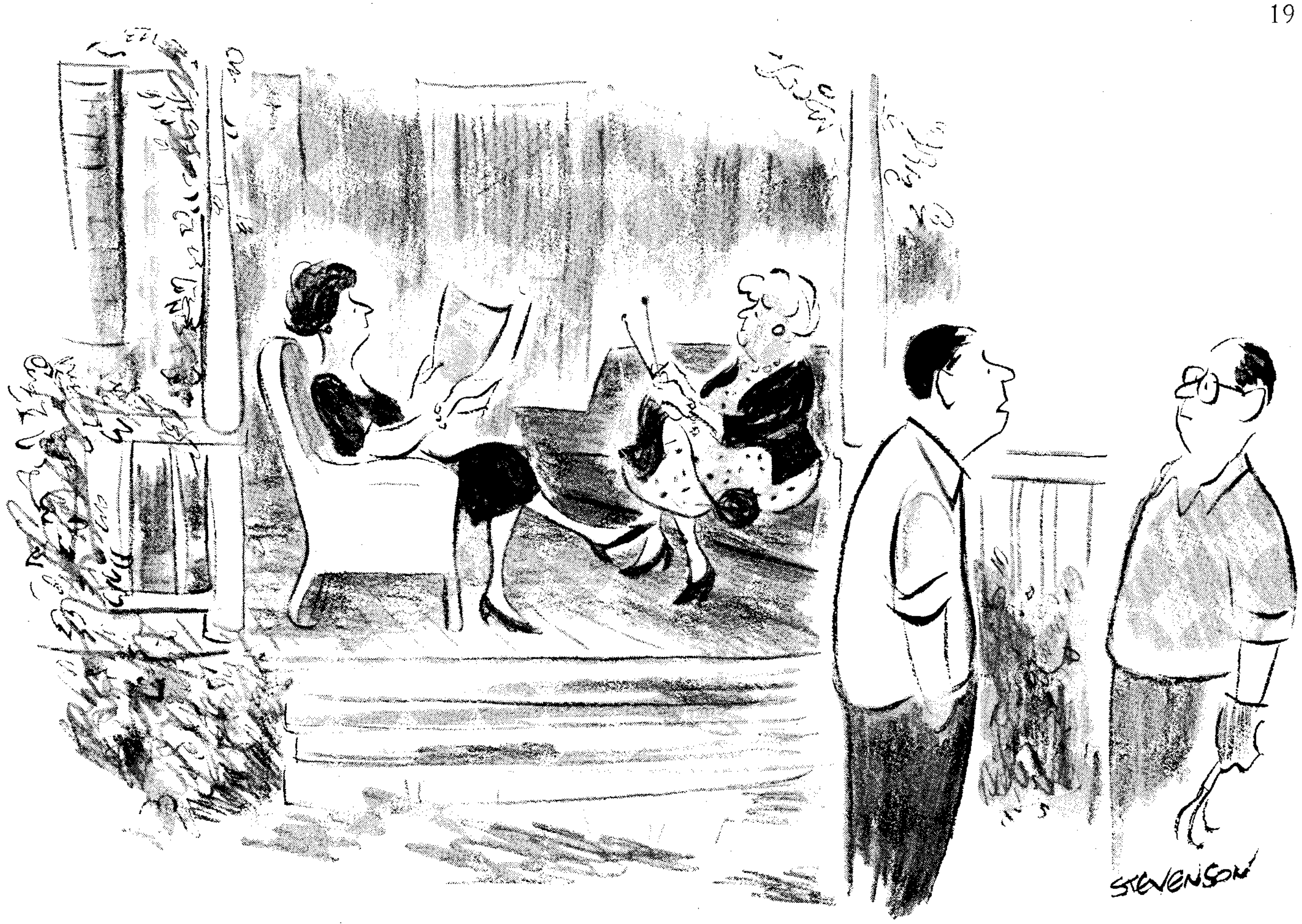
Mr. Otken, overhearing this exchange, informed us that Good Humor never uses artificial flavors. "You should have been here last summer, when we came out with our Watermelon Cooler Ice Cup," he said. "There were dozens of trucks outside, all filled with watermelons. Milk and cream, of course, are always our biggest ingredients; on an average day we go through the output of twenty-five thousand cows. I suppose our next-biggest ingredient is wood, for the sticks."

He broke off to grill the children again. "Would you prefer the Apple Pan Dowdy to a chocolate-covered vanilla Good Humor?" he inquired.

The boy in the trio of panelists said he'd take a Dixie Cup over a Popsicle any day, because it wasn't messy.

"Look, son," said Mr. Otken. "Good Humor doesn't make Dixie Cups, and it doesn't make Popsicles, either. Get a grip on yourself."

The three children were presently sent on their way, and we settled down to hear Mr. Neumann hymn the experiments Good Humor has conducted. "Out of five ideas, four are scrapped," he said. "Just last year, we almost got a chili-con-carne model on the market, but the test panel turned it down. Too hot." He bit into an experimental Good Humor, the name of which he refused



“We have sort of a troika *setup here—Ethel, Ethel’s mother, and me.”*

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to divulge. “Prunes,” he said, ruminating, “are out. So is licorice. Once, when we were trying for a striped Good Humor, the machine went out of whack and we came up with a lovely splotchy number that we billed as Crazy-Mixed-Up-I-Stix. It panicked the kids.”

Mr. Neumann and his colleague led us into the factory proper, where, in a chilly atmosphere, machines were spilling out Good Humors at the rate of ten thousand an hour. “The basic principle hasn’t changed since Mr. Harry Burt, of Youngstown, Ohio, made the first Good Humor, by hand, in 1920,” said Mr. Otken. “Shortly afterward, he was granted a patent on all ice-cream-on-a-stick, but the patent ran out after the war. The secret, of course, is the interlocking of ice crystals with the wood. It takes over sixty-five pounds’ pressure to pull the stick from a cold Good Humor.” He handed us a cold Good Humor with the suggestion that we try to disengage the stick from the ice cream. We did, and failed. “The war was a great help to business,” Mr. Otken went on. “It boosted the average annual consumption of ice cream from eleven quarts to twenty. Now it’s back to sixteen. Last year—the fortieth anniversary of the Good Humor—came up cool, which was no good for us. Here’s hoping this summer will be a real gasser.”

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SIGN painted in letters two feet high on the side of a mountain near Los Angeles: “HELP STAMP OUT REALITY.”

The Attorney General

ROBERT KENNEDY came to town one hot morning last week to look things over in the offices of the local United States District Attorneys and to make a speech at a State Attorneys General meeting, and, thanks to a long-distance chat the day before with his public-information aide, Edwin Guthman (a 1950 Pulitzer Prize reporter on leave from the Seattle *Times*), we were on hand to greet the Attorney General at LaGuardia. He arrived at 8:30 A.M., at which time, he told us, he already had behind him his usual tennis-before-breakfast with his wife at their home, Hickory Hill, in McLean, Virginia; a glass of orange juice with his seven children (ages one to nine); blueberry pancakes and a glass of milk on the plane; work on a written speech that he might discard in favor of talking impromptu to the Attorneys General; and the reading, up to page 164, of George F. Kennan’s new book, “Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin.” Taking long, fast strides away from the plane, and followed by Guthman and two other travelling companions from Washington—an administrative assistant named John Reilly and an assistant director of the F.B.I. named Courtney Evans—the Attorney General was joined by a couple of equally fast-striding local F.B.I. men, who informed him of their pleasure at being assigned to accompany him, as a break in their regular work as bank-robbery agents. The Attorney General looked pleased and serious at the same time. His face was freshly sunburned, and he had on a navy-blue worsted suit, a white shirt with a button-down collar, and a blue-and-silver striped necktie held by a brass pin, in the shape of a PT boat, that was inscribed “Kennedy 60.” In addition to the Kennan book, he carried, in a transparent plastic wrapping, a white Sulka shirt, 15½-33 (no button-down collar), with a blue paper laundry band around it. As he walked along, he passed both book and shirt back to Guthman for safekeeping.

“My wife handed me that shirt as I

was leaving," the Attorney General said. "I'll change into it just before the speech, I guess. My wife hates to fly, but she would have come with me anyway, only she had to go to the White House with Mrs. Johnson for a reception there, pinch-hitting for my brother's wife. My wife gave me this tie to wear. I had another one on, but she said it didn't look good. I don't have any other tiepins. I bought this one during the campaign. We were selling them for fifteen cents. One thing I hope to do here before leaving on a six-thirty plane tonight is visit a toy store and find something for my son David. He's six tomorrow, and he's been talking about his birthday since the day after Christmas. He wants a billy goat, and my wife got him one, unfortunately. My second son, Bobby, collects animals. He's also a junior botanist. Bobby picks up bees with his fingers. I caught two turtles for him while riding last Sunday, to fill out the collection we've got at home—chicks, geese, horses, ponies, tadpoles, frogs, lizards, birds, cats, puppies, and dogs. I got a seal for the children for Christmas two years ago. He escaped once and was found by the milkman in the middle of town and had to be captured by the local police. This seal got to be real friendly, but when he found out food came from the kitchen he was always trying to get into the kitchen, so we had to give him to the zoo. We had a deodorized skunk once, but it escaped while being transported from Hyannis Port to Washington and is still missing. A friend brought Bobby a toad the other day for his collection, half of which is kept in the house, the other half out. Bobby is really terrific with animals—has a wonderful way with them. I get to see more of my children now than I did during the campaign. At least, I see them Saturday night and part of Sunday and at breakfast. They're lucky in being aware of what is going on in the country and in the world, which I think is a great advantage. We do a lot of talking about what I do and what my brother does. We talk in the context of the history of the country—Lexington and Bunker Hill and the Boston Tea Party and the Civil War and so on. We talk about the kinds of things Jack does. The older children know all about Khrushchev and de Gaulle and Harold Macmillan—who they are and why Jack went to visit them. They're just regular children. The older ones wanted to know who the Freedom Riders are. That was a difficult one. Trying to explain to an eight- or nine-year-old that some people don't like Negroes. We have a Negro nurse who's been with us since my first child was born, so this doesn't make any sense to them."

"General, here's the car," one of the F.B.I. men said, opening the door of a Chevrolet sedan.

The Attorney General ushered us into the rear with him as Guthman got in beside the driver and the rest of the party headed for another car. A pink-faced and perspiring policeman in a short-sleeved shirt put his head in at the rear window on Mr. Kennedy's side.

"Well, well, glad to see you again, sir," the policeman said, and the Attorney General shook hands with him through the window. "Haven't seen you since the electioneering days. Remember those days? It's a long time ago."

"I certainly do," Mr. Kennedy said. "Nice to see *you* again."

"You've got good color. Keep it up," the policeman said.

"So have you," Mr. Kennedy said.

"Mine is high blood pressure," the policeman said. "Sorry we've got such terrible hot weather for you here. Hope it won't bother you."

"It won't. Thanks. Good luck," Mr. Kennedy said.

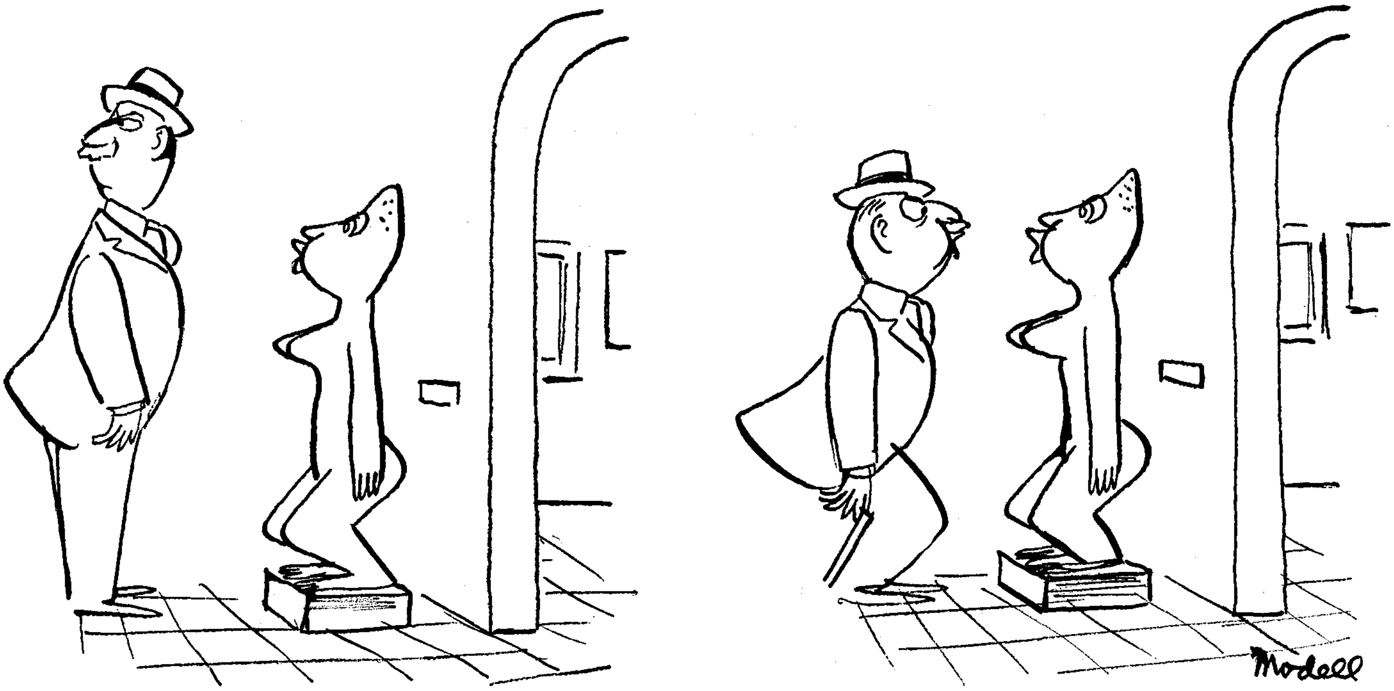
As we started off, Mr. Kennedy told us, "I went to South-Central Asia in 1955 with Justice Douglas, and the temperature there got over a hundred and thirty degrees—very dry heat, but even that didn't make me become accustomed to it. I don't like cities generally. The part of New York I like the best is Central Park—especially the zoo. If the election had turned out differently and if Mr. *Nixon* hadn't made me Attorney General, I'd probably be making short trips to New York only to visit the zoo."

"Is your present job more difficult than being a campaign manager?" we asked.

"The hours are equally long," Mr. Kennedy said. "There was more real public pressure, actually, in the campaign, where one mistake could cost you a whole area. I was travelling continuously, speaking fifteen or twenty times in an eighteen- or nineteen-hour day. You're always open to pressure as a campaign manager. And when I worked with the Senate Rackets Investigating Committee, the public and the press were continuously interested. I think the decisions I make now have a more lasting effect and affect people more materially than anything I've done in any other job I've ever had."

We started down the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive on our way to Foley Square. The East River was swarming with tugs, barges, and other boat traffic, but Mr. Kennedy paid little attention to it all. "I travelled this route from LaGuardia to the Federal Court House half a dozen times a year during the three years I worked for the Senate Rackets Committee," Mr. Kennedy said. "I used to come in from Washington to our office here. We did an awful lot of work in New York—investigating rackets in garbage disposal, jukeboxes, and the rest. We had a staff of fifteen or twenty people here working on the investigations of Johnny Dio and Tony (Ducks) Corallo. This was a very active area for us. I always interviewed the witnesses myself before they testified. I was looking into the unpleasant side of New York. I never had time to visit the zoo."

It was a few minutes before nine when we reached the Federal Court House, and a guard at a side entrance looked up in dreamlike surprise as the Attorney General walked briskly inside. After shaking hands with the guard, Mr. Kennedy looked in on a couple of offices and shook hands with a few ladies at typewriters. Then we followed him to Room 401, the office of United States Attorney Robert Mor-



genthau, who is in charge of the District here.

"You really had your hands full the last month or so," Morgenthau said as *they* shook hands.

"Yes," Mr. Kennedy said, admiring a Brady photograph of Lincoln that was lying on a table. "Is this with McClellan?" he asked.

"That's right," Mr. Morgenthau said. "We haven't had time to get our pictures up yet."

"I never saw this one before," Mr. Kennedy said.

We stepped outside, where Mr. Guthman and Mr. Reilly were waiting, and the latter, a heavyset young man with large hands, told us that he was in charge of the administrative office for all the United States Attorneys. "Have you ever seen anybody with his drive?" he asked us, nodding in the direction of the Attorney General. "And he's a lot tougher, and smarter, with a lot more experience, than in 1957. He's been to the well a lot of times since then. He's tough, he's fair, he's smart, and he's considerate. He has all the decent qualities."

"He doesn't want the people around him simply to say yes," Guthman said.

"When he makes a decision, you know some thought and consideration have gone into it," Reilly said.

Mr. Kennedy came out and told us he was going around to talk to some of the federal judges about eight new district judges and three new circuit judges who he hoped would be named soon by the President to take care of the tremendous backlog of cases piled up in the courts, but first he was going to greet the staff of assistants to the United States Attorney. A few minutes later, he stood, hands in pockets, below a photograph dated 1903 and showing the nine-man staff of the United States Attorney's office (we spotted a boyish-looking Felix Frankfurter and a young Henry Stimson), and greeted the thirty-odd members of Morgenthau's staff who are in the criminal division.

"I'm delighted to be here," Mr. Kennedy said. "There's no question but that the Southern District of New York is the showcase for the Justice Department. . . . I wanted to come up and tell you how grateful we are to you for all the time and effort you give to the work, which I know is not for financial satisfaction. . . . We are always available to you and at your service. . . ."

Then the staff members, short and tall, fat and thin, young and very young, shy and very shy, and all looking happy and impressed, lined up to introduce themselves and shake hands with the Attorney General. He asked several of the very young ones, who identified themselves as voluntary student assistants from law school, what their school was or how they liked the work, and one informed the Attorney General that his father ran the Melody Tent in Hyannis Port. Would the Kennedys please come? Mr. Kennedy said that the Kennedys always came to the Melody Tent.

"Sheldon Elsen, Criminal Division," one older young man, handsome, smiling, and wearing shell-rimmed glasses, said as he shook hands with the Attorney General. "I've worked here for a year. Left private practice to come here."

"Enjoy it?" Mr. Kennedy asked.

"Love it," Sheldon Elsen said.

"Where did you go to law school?"

"Harvard," Sheldon Elsen said, grinning.

"Good luck to you," the Attorney General said.

A beaming gray-haired lady wearing spectacles said, "Ethel Backenroth. I'm the librarian. I have thirty-nine years of service to the United States Attorney for the Southern District."

"You were here before I was born," Mr. Kennedy said.

"I'm proud of my service," Miss Backenroth said.

"Five *years* before I was born," Mr. Kennedy said, looking slightly stunned.

The greeting-and-handshaking routine was repeated later on with another group of attorneys, in the anti-trust division, and then, with pauses to shake hands with guards, a shoeshine man, and other well-wishers, and to give a few autographs, Mr. Kennedy started out of the building.

We asked him whether he remembered the people he met in such long lineups.

"I'm not too good at it," he said. "Jack is really good at it, and my wife is terrific."

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OVERHEARD among the stacks in the Eighth Street Bookshop, one grave young ponytail to another: "Of course he's sick. He's about the sickest man I know. But that's what's so confusing. Because he's also about the stupidest."

OVER MY HEAD

MY agent, Morrie, came to see me in the locker room after a night game in May. I was surprised to see him; he hadn't done any business for me all season. Last year, it was different. After I'd hung up that good E.R.A., third best in the league, and pitched five shutout relief innings in the Series, I was a hot item, and Morrie was busy for me all the time. I did TV plugs for Gillette blades and Camels, spoke on juvenile delinquency at a Father-Son dinner of the McKeesport P.-T.A., had a guest shot on "Omnibus," and all that stuff. I made a bundle. Then, this spring, I was a holdout for five weeks, because the management sent me a contract that must have been meant for some kid signed out of the Little Leagues, so I never did get trained right. I had a sore arm all through April. Then I got racked up in Kansas City and again in Cleveland on the same Western swing, and I was finished as a celebrity. They made me second long man in the bull pen—the victim they bring in when the club is five runs down in the third inning and your infielders are stopping easy grounders with their chests. I'd got so I was picking up the paper every morning expecting to read I'd been traded to the Phillies. So why would Morrie want to see me?

"Hi ya, Buzz," Morrie said. "How's the arm?"

"It fell off last week," I said. "I'm having it embalmed."

"How'd you like to make a wad of cash?" he asked.

"Doing what—selling birdseed door to door?"

"No, Buzz. It's a special deal, something brand-new. There's a thousand clams in it for you. Listen, you ever read that magazine *Sports Illusory*?"

"Are you *kidding*?"

"I know what you mean," Morrie said. "Let me put it another way. Did you read that book by that writer who pitched against an all-star big-league team in an exhibition game? George Plimpton his name is. You know—he'd never pitched since school, and he wanted to see what it would feel like out there and then write about it all. He wrote it first for some sports magazine—they put up the money for the ballplayers—and then he turned it into this book. It's called 'Out of My League.'"

"I heard about it," I said, "but I haven't read the book yet. But I've told everybody I'd like it for my birthday. Marianne Moore gave it a terrific review in the *Trib.*" I was getting interested.

"Good," Morrie said. "Well, *Sports Illusory* wants you to do the same thing, almost. They want you to spend a day working on the staff of a magazine, just like a big-time writer or editor. Then they want you to write a piece about it for them. Get the idea? It's a hell of a human-interest story, backing up their big theme that ballplayers are fine, normal people, interested in the arts and all, just like other average Joes. They'll pay a G note for the job. How does it hit you?"

"Well . . ." I said. I tried to sound dubious, but the truth is my heart was racing with excitement. It was crazy and it would take nerve, but what big-leaguer could turn down a chance like this? Like every red-blooded American ballplayer, I've always wanted to be a writer. I've read every word Ernest Hemingway has written for *Life*. Ever since my sand-lot days, I have stayed up late Sunday nights to watch Bennett Cerf on "What's My Line?" And other ballplayers have made it in the world of letters, haven't they? Whenever we play Cincinnati in spring exhibition games, I get a kick just being on the same field with Jim Brosnan, the author of "The Long Season." I've even copied some of his mannerisms on the mound—the way he mutters those lines from Eliot and Pound when he's glaring down at the batters. "What's the magazine I'd be working for?" I managed to ask.

"It's the best, Buzz," he said. "The *Dijon Review*."

"Wow!" I murmured. This *was* the big league! The *Dijon Review*—the most intellectual, the most shrill, the most unforgiving of the little reviews! I could feel the sweat beginning to trickle down my wrists, and I knew I'd lose my nerve if I thought about it a minute longer. "O.K.," I said, looking up at Morrie and trying to manage a smile. "I'll do it."

THE day set for my adventure was a Monday in June, an open date on the team's schedule, and the intervening weeks flew by all too fast for my heightened state of nerves. More than once, I picked up the telephone to call Morrie and tell him I had thought better of the whole foolhardy scheme, but some curious sense of pride always made me put it down again. After all, I'd remind myself, I was introspective, well read, full of normal literary ambitions. Even if I got my ears knocked off, it would be something to tell my grandchildren about—the day I matched my taste against the best aesthetes of my time. I found it hard to concentrate on my work; sitting in the bull pen during a Sunday doubleheader, I would lose track of the score. The roar of the crowd and the harsh cries of the peanut venders would fade from my ears, replaced in my mind by the crisp crackle of manuscripts, the sibilant crawl of blue pencils across paper, and the civilized murmur of apothegms and witty, barbed rejoinders. My sleep became irregular, and on the road I fell into the habit of arising during the small hours to copy out passages from Cyril Connolly's "The Unquiet Grave" on the backs of hotel menus. Once, in New York, I slipped out of my room at five in the morning and walked through the dawn-swept streets and found myself at last standing in front of the West Side brownstone that houses the editorial offices of the *Dijon Review*. "In there," I whispered to myself, eying the temple, "just a few days from now . . ." Inside my pockets, my typing fingers were tapping out unconscious arpeggios.

In the last few days, the realities of plans and training helped to steady me. Morrie and I had a final conference with the editor of *Sports Illusory*, who feigned indifference toward my coming ordeal. Just before I left, however, the

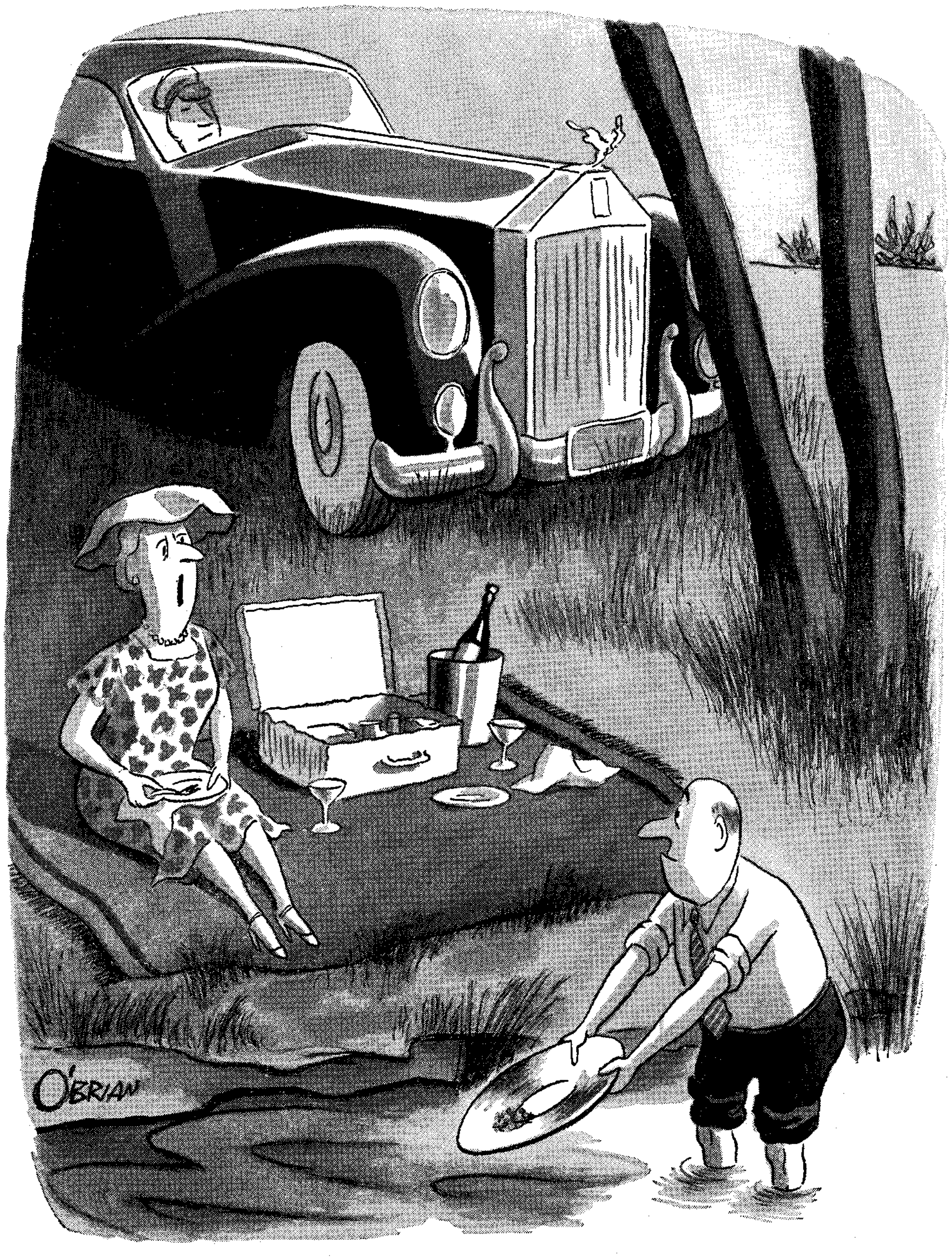
expression on his tanned athlete's face softened, and he said, "I can't help admitting I'm going to envy you in there, Buzz. You know, just before I go to sleep at night, I always have this same crazy thought. I find myself reading and then *rejecting* this long, long poem by Randall Jarrell!"

I went to J. Press, the literary costumers, and had myself outfitted—charcoal flannel trousers, linen hopsack jacket, black knit tie. I bought a pair of plain white sneakers at Feron's, and then, as an act of pure braggadocio, completed the outfit with the purchase of a green tweed cap, belted in back, at Paul Stuart. One day, when I arrived thus attired at the ballpark, Clancy, the manager, stopped me with a puzzled look on his big face. "You got a shoulder kink, Buzz?" he asked. "You're walking kinda crooked. Maybe you need an hour in the whirlpool bath, hunh?"

I blushed and straightened up, assuring him I was all right. But I knew what had happened. My old Tom Wolfe crouch, the one I affected so assiduously in my youth, had come back upon me. A good omen indeed!

Friday night before my Monday, Buck Willis, my roomie, and I drove up to Yaddo. It was after ten when we arrived, however, and a surly gatekeeper barred our way. "All the typewriters is locked up for the night," he muttered. "All the writers, too. Besides, I can't go around letting just any old hack in here." Disappointed, we saved something from the journey by circling through Bread Loaf, where a kindly lady who teaches Middle English at Mount Holyoke allowed me to loosen up on her big Remington. I worked out for an hour, testing old muscles. My motion was good, but I wasn't hitting the space bar with the old confidence.

I was ready when Monday morning came. I arose feeling refreshed, aware of a faint tremor in the backs of my knees, but grateful, on the whole, that *der Tag* had arrived. Then, as I stood in front of my mirror, making last adjustments to my uniform, my heart gave a great thump of dismay. I had no Fowler! It was a shocking oversight on my part. I could not turn up at the *Dijon Review* and confess to such an omission, and I was only too aware that no editor willingly lends his Fowler, even to an officemate who is trying to break out of a slump. That is one of the oldest superstitions in the game. I made a frantic, ridiculous search of my room, but I knew only too well where my own Fowler was—among my broken toys and rusted electric trains in the back attic of my parents' house in Des Moines.



"I must say, Henry, making money has certainly become an obsession with you."

I grabbed the telephone and called Lefty Kolb, our team's affable knuckleballer. "Listen, Lefty," I said, spilling out the words in my haste, "have you got an old Fowler you could lend me for the day?"

"A what?" he said sleepily.

"A Fowler's 'Modern English Usage.' Any edition will do, but I've got to have it right away."

"Gee, no, Buzz," he said. "I happen to know, because I was looking for mine only last week. I'm sorry as hell."

I thanked him, hung up, and hurried out to see if I could buy the volume. But no bookstores were open at that early hour. I had to settle for a Little Golden Dictionary, purchased from a drugstore. I carried it under my arm all day, hoping my temporary colleagues would accept it as a personal literary eccentricity.

"EDITORS' entrance?" I inquired, standing outside an open door in the dim third-floor corridor. I could feel my heart thumping under my button-down shirt.

"It's the only door we got," said the young man sitting inside, not lifting his eyes from his *Daily News*.

I entered, removed my cap, and extended my hand. "Ty Cobb," I said, employing the amusing sobriquet we had agreed upon at *Sports Illusory*. "I'm sort of working here today."

"I heard," the man said, giving me a soft, dry handshake. "I'm Eric." He had a shock of very blond hair that hung down over his eyes, and I noticed that he wore purple socks and a pair of cracked patent-leather pumps.

The room was littered with newspapers, disorderly piles of letters—bills, by the look of them—and empty cardboard containers of coffee. There was a standing screen to my left, and from behind this I heard the low hum of voices and the clink of teacups in the next room. These scholarly sights and sounds unmanned me for a moment. "Look," I said to Eric. "Can I warm with you for a few minutes? Before I go in there?"

"O.K.," he said indifferently. "But I'm just the office boy around here."

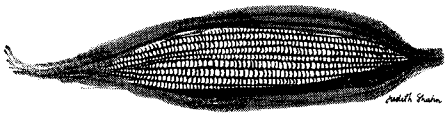
We warmed for ten minutes, tossing aphorisms and capping easy quotations. I began to feel better, and I ventured a pitch I had used with some success in college. "Isn't it curious," I said, "that neither Cowley nor Trilling has observed that the watery images in the final sentences of both 'A Farewell to Arms' and 'Tender Is the Night' are direct, if unconscious, inheritors of a lineage tracing back to the closing passages of 'Moby Dick,' in which the Pequod slips beneath those tiresomely symbolic waves? It's a curious lacuna in our critical thesaurus."

The effect of this upon Eric was unexpected. He straightened up and glared at me angrily. "Watch that stuff," he said bitterly. "No rhetorical questions without you give me a warning, see? Watch that showboating, bo."

"Oh, sure," I said, abashed. "Sure, sure, sure. I'm sorry. Anything you say."

I was now ready; the hour had come. Eric led me into the back room, and I introduced myself awkwardly. I recognized most of the faces, of course; as a boy, I had pasted their likenesses, clipped from Sunday book-review sections, inside my locker door. Blevins Carroll, the editor, was seated at a high old-fashioned roll-top desk, his great forehead gleaming palely above a green eyeshade. Morgan MacPhee and Hastings Latrobe, the devastating pair recently purchased from *Partisan Review* in exchange for five British critics and an undisclosed amount of cash, were bent over the morning *Times*, working the crossword puzzle together. A fourth figure was stretched out on an old cot against one wall, his head buried in his arms. From time to time, he groaned. Too much *espresso* the night before, I guessed privately. The first three acknowledged my presence with curt nods. I was aware of a professionalism, a true, burning intolerance, in this room, and I knew happily that I would not encounter any false bonhomie here today. These men were admitting me to their company as an equal, with all the cynical hostility of the élite.

Thus encouraged, I began to take careful note of details—material to flesh out my narrative for *Sports Illusory*. I perceived that although Blevins Carroll talked out of the right side of his mouth, he wrote with his left hand, a tremendous defensive advantage in an editor who is also a novelist. (Most editors are right-handed.) Like all true intellectuals, these men smoked cigarettes. There were open packs all over the room, in pockets and on desks, within reach of limber, preoccupied fingers. Intellectuals light their cigarettes with matches, never lighters, striking flame with a single, deft inward motion, and usually throwing the used match stubs on the floor. I noted that the members of the staff usually addressed each other by their first names, only rarely employing such alternatives as "old chap" or "fella." This fact, in turn, led me to a further discovery: many critics have first names that are more customarily surnames—Blevins, Morgan, Hastings, and so forth. This gives them a superiority in bylines almost from birth.



"Well, we might as well get to it," Carroll said at last. He leaned forward and tossed me a thick, untidy sheaf of manuscript. "Anything here we should use?" he asked.

I licked my lips. I was aware that the three were watching me closely. I looked down at the manuscript. It had been scrawled, apparently with a blunt pencil, on flimsy sheets of pink paper. It was in a language I didn't recognize, but the varying length of the lines made me guess it was a piece of free verse. "Hmm," I said, stalling. "Well . . . Well, it isn't typewritten."

The three men looked at each other in surprise, exchanging smiles of apparent relief. "Yes," Latrobe said eagerly, "and we don't accept untyped submissions."

"I never thought of that!" MacPhee said.

"And he didn't enclose any return postage," Carroll added. He took the manuscript from me and dropped it in a wastebasket. "Nice work, Mr. Cobb," he said, looking at me with new respect.

Alas, it was not to remain as easy as that. Overconfident, working too fast, I soon found myself making the simplest anti-intellectual blunders. I voted against a film review, a reëvalua-

THE UNWINDING

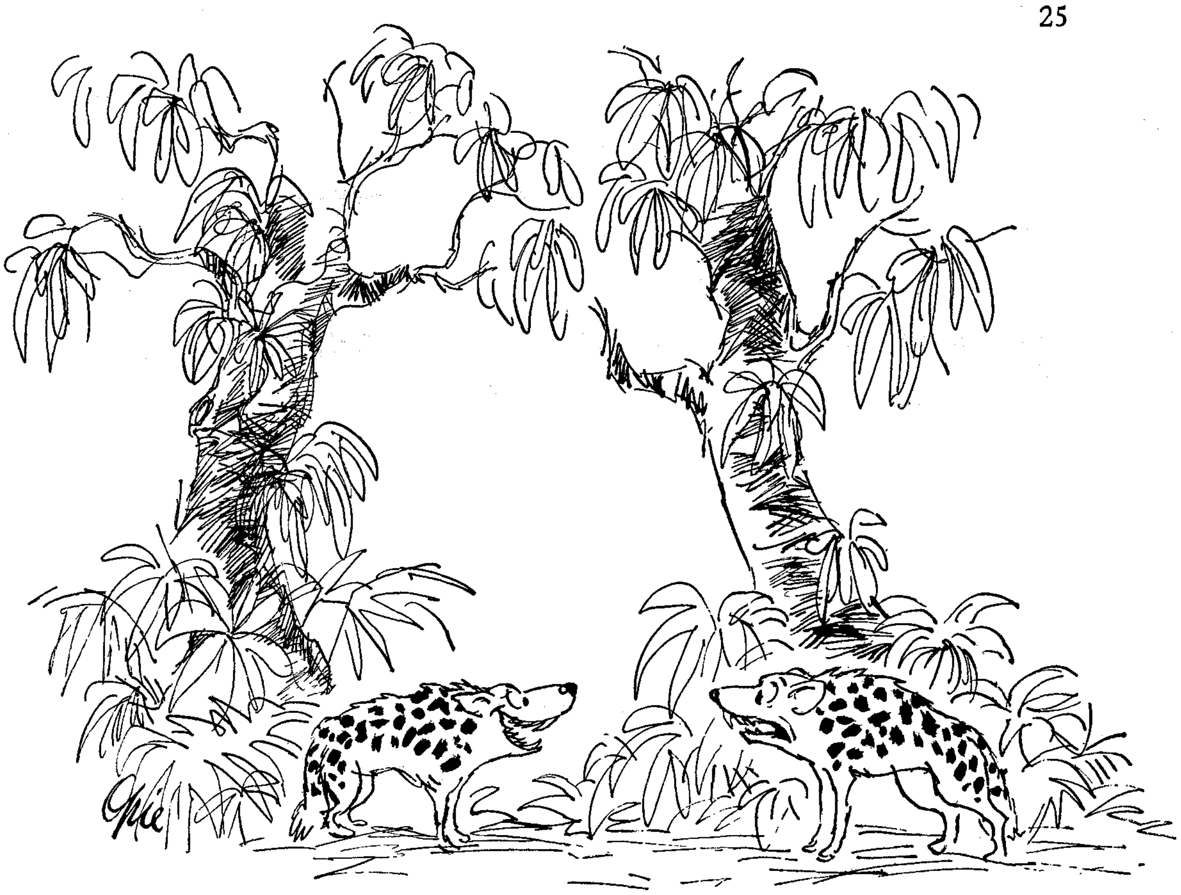
Armstrong's mounting nervous tension
Gave rise at last to apprehension.
He quit his job, which was far too taxing,
And sent for the things you need for relaxing.
He bought a compass for his car,
A poolside pad and a floating bar,
A white twill hammock, a canopied glider,
A chair that looked like the web of a spider,
A nylon tent, some citronella,
A beautiful turquoise beach umbrella,
A charcoal pit, a Bar-B baker,
A leakproof torque-locked ice-cream maker,
A woodsman's axe, some powdered soup,
A cast-aluminum garden group,
A twelve-gauge gun, a well-trained cocker,
A vagabond kit and a President's rocker,
A Bongo Board, some Kenya shorts,
A swordfish cap for water sports,
A No-Stoop tee for easy teeing,
A two-way intercom for skiing,
An outboard skiff with Trail-Eeze trailer,
An eighty-five-foot motor sailer,
A club-cart wagon, a frogman's suit,
And a carriage bell so he needn't toot.
He relaxed so fast and with such a will
Armstrong was taken mortally ill.
They buried him in a pop-up coffin
With plastic rites. I think of him often.

—E. B. W.

• •

tion of Bugs Bunny as the American *Übermensch*, on the ground that it was frivolous. Carroll snatched it back angrily, stating that it would probably be the lead article in their next issue. "Don't you know Warner Brothers cartoons are way, way in, man?" he said. Then I voted *for* an essay on the pre-pubertal years of Samuel Beckett, which struck me as fresh and amusing. "Pap!" Carroll snorted. "*Kitschy*-koo," Latrobe muttered. The figure on the couch shuddered at my obtuseness. A terrible exhaustion flowed over me. I was in deep waters, far over my head.

At this juncture, Eric's face appeared around the side of the screen. "Omnescu is here for his interview," he announced.



"*I never can tell when you're serious.*"

• •

For a moment, my nerve failed me utterly. Tired, flustered, my ill-conditioned critical reflexes already screaming in protest, I was now to face the most feared literary slugger of our time. Omnescu, the free-swinging Rumanian avant-gardist, author of three volumes of *haiku* written in classical Etruscan, was about to take part in one of the *Dijon Review's* famed interviews-in-depth, and *I* was expected to lead our team's assault. "No, no!" I cried weakly. "It's too much to ask. I can't go on. These bone chips in my writing hand..."

"Courage, Cobb," Latrobe whispered in my ear. "We'll be here behind you, fielding the answers. Just lay your searching questions down the middle."

Well, I tried. I'll say that for myself in retrospect. When the great man had been ushered in and seated in a broken armchair, I cleared my throat and forced myself to look at his fearsome visage rising above his filthy turtleneck sweater and huge shoulders like an angry winter moon over a range of mountains. His cold zircon eyes, which I had seen heretofore only from a seat in the back rows of the Y.M.H.A. Poetry Center auditorium, now fixed themselves on me with horrid anticipation. I thought confusedly of my success with the foreign manuscript, and stammered out, "Mr. Omnescu, do you, uh, write with a p-pencil?"

To my astonishment, he popped a soft answer straight back to my teammates. "Hah!" he said. "Axcellant qvastion. Axcellant! Until last year, Omnescu writes always with pancil. But last January, with Guggenheim money, Omnescu buys electric typewriter. Results: electric!" And for the next ten minutes he chatted warmly about his rapport with a writing device so happily symbolic of our depersonalized milieu, while the editors scribbled busily and gratefully in their notebooks.

Unfortunately, I was now so emboldened that I decided on another change-up pitch. It was to be my last effort of the day. "Sir," I said, "have you read and been influenced by Yogi Berra's autobiography?"

His face turned red, then purple. "Yoga!" he exploded. "You ask me—Omnescu—about yoga? That qvackery? You waste my time with meesticism, with Indian gymnastics, with something for screenwriters on nut diets? Omnescu will put you straight on yoga, you meeserable counter-intellactual." Spluttering, jabbering incoherently, lapsing frequently into his native tongue, he launched on a monologue so verbose and so rambling that long before he had finished, Carroll and MacPhee and Latrobe had dropped their pencils out of sheer ennui.

"That'll be all," Carroll said to me crisply. He beckoned to Eric to take my place in the circle of chairs. I had been relieved again. I was washed up in this league.

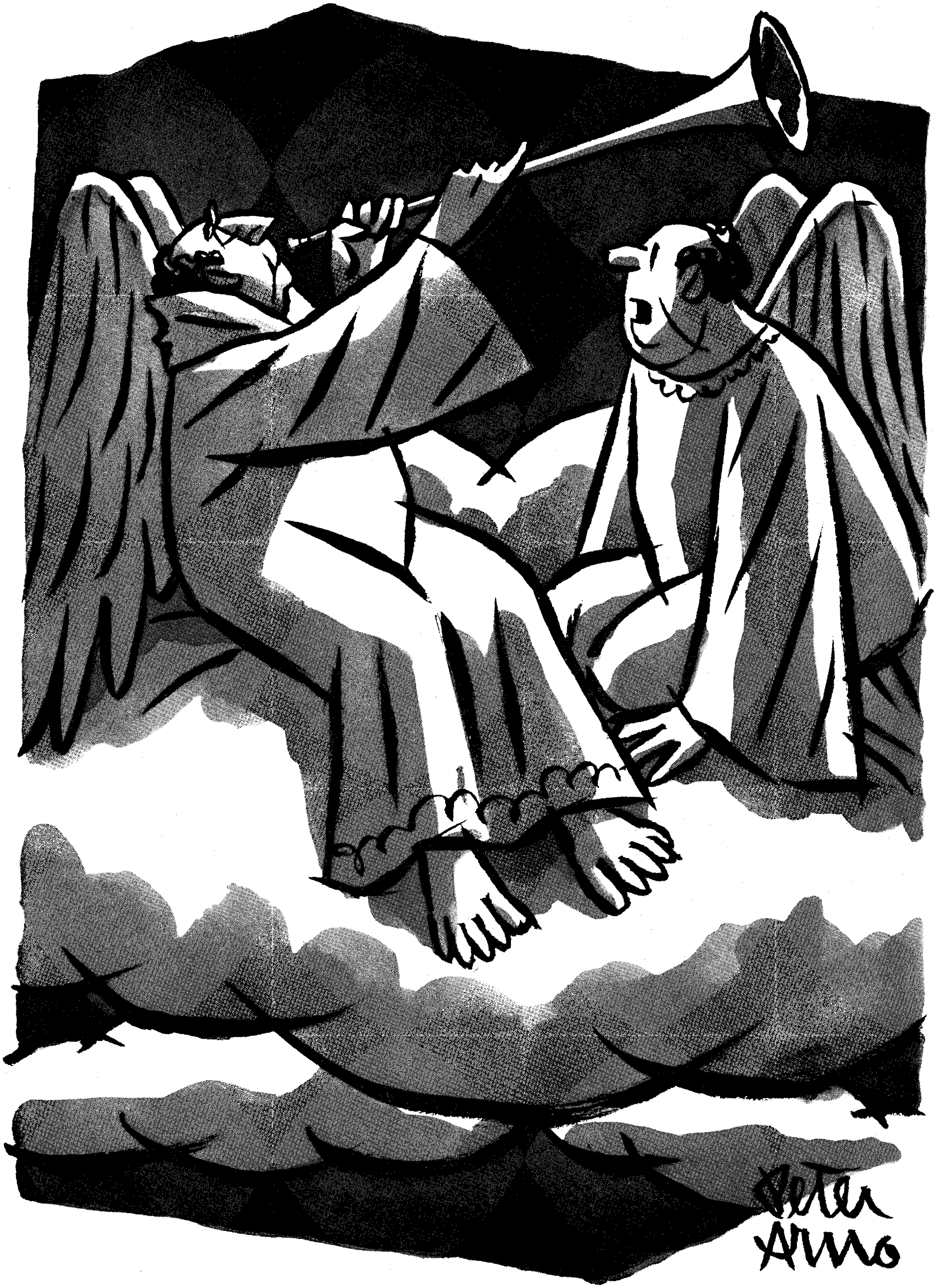
Weeping, I dropped my Little Golden Dictionary and stumbled out and down the stairs toward the street. I had forgotten my tweed cap, but I knew I would never need it again. Dejected, sore of head and spirit, I trudged slowly toward the subway. Then, just before I reached the corner, my glance fell upon two ragged urchins in my path. They were bent over, unaware of me, writing busily with chalk on the pavement. Their scrawled words stretched the entire width of the sidewalk, from curb to building front.

"Hey, Jim-mee!" one of them yelled. "Watch me, Jim-mee! Watch me write. I'm William Faulkner, Jim-mee! I'm Faulkner writing!"

"Go-wann!" the other called back, scribbling excitedly. "Lookit me, Billy. Watch *me* write! *I'm* Van Wyck Brooks!"

Touched, deeply moved by these innocent gamins, I blew my nose and began to cheer up. "The game will go on," I whispered to myself. "Even without me, it will go on. The great American pastime will never die."

—Roger Angell



"For goodness' sakes, Gabriel! Why don't you wait till prime evening time?"

THE WHEELCHAIR ON THE GRASS

Annie Melvin, who worked as a part-time waitress in a Greenwich Village coffeehouse called the Freeplace, was wiping off one of the tables with a wet cloth when she looked up and saw Dr. Spencer Fifield walk in. With him were his friends Lester Greenthal and Julius Karp.

"Long time no see," Spencer said, grabbing her at the back of the neck in his finest junior-prom style.

"Two weeks," Annie said.

"Hey, Annie kid, long time no see," Julius Karp said. He was Spencer's accountant.

"You going to feed us?" Lester Greenthal said to her. He was Spencer's boyhood friend and was now also his attorney. A bald, tensely good-natured fellow, Lester always looked to Annie as though he expected everybody to make him walk the gangplank. Both friends were about six feet two, and hovered over Spencer solicitously. Annie was glad when they sat down. When they were standing, she got dizzy trying to look up at them.

Spencer took an inventory of her clothes, including her mohair turtleneck sweater. "Lord & Taylor sweater bar?" he asked.

"Jax," Annie said, without interest.

She and Spencer had been seeing each other on and off for several years. In the old days, she had worked at his hospital as a technician in one of the labs. The same doctors who saw each other every day at the hospital, and during office hours shuffled and traded patients from one specialized hand to another, also saw each other socially. Spencer was the only unmarried doctor in the group, and after Annie had accompanied him to a series of the your-turn-our-turn dinner parties that made up the routine social life of his colleagues and their wives, he had started the pretense that he and Annie were a team, on the verge of getting married and making it unanimous. When she gave up her job at the hospital, Spencer proposed. Annie said that she couldn't marry him because she was in love with another man—which she was—but Spencer interpreted this no to mean yes, or at least maybe, and he had continued to hang around.

"Don't forget," Spencer said to her now, with his two friends looming over him like parental giants, even while seated. "We have this big affair next month at the Plaza. S. S. and Linda Beth are celebrating their fourth wedding anniversary. Did you get your new formal?"

"I have to work, man!" Annie said. Spencer had never asked her to go to the Klippenbergs' anniversary party with him. As usual, he took it for granted both that she knew he wanted her to go with him and that she *was* going with him. That was part of the team act.

"Formal, hey, Annie kid?" Julius asked, beaming secret knowledge at her. In his own way, he led a unilateral team life with her that was more mysterious than Spencer's. As Annie saw it, Spencer liked to have Julius around because Julius did his best to imitate him, but unsuccessfully.

"I'm terrible at those parties," Annie said.

"Don't worry about the new formal, *dear*," Spencer said. He said "dear" with a husbandly tone that, Annie thought, could indicate to an audience that the relationship was so deeply in the groove that he had reached the point of being able to use the word and simultaneously kid it. As always, he was floundering around amid the accoutrements and vocabulary of love, without understanding what love itself was. Hence the convoluted "dear;" hence the team act; hence an endless number of other things. Spencer was able to propose marriage without realizing that his words might lead to a fateful action, or that love and marriage might have some bearing on each other.

Annie had introduced Spencer to other girls, hoping that he would become interested in them. Spencer merely included them in the audience for the team act, and then tried to demonstrate his loyalty and his faithfulness to her by tearing into the other girls. For example, Annie had introduced him to Victoria Russell, one of her Barnard classmates, who was working part time as an actress in a television soap opera.

"Isn't Victoria sweet?" Annie said later.

"Frankly, I don't like her," Spencer said. "I think she's a nymphomaniac."

"Vic*toria*?" Annie asked. "You just *met* her. How can you tell?"

"The way she sat down so close to me," Spencer said. "That dress."

"I thought you *liked* décolleté dresses," Annie said.

"I don't care," Spencer said. "I don't like her. She's a nymphomaniac!"

Annie was a flop as Cupid.

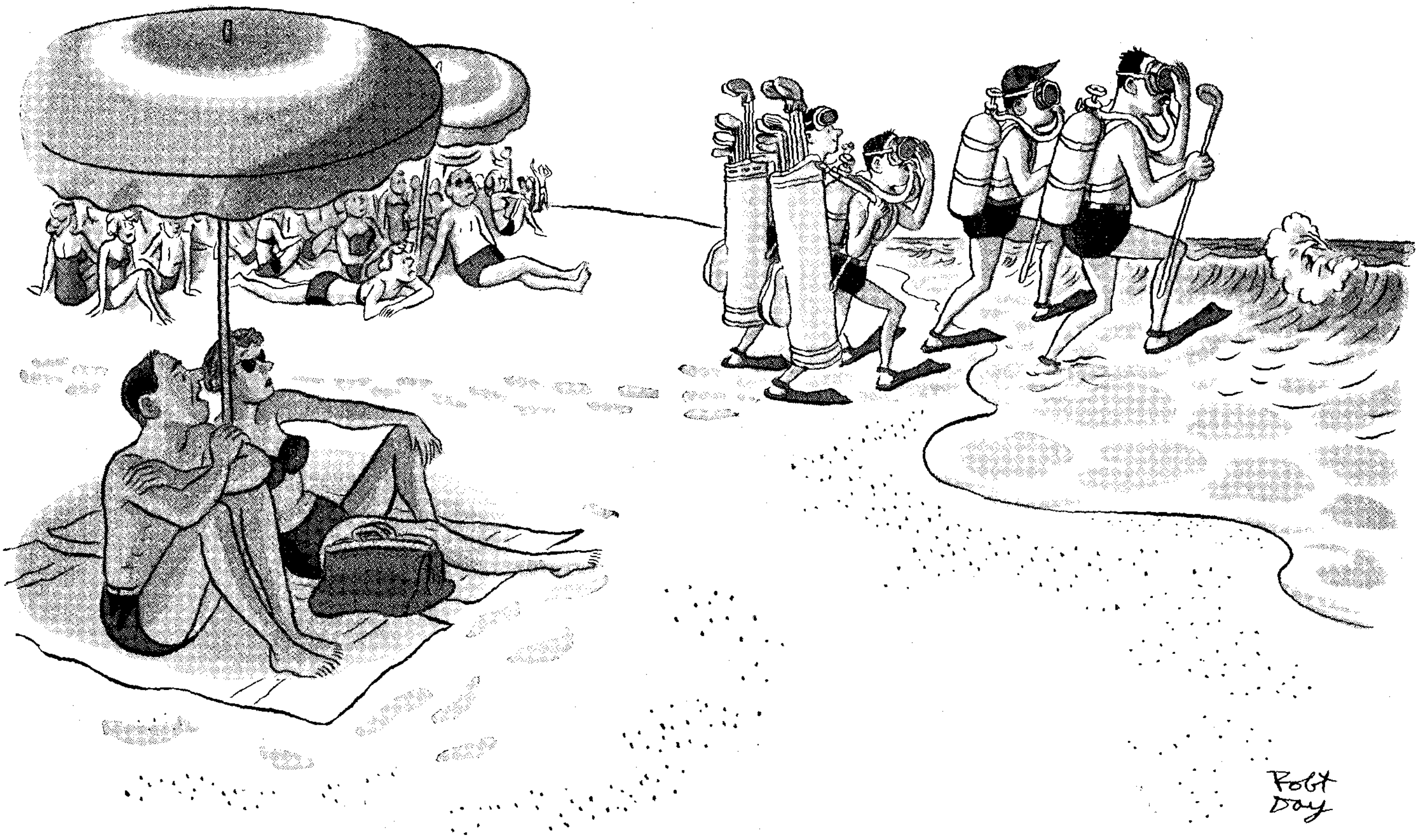
"What about *us*?" Spencer had said to her on that same occasion. "How about coming home with me tonight? It's time I had a relationship with some emotional content in it."

"Spencer, I can't," she said. "I'm in love with another man."

Spencer's blunt invitation didn't make her feel angry. It was so earnest, and besides, it was his idea of a gesture that had something to do with what you were supposed to feel. His mind was packed with all kinds of specialized information. He filled his head with odd facts, and from the people he knew—including his psychoanalyst, Dr. Al Blauberman—he soaked up a multitude of ideas about feelings. There wasn't a human feeling that he hadn't learned to label or interpret or explain—especially other people's feelings. But what, or where, were his own? He had never found out. Spencer did not know what love was. His friends and his analyst were able to give him rules, regulations, definitions, directions, admonitions, boos, and cheers, and Spencer memorized them all very carefully, but it did not bring him any closer to the thing itself.

From what Annie had seen, Spencer was a good trouble-finding doctor, especially keen at sensing the elusive, camouflaged evils of the body. He could be patient with the dying, affectionate with the dead, and yet remain untouched. He had a hard time "relating," as he put it, to people who were fully alive, but, no doubt about it, he was a whiz with the dying. He had a good medical practice, built up over a period of a decade, and he spent most of his after-office and hospital hours with his patients, especially the ones he referred to as "screwballs." In pursuit of feeling, he talked to those of his patients who needed conversation, he dined with the ones who needed company, he went to concerts with the ones who loved music, he helped build bookshelves with the ones devoted to do-it-yourself, he lent himself to bitter wives for solace, he gave comfort to cold husbands. With great confidence, he advised high-school boys on their embarkation on sex. He gave an hour a day, sometimes two, to listening to the emotional problems of his patients. He was trying to lose his emotional problems in theirs, but very often, to his patients' bewilderment, what he managed to do was to lose their problems in his. He worked morning, afternoon, and night. His patients knew they could telephone him at 4 A.M. and have him at their bedside in a matter of minutes. He was the favorite doctor of his colleagues for their sick mothers, fathers, uncles, and aunts.

Whenever Spencer dropped in on



"Well, your guess is as good as mine."

• •

Annie at the coffeehouse, he seemed to assume that she had been standing by during the interval between his visits, and that it had been filled, in her case as in his own, with nothing.

Lester and Julius were giving the Freeplace menu a critical survey.

"Wow! Thirty-five cents for a plain ordinary *espresso!*" Lester said.

"Eighty-five cents for plain ordinary Genoa salami! Hey, Annie kid?" Julius said.

Spencer had told Annie that both Lester and Julius had deep-seated fears that their money was going to be taken away from them. "Frankly, Les is worse than Julie," Spencer had said. "Les once owed me a fifteen-dollar bill for six months because he wouldn't touch what he calls his principal."

Annie took their orders. All three wanted Genoa salami and provolone with Bermuda onion on pumpernickel. And three Caffè Royals—hot *espresso* with vanilla ice cream and whipped cream. Three cast-iron stomachs. When she brought them what they had ordered, Spencer urged her to sit with them. It wasn't too busy in the Freeplace. She looked over to the manager, and he gave her the O.K. She'd be through soon anyway, and then, as she did almost every night, she'd go over to the Zero Inn, a few blocks away, where Josh Leonard, the man she was in love with, played jazz piano. She was impatient to hear his new trio again. After a couple of years of playing solo at the Zero Inn, Josh had just formed a trio with a colored drummer named Patrick Montrose and a white clarinettist, Ephraim Samuels; they all wore gray caps when they played. The cap-wearing had been initiated by the clarinettist. The sight of the trio, not to mention the sound, was enough to entrance Annie.

Annie got herself a cinnamon-stick *espresso* and sat down next to Spencer. Julius was telling the others about the psychoanalyst Dr. Blauberman had shunted him onto because he had a full house and couldn't take Julius on himself. The doctor was Samm Ascher.

" 'Samm' with a double 'm,' " Julius said. "Don't you think that's sort of pretentious?"

"If Dr. Blauberman thinks you should go to him, you should go," Spencer said.

"I'd much rather go to Dr. Blauberman, with you and Les," Julius said. "I'd be much more confident."

Julius's marriage had just broken up. Spencer had advised both Julius and his wife to go into treatment immediately to find out why. So far, only Julius had acted on the advice. Julius's wife's name was Jean, and they had a two-year-old boy, Jared. Their towels were monogrammed with satin "J"s in genuine London script. On Jared's second birthday, Jean had told Julius that it was all over. All they had together, she said—and he had told Spencer, who had told Annie—was Jared and the towels. So she was going to get a divorce. Julius had made arrangements for the divorce. He had made arrangements to go into psychoanalysis with Dr. Samm Ascher, come September. He had made arrangements to take half of the towels. And Annie now learned that he had just made arrangements to go to Europe to recover from it all. He was going with Lester, on a special chartered flight, with the Bakery Owners Association of New York. Five countries in eighteen days for three hundred and forty dollars, round trip, not including room and board. Not bad.

"They're going to Copenhagen," Spencer told Annie, grabbing her by the back of the neck with one hand and the salami-cheese-onion-on-pumpernickel with the other. "Copenhagen," he repeated, as if the city had some special significance.

"Swell," Annie said. "I've never been to Copenhagen."

"Denmark," Spencer said, with more emphatic significance.

"Denmark, hey, Annie kid?" Julius said, lifting his eyebrows à la Groucho

Marx. Whatever it was she was supposed to share with Julius she could never make out.

"Copenhagen is beautiful," Lester said, lifting his glass of Caffè Royal as though shielding himself with it. "Beautiful and expensive."

Spencer set down his salami, took a cigarette with his free hand, put it in his mouth, lighted it with a lighter that was shaped like a stethoscope, and, inhaling deeply, blew out a stream of smoke at his pal Lester. "Les, show Annie the pictures of the stainless-steel dinnerware you're getting for us," he said. "I want Annie to see the patterns."

As Lester nervously fumbled in his pocket, Julius gave Annie a knowing look and rubbed his hands. "Getting the silverware, hey, Annie kid?"

"Show her the patterns," Spencer said to Lester, who produced brochures showing various designs of Danish stainless-steel flatware.

"They're going to get it in Copenhagen," Spencer said to Annie, "for three-fourths of what it costs at Georg Jensen's here."

"Twenty-five per cent off," Lester said joyously.

"Gee," Annie said.

"Show Annie the Obelisk," Spencer said. "Frankly, I like the Obelisk better than the Plata. Les and Julie like the Obelisk, too."

Annie tried to focus on the modern designs through her glasses. Obelisk or Plata—evidently that is what marriage meant to Spencer. Just the same, he was reaching for an emotion.

"Well," she said. "They're both very nice."

"Which is more you—the Obelisk or the Plata?" Spencer asked her. "Which do you choose?" He took another bite of his sandwich and then a quick puff on his cigarette.

"The Obelisk, hey, Annie kid?" Julius said.

"I don't care much for *any* silverware, really," she said. "I believe in using paper plates and paper forks and paper spoons and paper knives, and throwing them away after each meal. And paper cups, too. It's more efficient that way. I'm very lazy."

That sent Spencer and his friends into stitches.

"A riot, this kid," Julius said.

"The Obelisk," Spencer said, as though he and Annie had come to a decision. "Order the Obelisk, Les."

"Obelisk, hey, kids?" Julius said, bouncing up and down in his chair.

Annie decided to let it go, for the moment.

Lester wrote the order down. Then he and Julius finished their Caffè Royals and got up to go, saying they had some late shopping to do for their trip.

"I think I'll have a napoleon for dessert," Spencer said after they had gone. He stretched in his chair. She brought him the napoleon, and then attended to some nearby tables. When her stint was finished, Spencer offered to drive her home. She said yes. If she told Spencer she was going to the Zero Inn, he'd go with her, and trying to listen to jazz in his company was a strain. He was knowing about jazz, as he was about everything, and his enthusiastic comment had the peculiar effect of making all the fun and joy in the music funless and joyless. She would call Josh up when she got home.

"YOU ought to get away from these beatniks," Spencer said as she joined him outside. "These people are wrong for you. Frankly, I can't see why you work here."

"I like the people and they're not beatniks," Annie said. "In fact, there's no such thing as a beatnik. What's more, I like the food, I like the atmosphere."

His car was parked across the street. "Frankly, I feel sorry for Julie," he said, as they started off. "Julie says he doesn't want to be one of those Sunday fathers with Jared. He'd rather not see Jared at all. Just let Jean have him." He took her hand and squeezed it. "Frankly, Jean is in love with me," he said.

Annie woke up. "Gee, Spencer!" she said, delighted.

"Frankly, I loathe her," Spencer said. "The way she had me to dinner every night that time Julie had pneumonia."

"The dinner no good?" Annie asked.

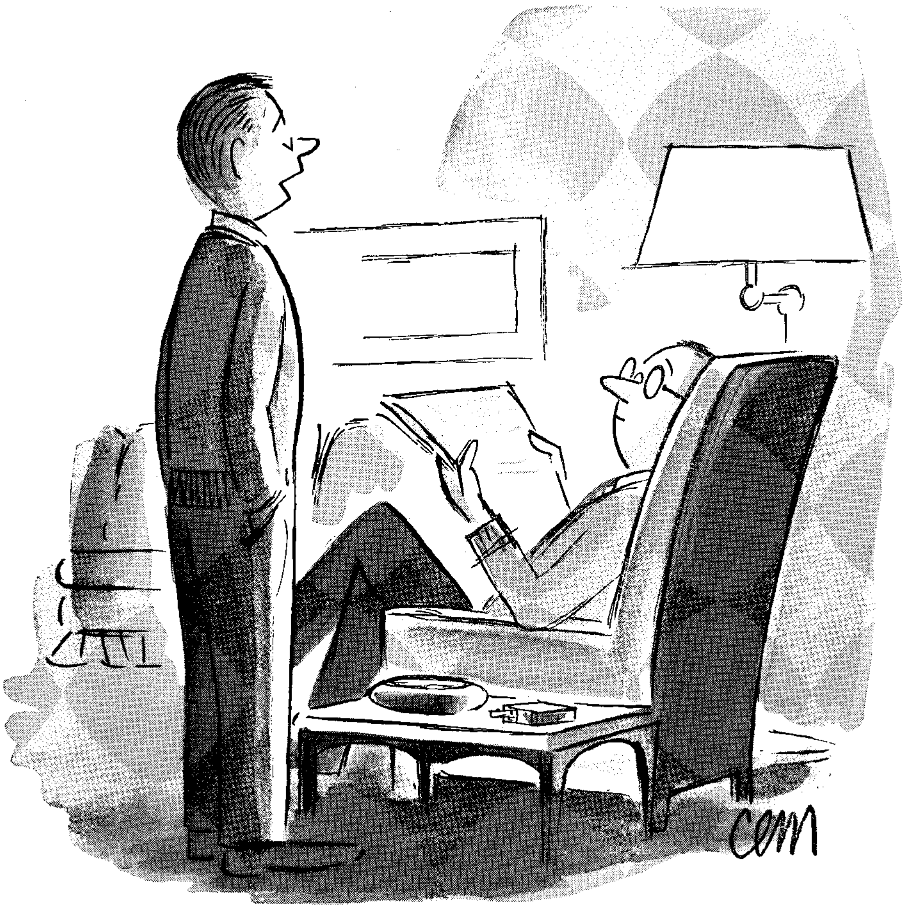
"All right," Spencer said. "I was just being nice, keeping her company while Julie ate in the bedroom. We did a lot of talking. About Jared, and some intimate stuff about the physical difficulties she and Julie were having. Then, right after Julie got better, she calls me up and tells me she's got to see me. So I go over there, and she's alone. And she throws her arms around me and says she loves me and is going to divorce Julie."

"No kidding!"

Spencer sniffed. "I hate her," he said. "She's disgusting."

"What did you do?"

"I pushed her away!" Spencer said, reliving the moment of indignation with full force. "Two nights later, she called me up again and asked me to come



"Dad, tonight can I borrow the car, your pebble-grain brogans, your blue Bronzini tie, and thirty bucks?"

IN THE TREE HOUSE AT NIGHT

And now the green household is dark.
The half-moon completely is shining
On the earth-lighted tops of the trees.
To be dead a house must be still.
The floor and the walls wave me slowly;
I am deep in them over my head.
The needles and pine cones about me

Are full of small birds at their roundest,
Their fists without mercy gripping
Hard down through the tree to the roots
To sing back at light when they feel it.
We lie here like angels in bodies,
My brothers and I—one dead,
The other asleep from much living,

In mid-air huddled beside me.
Dark climbed to us here as we climbed
Up the nails I have hammered all day
Through the sprained, comic rungs of the ladder
Of broom handles, crate slats, and laths
Foot by foot up the trunk to the branches,
Where we came out at last over lakes

Of leaves, of fields disencumbered of earth
That move with the moves of the spirit.
Each nail that sustains us I set here;
Each nail in the house is now steadied
By my dead brother's huge, freckled hand.
Through the years, he has pointed his hammer
Up into these limbs and told us

That we must ascend and all lie here.
Step after step he has brought me,
Embracing the trunk as his body,
Shaking its limbs with my heartbeat,
Till the pine cones danced without wind
And fell from the branches like apples.
In the arm-slender forks of our dwelling

I breathe my live brother's light hair.
The blanket around us becomes
As solid as stone, and it sways.
With all my heart, I close
The blue, timeless eye of my mind.
Wind springs as my dead brother smiles
And touches the tree at the root;

A shudder of joy runs up
The trunk; the needles tingle;
One bird uncontrollably cries.
The wind changes round, and I stir
Within another's life. Whose life?
Who is dead? Whose presence is living?
When may I fall strangely to earth,

Who am nailed to this branch by a spirit?
Can two bodies make up a third?
To sing, must I feel the world's light?
My green, graceful bones fill the air
With sleeping birds. Alone, alone
And with them I move gently.
I move at the heart of the world.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •

over. What do you think she was doing?"

"Why did you go, Spencer?" Annie asked.

"She was alone again!" he said, ignoring Annie's question. "This time she was *crying*." He said it as if the crying was a major offense against him. "I hate her," he said, and added quickly, "Linda Beth is getting a custom-made dress from Balenciaga for the party. S. S. told me. S. S. is doing very well in his practice. Psychoanalysis has really opened him up. He's not as self-conscious, frankly, as he used to be about Linda's money. Of course, they're both in deep trouble, after four years. Both are in treatment now."

"Then maybe they won't have the party," Annie said.

But Spencer didn't hear her. "If we got married, it probably wouldn't last."

"If you get married and have ten good years, that's a lot," Annie said. She thought of Josh. "And if you're lucky, it's more. And besides, when you're really in love and have everything, it's so marvellous you don't think way ahead."

"Then let's get married," Spencer was saying.

"I don't mean us," she said. "I mean in general. I'm in love with somebody else. I *told* you."

"I don't care if it doesn't last," he said. "Nothing lasts anyway."

Annie had run out of replies. They drove slowly through crowded, narrow streets lined with tenements.

"This call will take a few minutes," he said, as though he had already told her that he had a call to make and she was expecting, all the time, to make this stop on the way home.

He parked the car on a block of tenements that seemed to bear down heavily on tiny stores with cramped window displays of fish and shrimps, long Italian breads, sausage strings, straw baskets, handmade pottery, workmen's shoes. It was a warm night. The fire escapes were jammed with potted plants, dogs, blankets, pillows, cats, small children, and women in house dresses.

"I promised to be here two hours ago," Spencer said, taking his medical bag from the rear seat. He spoke in his usual manner of surprise at having forgotten that a patient was waiting for him somewhere. It always got Annie down to see how inured he was to the idea of sick people waiting. "I hope Elizabeth didn't give up and go to bed," he said. "I told you about her. With the spine. Remember?"

She remembered. The young woman who had developed a bone disease a dozen years ago. Annie couldn't remember the name of the disease, and she didn't ask. Elizabeth couldn't walk. She couldn't stand. She lived on home relief. She had a single relative—a brother, out in Colorado. She lived alone. Spencer had inherited her from an older doctor, who had got up a small fund that would take care of her medical expenses. The older doctor had retired to Florida after suffering a stroke. Annie wanted to wait for Spencer in the car, but he urged her to come in with him for a few minutes.

"There's nothing for me to do, frankly," he said. "I'll just look at her."

Fright clutched at Annie's insides. She was afraid of Spencer, afraid of Elizabeth. Why was he pushing this poor crippled girl at her? She followed Spencer into one of the tenement buildings, and down a narrow, dark, sour-smelling corridor, to a battered wooden door in the rear. There was no doorbell. He knocked, and without waiting for an answer tried the door. It was open. Brightness struck Annie full in the face—a small, crowded one-room apartment flooded with brightness. There was a narrow studio bed with a flowered chintz cover, and next to it a pink Princess telephone. There were bookshelves packed with paperbacks; a pastel-blue television set; a wall kitchenette, with a rectangle of wall the size of a pillowcase, carefully papered with a design of carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, stringbeans, and onions. The bathroom door stood open to the room; the tub was rigged up with various mechanical contraptions. The girl, Elizabeth, sat in a wheelchair, her short blond hair neatly combed back straight off the forehead, her legs and back encased in aluminum, her face young, rosy, sweet, smiling, at peace in the classic expression of so many chronic invalids.

"Oh, Dr. Fifield!" she said. "I'm so happy to see you! I thought you weren't coming." No complaint. No resentment of his lateness.

"Annie Melvin," Spencer said, evidently assuming that an invalid's name was a dispensable part of an introduction.

The girl's hand when Annie shook it was warm and limp.

To Kill a Mockingbird
Harper Lee
NEW FICTION
Saxon

"It's about the South, but it's not—you know—Southern."

• •

"Sit in my rocker," Elizabeth said to Annie. "It's my most comfortable chair. Would you like some coffee?"

"We just ate," Spencer said. His face was pale, vague, inert.

"You haven't been here for ever so long," Elizabeth said jubilantly. "You called that time and said you were coming, and you didn't come. See anything new around here?"

Spencer looked around sightlessly. "Didn't I call you back that time?" he said. "Something must have come up at the hospital. An emergency."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," Elizabeth said. "I just meant— Don't you see anything *new*?" She looked like a child about to spring a tremendous surprise. Unable to hold back any longer, she cried out, "My Princess telephone!"

"Mmmm, yes," Spencer said.

"It lights! Try it," Elizabeth said.

Spencer tried it. "Hmmm," he said. "It's the latest thing. A lot of my patients have it. Frankly, the Telephone Company is cleaning up with these."

Elizabeth's joy wasn't diminished in the slightest. "The relief investigator didn't like the idea much, because they say I'm not supposed to have luxuries. But this lights. I can see it in the dark. And, anyway, this was a present. From a friend."

"From that singer?" Spencer said.

"Gertrude. Yes," Elizabeth said, shyly and proudly. "And something else happened. Last Sunday, Gertrude called for me in a limousine, and we drove out to Bear Mountain for a picnic. It was the first time I'd been in the country since before winter. We had such a lovely picnic. Gertrude brought along this songwriter—Donald—and he roasted the frankfurters. They got burned." She looked over at Annie and laughed.

"Donald? Donald who?" Spencer asked.

"I don't remember, but he was awfully nice," Elizabeth said. "He's going to get up a whole new routine for Gertrude, so she can make her comeback."

"Frankly, I doubt that she can," Spencer said. "Gertrude's voice is gone. Frankly, she refuses to face it."

"But Gertrude says—"

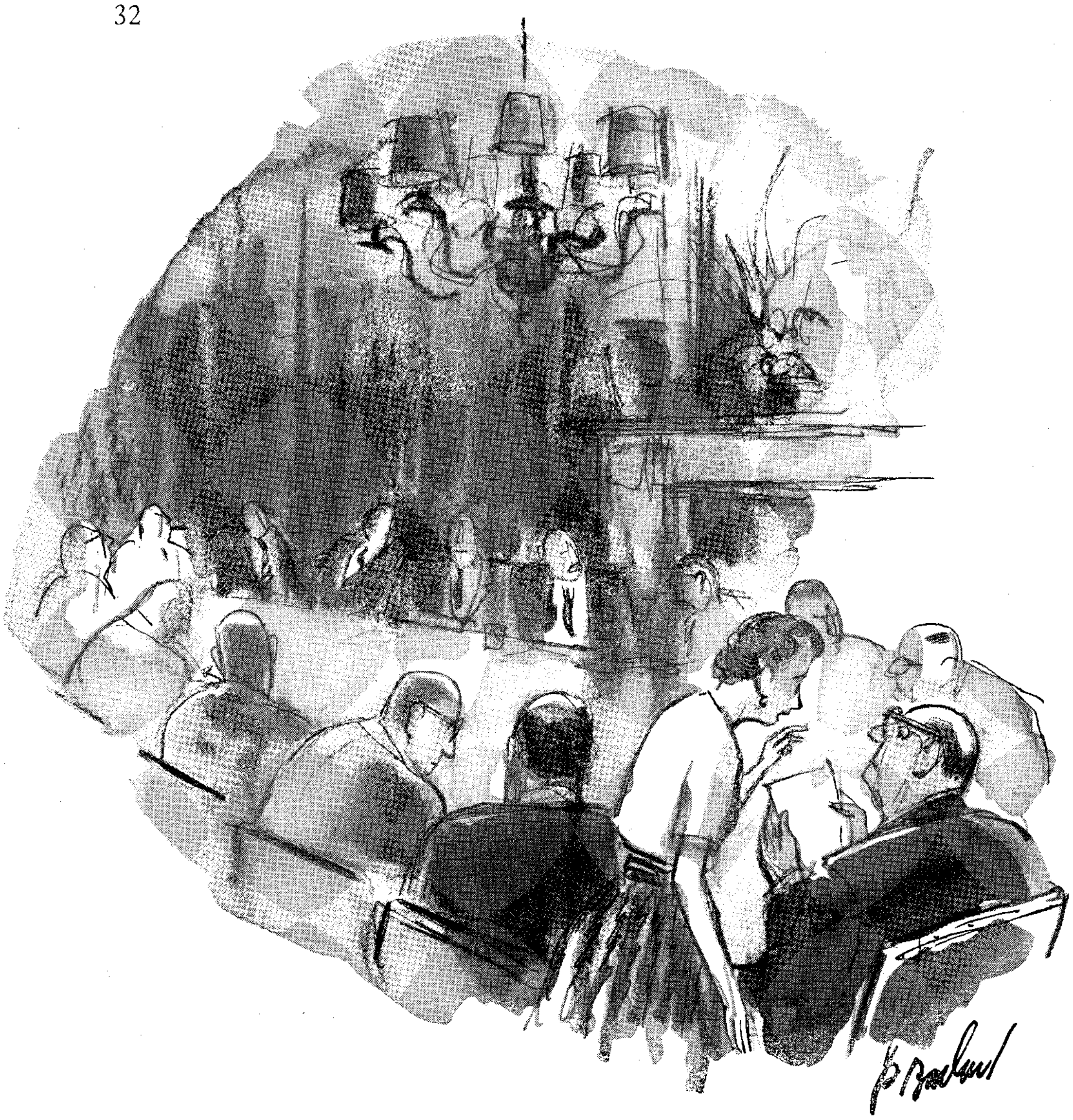
"She's kidding herself," Spencer said, and sniffed.

"But Donald—"

"He's probably another one of these guys stringing her along," Spencer said. "Gertrude ought to wake up."

Annie saw a slight change in the girl's face, but very slight. She was still looking at Spencer with wonder. "I ate four frankfurters, Dr. Fifield. You would have been proud of me."

And Spencer smiled at her and said yes, he was very proud of her and she should get out in the country more



"*Your wife called. There's a scarlet tanager in the bird feeder.*"

often. Spencer looked really happy.

Annie stood up, and Spencer said, "I've got to get Annie home. We just came from one of the coffeehouses."

"The Freeplace," Annie said. "I'm a waitress there."

Spencer looked angry. "She's not really a waitress," he said to Elizabeth. "Annie's really a technician at the lab." He grabbed Annie at the back of the neck. Even in front of this girl! She started to free herself; then she saw Elizabeth smiling, happy to be in on the team act.

"How was the trip up to Bear Mountain?" Spencer asked Elizabeth, continuing to hang on to Annie. "Did you have any trouble with the ride?"

"Not a bit, Dr. Fifield!" Elizabeth said. "The limousine was perfect. They just rolled me up into it on one of those track things—you know?"

"Those track things are good," he said, and sniffed. "I've seen them work before."

"And I just rode in the chair in the car all the way up to Bear Mountain," Elizabeth said. "It was so easy."

"They have any trouble getting you out of the car up there?" he asked.

Elizabeth and Spencer were smiling at each other now, in perfect communication. It was as though Spencer suddenly could hear. What they were absorbed in was the mechanics of illness, but at the same time it was the mechanics of survival.

"You mean my legs?" she said.

"Yes."

"You won't believe this, Dr. Fifield, but first they pushed me in the wheelchair over the grass to the brick-grill place where the benches are—you know? And there was grass there, too. It looked so good I wanted to sit on it. And guess what?"

"You did!" Spencer said, looking very proud of his own correct guess.

"Just for a few minutes," Elizabeth said. "And I don't mind telling you, it felt darn good."

"Next time, get Gertrude to take you out to Jones Beach and try the sand," Spencer said.

"And those crowds!" Elizabeth said. They laughed, and Annie tried, with some effort, to join in.

"How's the contraption on the tub?" Spencer asked, letting go of Annie and moving to the bathroom.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure, Dr. Fifield," Elizabeth said. And again, together, they laughed.

Elizabeth started wheeling her chair after him, and Annie stopped her for a moment to say goodbye and tell them that she'd wait outside in the car.

ABOUT ten minutes later, Spencer came out of the building, tossed his medical bag into the rear seat, got in, and headed the car uptown.

"Elizabeth is in a bad way," he said, and sniffed. "Another year or so, maybe sooner, and she probably won't be able to get around at all. . . . She depends on me. She looks forward to my visits. I should see her more often."

There was no indication in his tone that he intended to see Elizabeth more often. Still, when Annie looked at him he seemed thoroughly alive. For the first time since she had known him—alive.

"I'm glad you took me to visit her," Annie said. She was grateful for what she had seen between Spencer and this girl. In spite of everything that Spencer failed to do or tried to spoil for this girl, there was still something that he did, and something that Elizabeth did in return. And it was all Spencer had. In its own way, it was his love, his only love, and, Annie knew, he had tried to give it to her.

She had an urgent need to see Josh. To touch him. She wanted to ask Spencer to drive her back downtown, but she didn't. Instead, she silently said: *Thank you, dear Spencer, for the visit to Elizabeth. Thank you for dredging up out of your vacuum this fragmentary, true love.* —LILLIAN ROSS

•

A political expert knows how to start out in left field, wend his winding way through mysterious channels and look under significant door mats—all the while keeping his delicately tuned ear glued to the ground.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That's no political expert, that's a basset hound.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

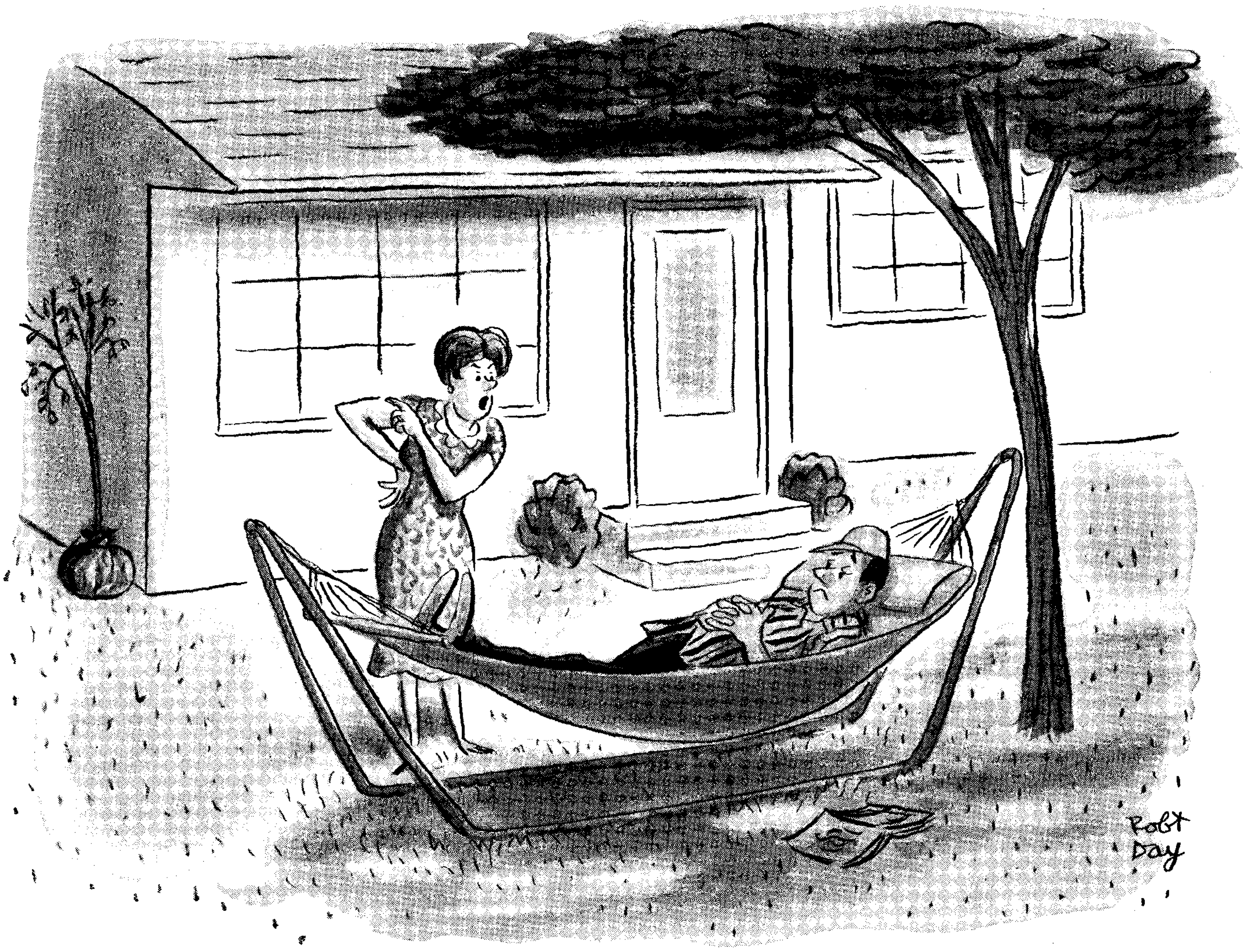
AD LIB

THE Shreveport, Louisiana, *Times*, a paper I sometimes see in the course of my researches, carried on June 5th an editorial quoting "four eminent scientists," whose names it did not furnish, to the effect that "the Negro I.Q. becomes *progressively lower* as he ages." "The Negro," the editorial said, "is brightest as a child, and from adolescence on gains and loses fitfully, with a final rapid enfeeblement of the intellect." A Negro sesquicentenarian of my acquaintance, the boxer Archie Moore, puts the editorial thesis in doubt by growing smarter as he goes along. Moore is conscious of no disrespect in doing this, for he has not read the paper. I term him a sesquicentenarian because a generous professional life expectancy for a boxer is ten years, compared to, say, a doctor's or lawyer's fifty; Moore, who has boxed for money for twenty-five years, is thus of the same professional age as an attorney who has practiced for a hundred and twenty-five, and if you tack on to the front end of his public career the nineteen or twenty-two years he spent studying for it (his chronological age is slightly uncertain), he is, at forty-four or forty-seven, the equivalent of a cardiologist or a bonesetter who is a century and a half old, give or take a couple of years. It is equally easy to demonstrate that Moore is getting smarter as he ages, because in 1939 or 1942, when he was twenty-six, he had difficulty in outsmarting both Negroes *and* whites who were approximately his own chronological age; he lost two fights out of six in 1939, and was held to a draw in 1942 by one Eddie Booker, an opponent who has left no footprints on the sands of time. On this past June 10th, in Madison Square Garden, however, he made a twenty-six-year-old control subject look as foolish as any anonymous eminent scientist ever looked. Moore's guinea pig in this demonstration was a handsome white Italian of apparently average intelligence named Giulio Rinaldi. He was Moore's two-hundred-and-thirteenth recorded professional dialogist, and there must have been a few—especially early in Moore's vocation—that the record book missed.

In 1954, after I had written about Moore's first appearance in Madison Square Garden, achieved when he was chronologically thirty-seven or forty and professionally ninety, I received a plaintive note from him, signed "the most unappreciated fighter in the world." I had called him "a virtuoso of anachronistic perfection in an age when boxers in general are hurried along like artificially ripened tomatoes, and with similarly unsatisfactory results," and this had done him not a whit more than justice. My chronicle of this initial metropolitan recital was headed "Début of a Seasoned Artist." He had knocked out a challenger named Harold Johnson—twenty-six years old, like Rinaldi—in the fourteenth round, but the public, instead of acclaiming him, had by its apathy tacitly accused him of undue deliberation. In those days, as now, Moore would patiently, with pleasurable application, befuddle and disarticulate an opponent before letting him have it, just as Clytemnestra threw the web over Agamemnon before Aegisthus hit him with the axe. The axe was part of Moore's equipment, but the web of guile economized his energies and saved him from the hurts that come to more receptive fighters. (He can take a good punch, but he considers it a reflection on his workmanship.) Refusing to cheapen his art to please the public, he waited for the public to rise to his level. The public didn't do so, but in maintaining his standards he has protracted his career. Now he is at long last popular, but for a reason that he rather scorns: he is so old that the fight fans come to see whether he can survive one more adventure. They watch him as they would a rodeo clown without a barrel.

Because I am even older than Moore by simple chronology and because I admire his skills, I attend his public performances when I can. Each time, I wonder how much (except for the I.Q.) he has left for the skills to work with. He keeps this a mystery; the public would be less curious about the next show if it could guess. Rinaldi was the ninth challenger that Moore has beaten off for the light-heavyweight (175-pound) boxing championship of the world, which Moore picked up when he was thirty-six or thirty-nine, in 1952—a circumstance in itself as astonishing as for a lawyer to earn his first big retainer after eighty years at the bar. The progressive *rise* in Moore's I.Q. as he ages should all the more disconcert the Shreveport savants, because he was pretty smart to begin with. Archie's rise to popularity was long delayed by his intellectual approach to his art. He was a boxer's boxer, as Stendhal was for a long time a writer's writer. Archie was caviar to the general public, which prefers sluggers or, in their default, prancers, like Sugar Ray Robinson in his early period, when he was a study in gracefully wasted motion. The kind of fighter the uninitiate relish is the fellow who will "take one to give one," rushing in to occupy the other fellow's gloves with his face while he slugs away at the face in front of him. This is a type technically known as a "club fighter," because such fighters provided the bread and butter of the small neighborhood fight clubs that flourished before television put them out of business. Artists like Moore worked their way up by practicing on the bodies of these specimens. Moore's vocabulary contains no term more pejorative than "club fighter;" it impugns culture and I.Q. together. It is the club fighter, white or Negro, who frequently suffers a rapid enfeeblement of the intellect. I once climbed into a taxi late at night on the Place Pigalle and soon discovered that the driver was Yves Laffineur, a former welterweight champion of France, who had had a brave manager in the late twenties and early thirties. The manager had put Laffineur in with all the good ones, including middles and light heavies. Laffineur's intelligence, Laffineur affirmed, had survived this festival of percussion—but *tout juste*. "It escaped like the sole survivor of a shipwreck," he said.

Nothing like that will ever happen to Moore, whose head, though covered with gray astrakhan, is sound outside

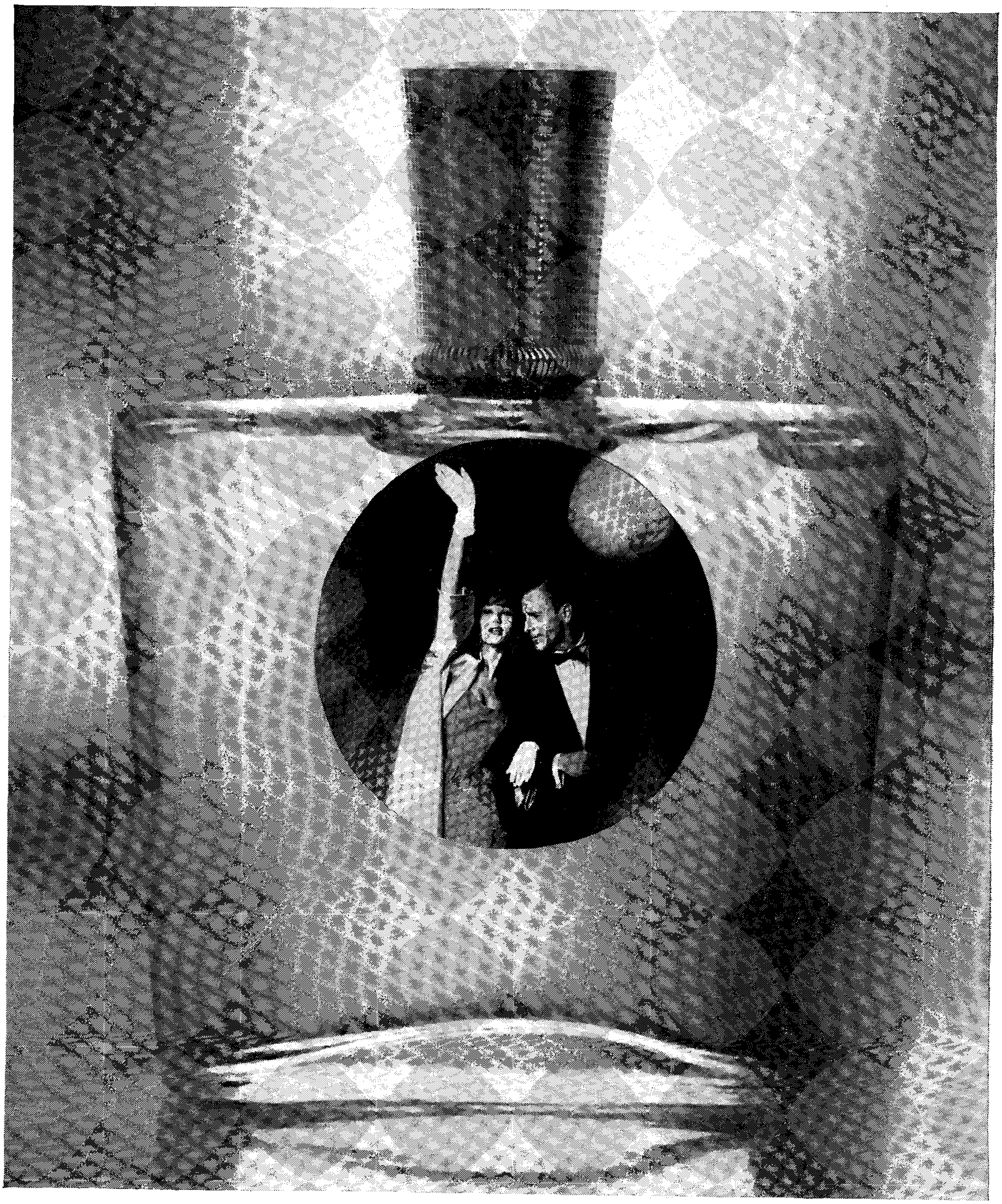


"Don't use that excuse! It was right there, waiting to be planted, long before he strained his back!"

• •

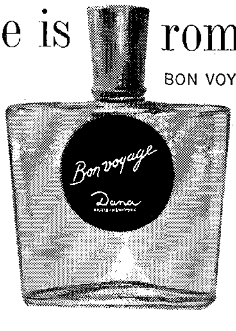
and inside, as I reobserved with pleasure when I encountered him and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Jack Kearns, in a hotel suite a couple of weeks before his scheduled Rinaldi concerto. Kearns is called "Doctor" because he looks like a Ph.D. Moore despises the word "manager," and he hasn't one. He and Kearns are employees of Archie Moore Enterprises, Inc., a California corporation set up to mitigate the tax impact of too many dollars' arriving in one calendar or fiscal year. Kearns does the conspiring outside the ring, and Moore is the inside man. "I like Jack," is the way the virtuoso puts it. "There is nothing but a handshake between us. He gets a share of the money, but he is not my manager." His highest praise of Dr. Kearns is "He always got the most for his fighters." Kearns' fighters included Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker, two bonanzas of genius, and Joey Maxim, Moore's predecessor as light-heavyweight champion and a fellow with a thin vein of talent that Kearns exploited almost as auriferously as he did the others. This is the real test of a fight manager's I.Q. Kearns, who is rising eighty, is not a Negro, but his intelligence is not enfeebled, either. He is professionally not as old as Moore, because he gave up boxing in about 1908, after being beaten by a couple of immortals who died poor, which he never will.

The chief change in Moore since I had last seen him—in 1956 in a dressing room in London after his rendition of a Trinidadian named Yolande Pompey—was that he had stopped dying his hair. It was now short and frankly gray, instead of long and brown with menacing flashes of chestnut red, like lightning among the thunderclouds. This, I saw, marked a change in emphasis in the presentation of the act; instead of inspiring opponents with terror, he now wanted to appeal to their inhibitions against striking an old man. While they struggled with their inhibitions, he would be in there jabbing the compassion off their beaming countenances. Moore and Kearns are world travellers. There was a period in Archie's life when he had to go as far as Australia to get fights, and he formed a taste for moving around. Last year, the associates discovered Rinaldi in Rome, and Moore boxed ten rounds against him there on October 29th, losing the decision. The title had not been at stake, because the bout had been at a liberal weight—185 pounds—and Moore had not even made that, coming in at 190 and losing a weight forfeit of a thousand dollars, which he regretted. Accounts of the event were cloudy, like all travellers' tales, but Moore did not appear to have suffered marked damage. Seizing on his recitalist's defeat as a selling point, Kearns had succeeded in booking the return match into the Garden, at a whacking fee of a hundred thousand dollars, with twelve thousand more for expenses; Rinaldi was to have twenty-five thousand and his expenses, plus the alluring chance to lift the sesquicentenarian's title. All of this would come out of a hundred and fifty thou-



In this bottle there is romance, excitement and 'Bon Voyage.'

BON VOYAGE: A DAZZLING NEW PERFUME IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

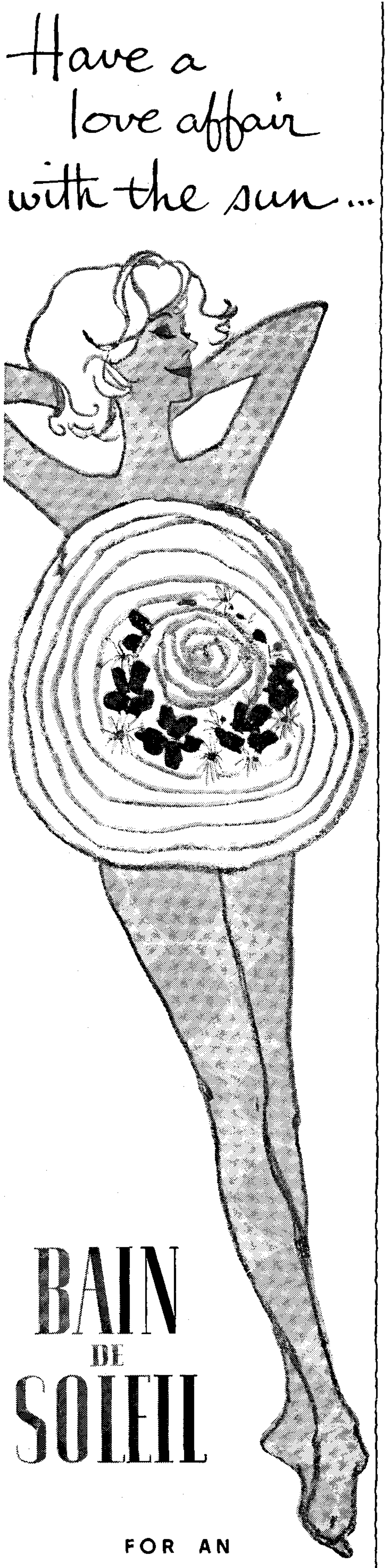

Bon voyage
Dana

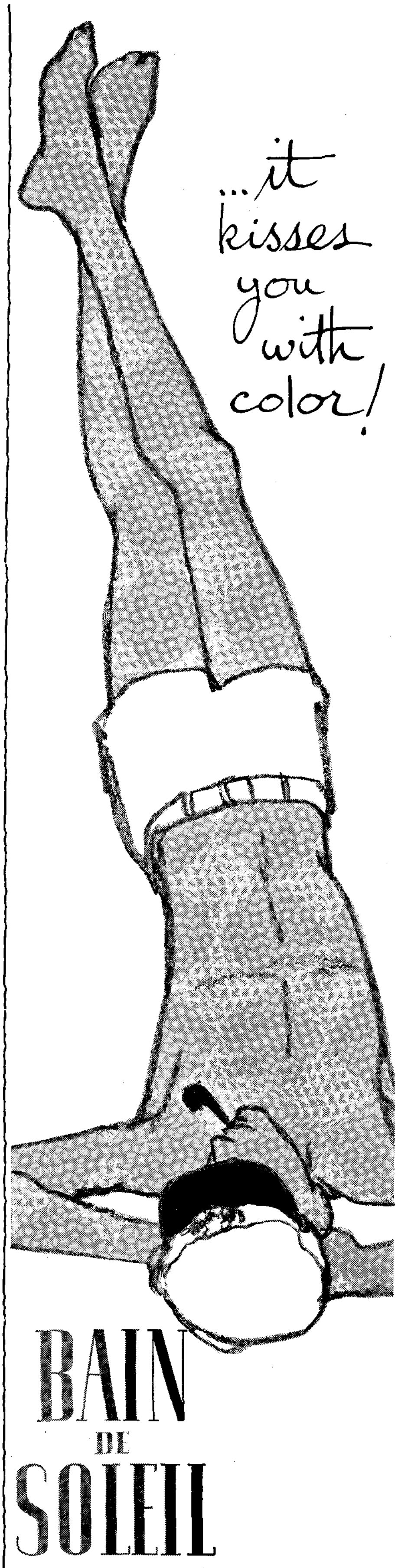
Dana

sand dollars paid by a television sponsor; the Garden would keep the box-office money. This arrangement guaranteed that the two elder statesmen would do well out of their trip to Rome.

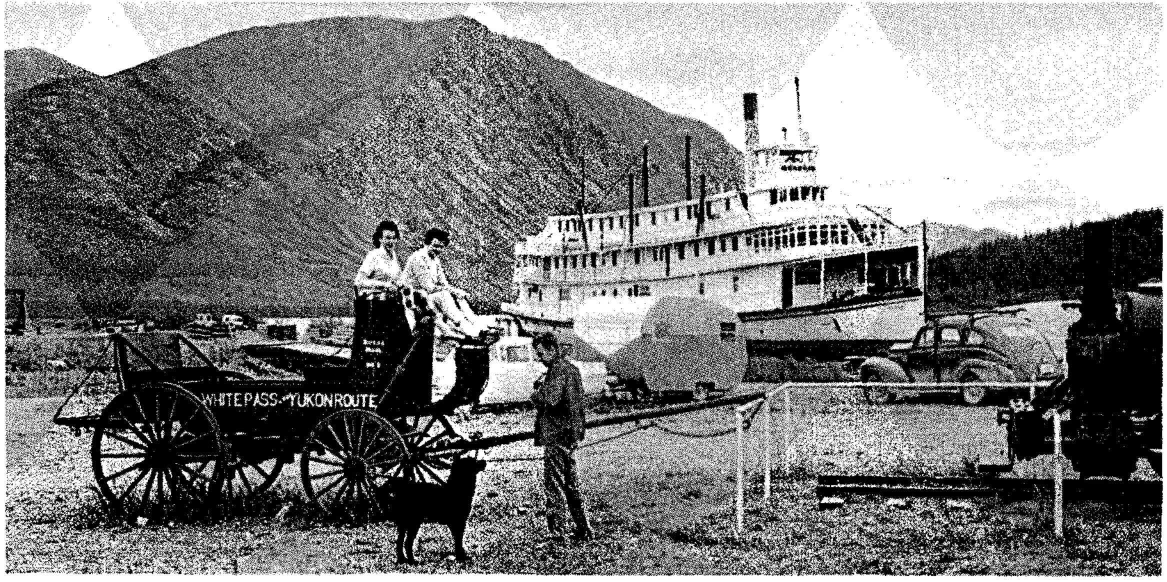
Kearns is a slender man now, and his face, in contracting, has summarized itself into a high forehead, honest blue eyes, and a generous display of store teeth, all bracketed between two great, soaring ears, which occasionally make his head look as if it were going to fly right off his neck. Ten years ago, when he had Maxim, he used to talk all his attraction's fights in the first person singular. "I'll fight anybody in the world," he would say, meaning that he would let Maxim do it. Now the Doctor, aware that he represents a more autonomous personality, speaks of Moore in the third person, thus recognizing Moore's right to an independent existence. He even lets Moore talk—a privilege Archie appreciates.

Moore is of an agreeably ordinary appearance, being neither very tall nor very short—five feet eleven—and of a light but unmistakably non-white shade. His silhouette has no exaggerated tapers, and he has no obtrusively overdeveloped muscles; his body looks as if it would consider them vulgar. Phrenologically, he is an egghead with the large end up, and his pencil mustache and imperial beard accentuate this ovoid quality. When his face is in repose, they seem to have been drawn on a tan Easter egg, but when he talks he employs a plausible undershot smile that breaks the egg into friendly wrinkles. It is as if he were making advances to a cat that he wanted to lure back within grabbing range. On the occasion of my visit to his hotel room, a sportswriter in attendance asked him what he honestly thought of Rinaldi as a fighter, and Moore said that he was young and strong and a great drawing card in Italy. (This limited praise reminded me of a time when I heard Artur Rubinstein say of a rival pianist, "He plays with all his fingers.") "Rinaldi beat me, didn't he?" Archie asked, and his smile cracked the egg all over its surface. "I should characterize him as a glamorized club fighter," he then added, revealing to me the true direction of his thoughts. Moore said that he was already within easy reach of the class weight limit, and his appearance confirmed him. He was as trim as a clothing-store dummy. Before one of Moore's 175-pound fights, there is always a lot of factitious excitement over whether he will make the weight, but he always does, and there is no reason he shouldn't, since he is not extraor-





In Canada's colorful northwest you find the magnificent scenery of a storied land; northern lights a specialty



. . . the wonderful world at your doorstep!

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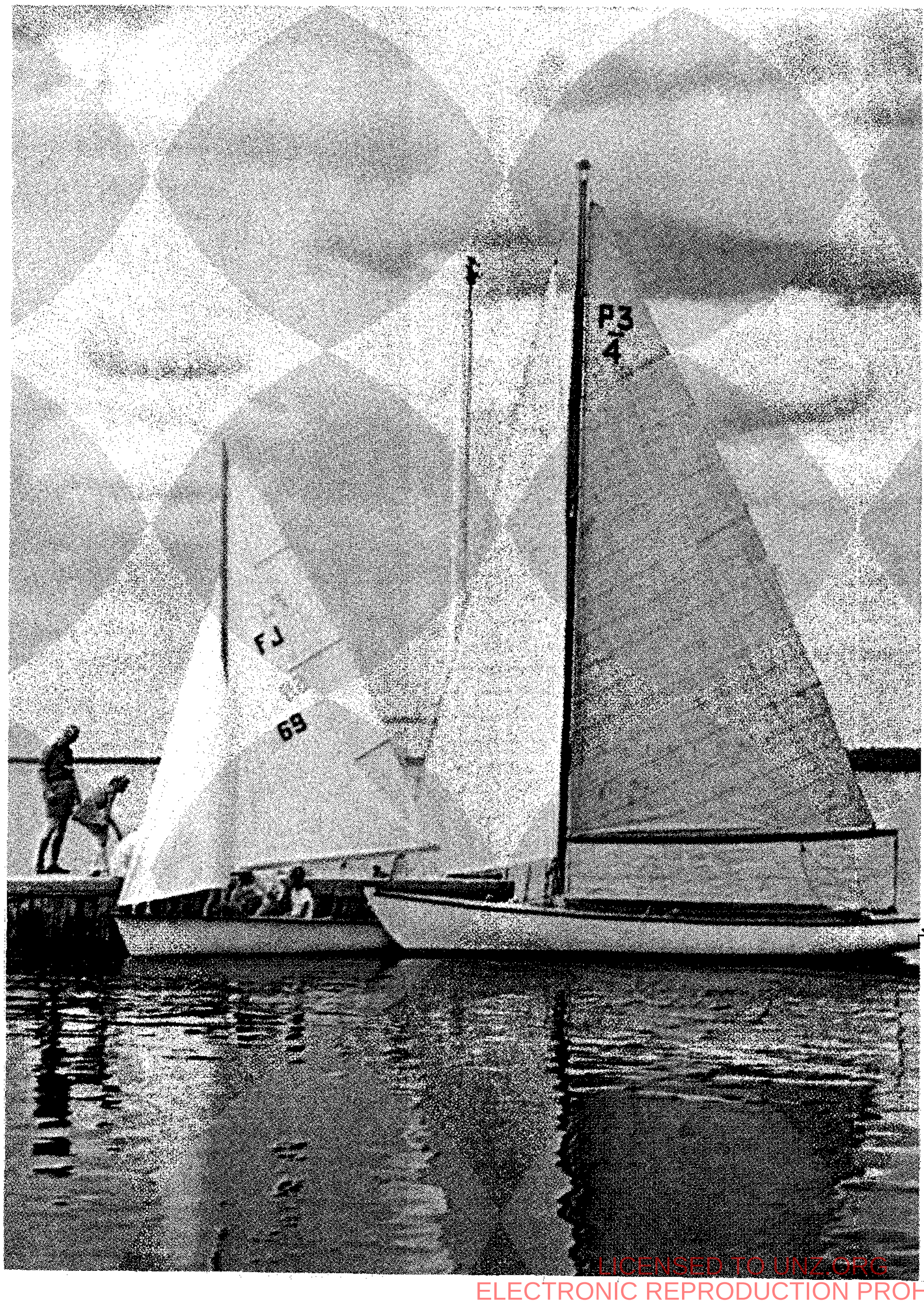

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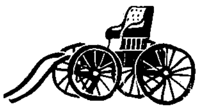
dinarily tall or wide. Because he finds eating agreeable, he often puts on twenty or thirty pounds between fights at weight, but they are easy pounds to get off, since he does not give them a chance to stay on long. He said he had been training hard in Southern California—he lives in San Diego—not because of the weight but because he needed to be in form. "When I was young," he said, talking like a speed chart, "I used to rate myself 100 and those other fellows 92 or 94, so I could afford not to be in the best shape—I still had a margin. Now in my *best* shape I'm only about 97, so if I let myself go I might slump to where one of them might beat me." (Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight champion, also has an arithmetical system of rating his own efforts, but a more modest one; he never rates himself above 75.)

WHEN I left the old men at their hotel, they were getting ready to board an automobile that would carry them away to a resort called Kutsher's, in the Catskill Mountains, where Moore was to finish his training. A week or so later, and about five days before the fight, I went up to Kutsher's myself, to see how Moore was getting along. I was not worried about him, but I wanted to see him again. Sharing my transportation was John McClain, the drama critic of the *Journal-American*. These are lean nights for the theatre, and McClain had decided to attempt a column on Moore the actor, since you can get Archie to say something on almost any subject and he likes to dramatize himself. He is, in fact, a one-man repertory company with a large number of bits: "Moore, the Unappreciated Genius;" "Moore, the Yogi, Starving Himself to Death;" "Moore—How Old Is He?;" and "Moore, the Pitcher Going to the Well." He has even been, on one occasion, a paid actor, playing the role of Jim, the escaping slave, in a moving picture based on "Huckleberry Finn." In the book, Jim is "Nigger Jim," but Archie in the movie wasn't. "I knew the word 'nigger' was out insofar as my friends were concerned," the artist once said. "They would not appreciate it. I supervised and blue-pencilled the script myself, and the word 'nigger' stayed in only once, and that was to establish the unsympathetic character of Huck's father, who said it. Trying to alienate Huck from the Widow Douglas, he says, 'Why, she cares more about that nigger than she does about you,' and then they pan in on me, working out in the yard. The word indicated that Huck's old man is a low person."



McClain and I arrived in time for lunch at Kutsher's, a less grandiose and more relaxed establishment than Grossinger's, twelve miles away, where Rocky Marciano used to train, but on almost the same scale—a Château de Chambord compared to Versailles. It is a large, self-sufficient community, with a main building and recreation buildings surrounded by guest cottages and a golf course. Moore was quartered in one of the cottages, and after lunch McClain and I walked over to see him. As we did so, we found that we were merely a minute portion of a procession that included not only all the Kutsher's guests and about a dozen boxing writers but the chairman and the members of the New York State Athletic Commission, who were about to perform a physical examination on the old gentleman. The Commission doctors—one oldish and small, and one younger and brisker—entered Moore's cottage, and the rest of us remained outside in an agony of apprehension. Would they find the sesquicentenarian senile, his jawbone hyperfriable? I wondered how much they knew about geriatrics. Soon the doctors emerged smiling, as if they had successfully delivered a baby. Dr. Alexander Schiff, the senior, called the reporters about him to announce that disintegration had not yet seriously set in. "He has the reflexes, the arteries, of a man thirty to thirty-two," Dr. Schiff said. "His pulse indicates undiminished recuperative power, and his blood pressure would look good on a kid. The man is a physical marvel."

Relieved, we all retraced our path across the campus to the Palestra, a rustic hall suitable for basketball, dancing, and night-club entertainment, where Moore was to work out in a ring set on a stage, surrounded by the night-club tables. The seasoned performer arrived almost as soon as we did. He wore only ring trunks and a light T shirt—a sign that he would have no trouble making the weight. If weight had still been a problem, he would have been wearing long woollen underwear or a sweatsuit, with sheets of rubber wound around his belly under it. His bare legs were slimmer than I had ever seen them. Most fighters nowadays wear leather headguards when sparring, to protect themselves against cuts over the eyes that might force them to postpone a match, but Moore, with that hundred-thousand-dollar performance

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only five days off, worked bareheaded. "A headguard is no good," he maintains. "Knowing you can't be hurt, you become careless. Then, in a fight, habit asserts itself and you get hit. Before 1952, when I won my title, I never wore a headguard. Then I became such a valuable piece of property that Charlie Johnston made me put one on." (Johnston was his last contract manager.) "Now I've got rid of Johnston, and I've got rid of the headguard, too."

Moore worked with a tall, very dark boy named Greatest Crawford. ("Greatest swears that that's his real first name," Dr. Kearns, at ringside, said.) Crawford, like Moore, is a cool, fast boxer, who, it was evident, studies the Master as they go along—a learn-and-earn course. He kept moving into Moore, doubtless by instruction, and Moore, in a guard peculiar to him—elbows high, forearms horizontally across his body—moved, swaying, just inside the blows, slipping some with his head and catching others with his elbows, until he saw a chance to counter. They rehearsed again and again the development of a certain situation—a crowder swarming all over a hitter, who tries to spot an opening. Crawford did not rehearse leaving an opening; he did his best to avoid it, and since he is extremely fast, the patriarch had excellent practice. The reason for the sparring pattern, Moore said later, was that before his bout with Rinaldi in Italy he had been told that Rinaldi was a crowder who stayed on top of you. "But he crossed me by non-crowding," he said. "He ran away until all that spaghetti I had been eating bogged me down, and then he put the pressure on. This time, he will expect me to expect him to non-crowd, and therefore he is likely to revert to what I heard was his natural style—namely, crowd. I will be ready for him. He will see more Moore than he saw before."

After his workout, the virtuoso retired into a curtained nook for his rub—a long one—and when he emerged, a dressing gown now swathing him, he led the way back to the cottage and at last gave an audience.

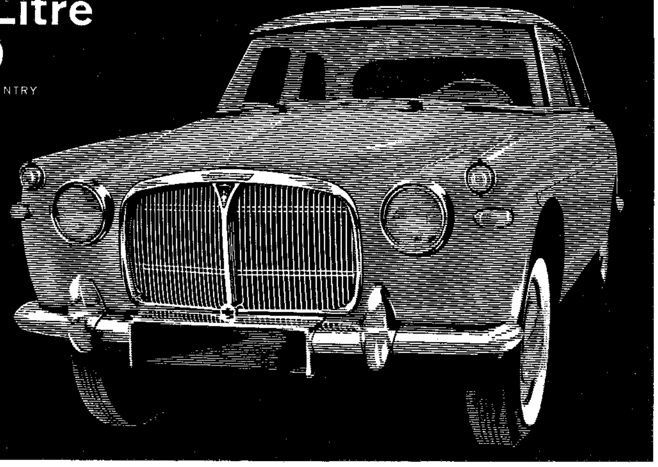
This was McClain's chance, and he said, "I am a drama critic, Archie, and I would like to know how you conceive this role."

Archie said, "I cannot disclose that."

"Have you studied it up?" McClain asked. "Or are you just going to ad-lib?"

"Ad-lib," Archie said. "Ad-lib. You can do a lot of things when you have the props."

Then somebody asked him if he had



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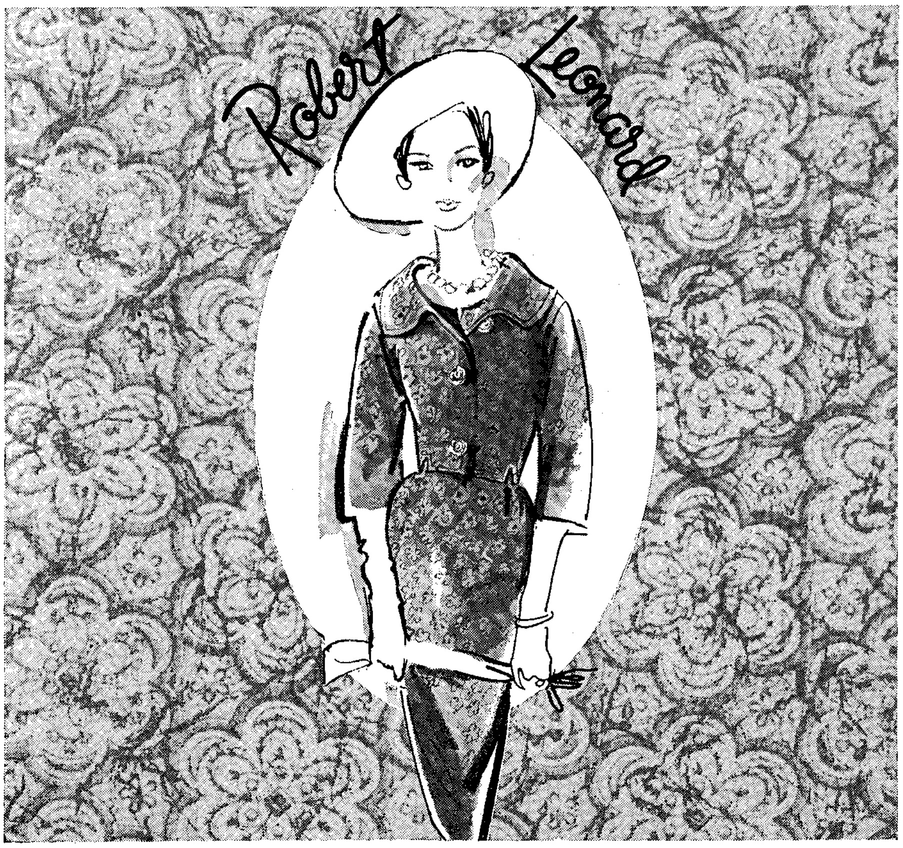

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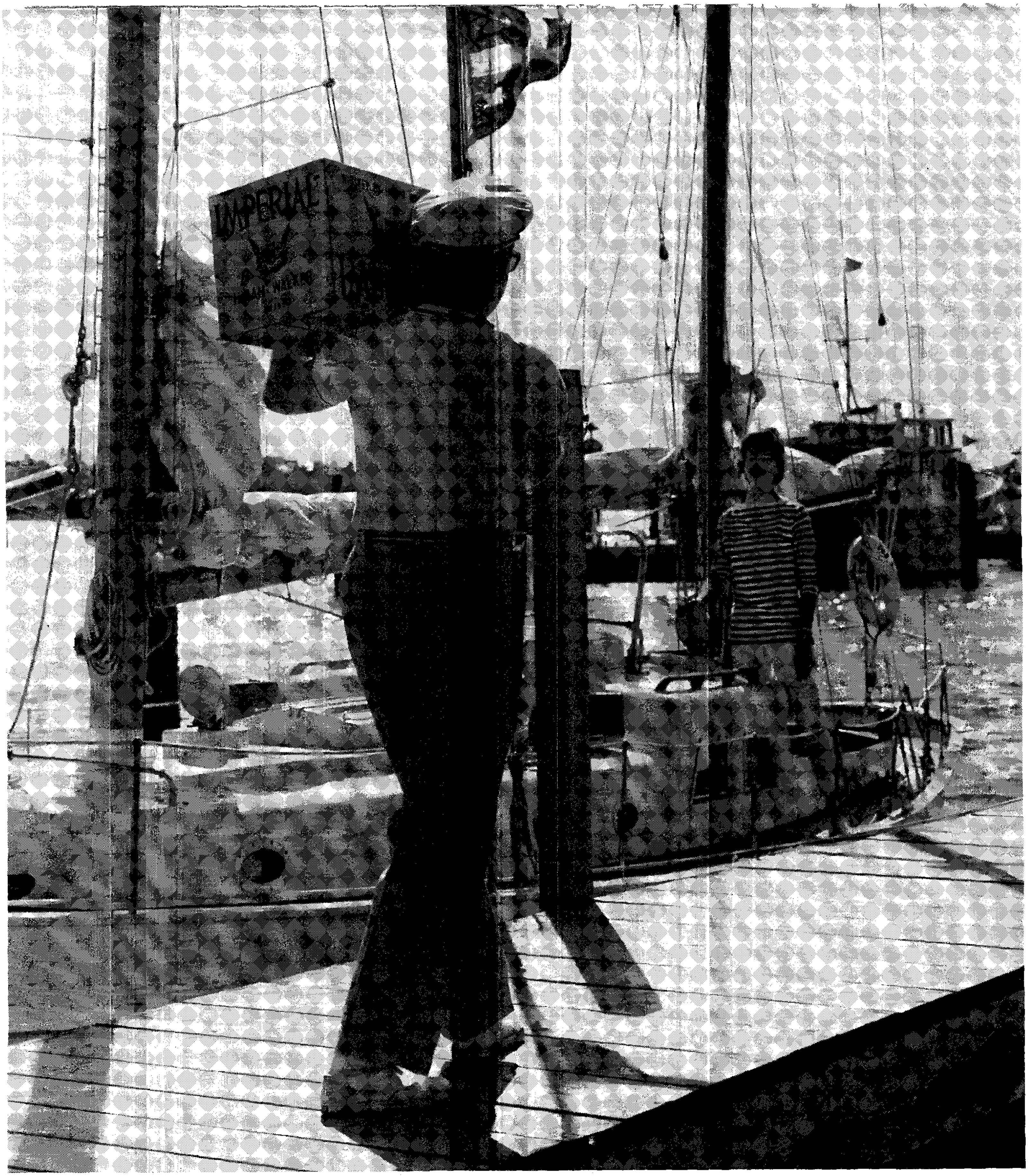
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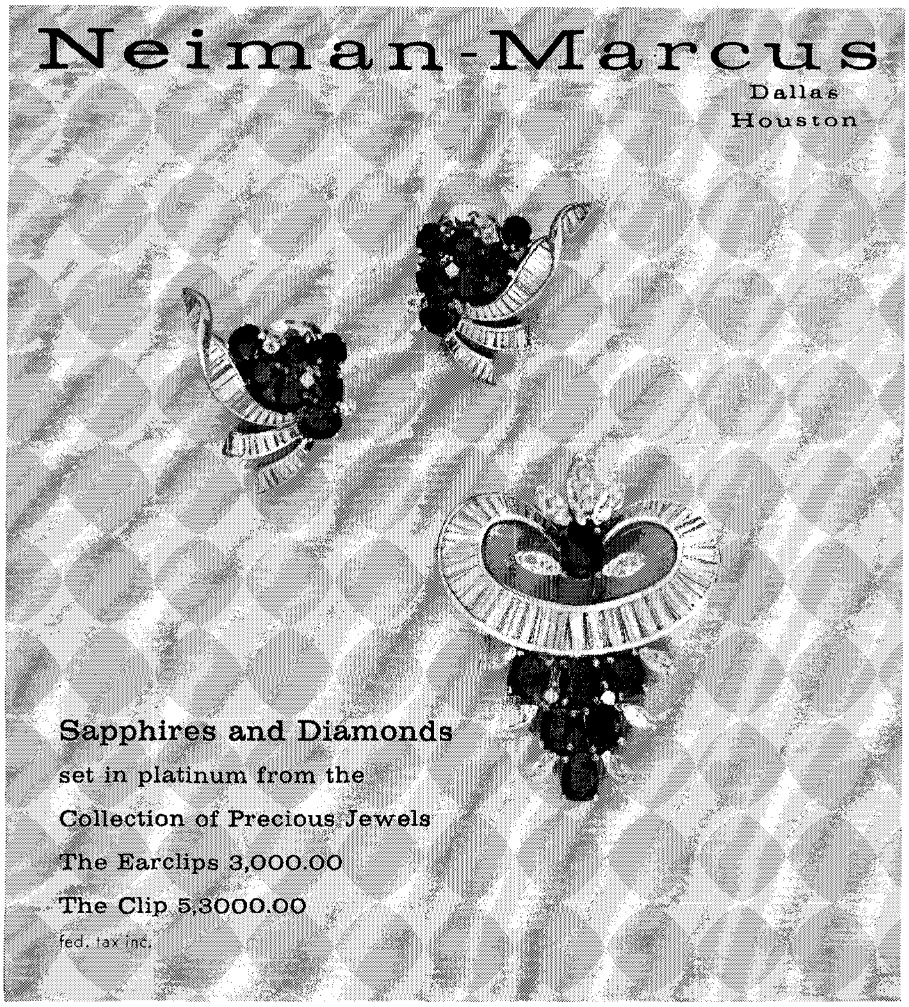
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enjoyed playing Jim in "Huckleberry Finn," and he said that he had. "When I took the test for that part, I memorized sixteen pages verbatim," he said. "I felt I had to play it, because I identified with Jim. All my early life was like his."

"Surely, Archie," I said, scenting a scoop, "you were not born before the Emancipation Proclamation?"

"No," he said, "but all my life has been a long struggle to freedom. It has been a long struggle to express myself."

"Who held you down, Archie?" I asked, for I had never thought that he'd needed a friend to get out a habeas corpus for him.

"Managers," the virtuoso said. "My ability far exceeds the ability of my past managers. I was a chattel. All fighters were chattels. You had a two-year contract, but if you refused to renew, they put you out of work. That was the Boxing Managers' Guild. No other manager would take you, and none of them would let his boy fight you. Johnston was a smart manager, but he didn't understand me." Charlie Johnston, an old-fashioned manager, would have been as hurt at hearing that, I imagine, as an Algerian *colon* would at being told he didn't understand the natives. I have known Johnston to buy a box of jelly doughnuts for a fighter he liked when the fellow didn't have to make weight. "No one figured a fighter had the sense to talk for himself," Moore went on. "You probably remember how a manager used to come to a newspaper office with two or three fighters, walk them into the sports department, and sit them down on a bench, like dummies, and *he'd* tell the sports editor what *he* was going to do."

"How did you get back on that raft?" I asked.

"I *outlasted* them," the sesquicentenarian replied. "I *outlasted* them."

The next day, I caught Rinaldi's workout at the Eighth Avenue Gym, the place that for thirty-five years before the retirement of its founder was called Stillman's. The Italian, apple-cheeked and without guile, looked juvenile and seemed to be less sure than Moore of making the weight, because he worked, in the sweltering city heat, in a heavy blue sweatsuit bearing on the breast the mystic device "IGNIS." But he was no *ignis fatuus*; he looked easy to hit. He worked with a good, experienced colored middleweight named Randy Sandy, who cuffed him about handily, but Charlie Goldman, one of the watchers and a sage almost as ancient as Kearns, said, "Sandy is likely to make anybody look bad for two

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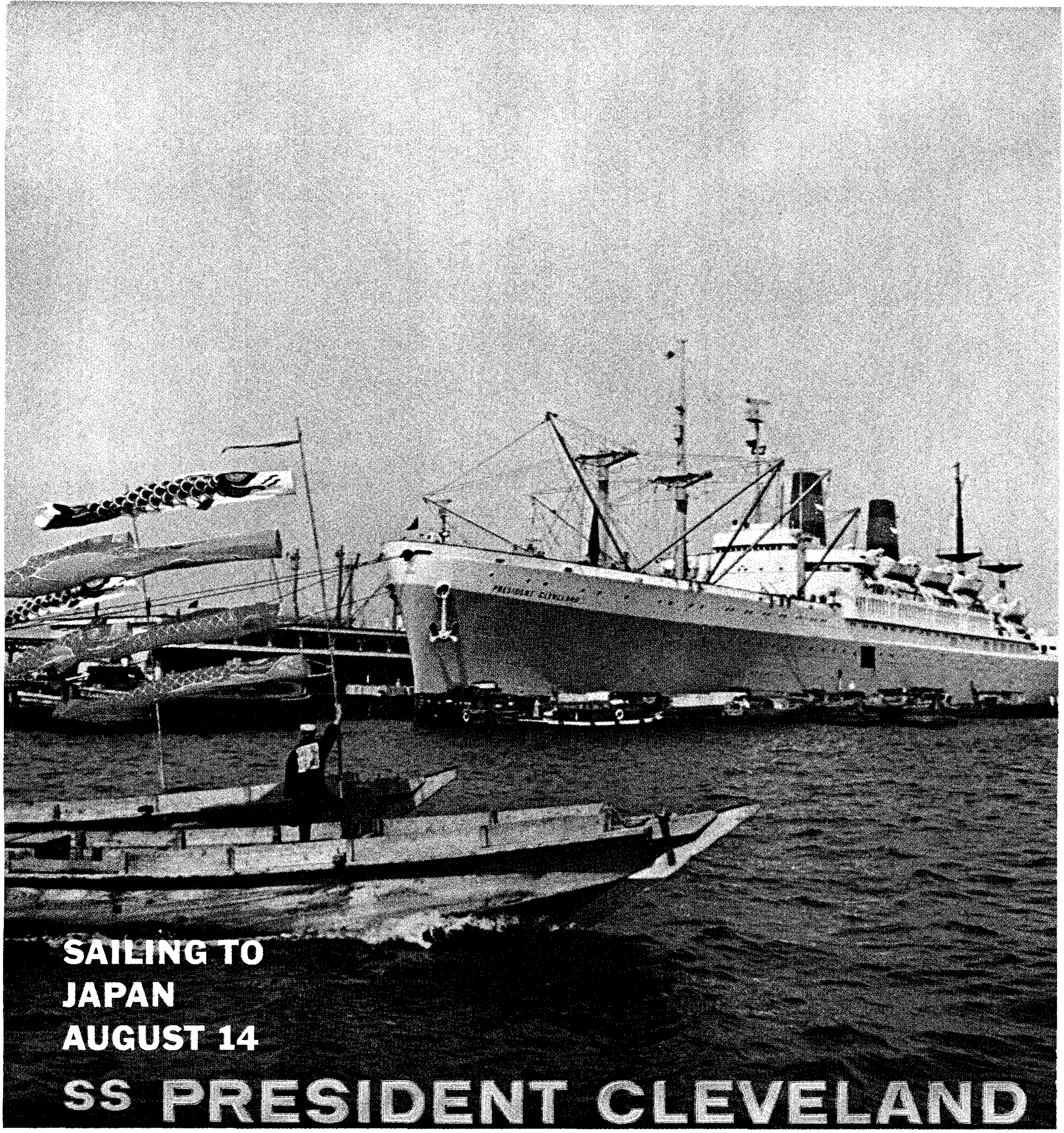

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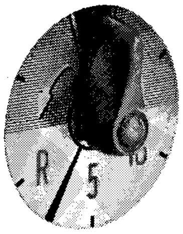
THE evening, indeed, had about it some of the aura of old-time fight nights. It drew to the Garden ninety-five hundred paying customers—almost exactly half capacity—whereas most bouts these days attract a flesh-and-blood crowd so small that the television cameras, in order to convey the appearance of a public spectacle, can show nothing more than the ring and the working press. But this night there were enough spectators to warm up the great hall and create the illusion of good times. They paid $46,500—a handsome sum, as gates go now, for a fight that is not blacked out. Everyone, though, looked old, as at the fortieth reunion of a college class. Ever since the television blight set in with the Louis-Walcott bout in 1947, the fight game has hit the slide of rapid enfeeblement, like the Shreveport I.Q., and there are few new seconds, trainers, referees, or managers. The fans are old, too—at least fifty, most of us—because a dying form of entertainment attracts few recruits. The boy who becomes a fighter in America nowadays is either a Negro or a Puerto Rican or a romantic. Still, it was a crowd, and back in the old headquarters.

The preliminaries offered another return to an older age, because they included a couple of good fights. Rinaldi's manager and trainer, a bald, gaunt type named Proietti, had taken advantage of the expense money to bring along as sparring partners a couple of young fighters he hoped would catch on in America, and he had got them bouts on the supporting card. I had seen one of these youngsters, named Luigi Napoleoni, box as a member of the



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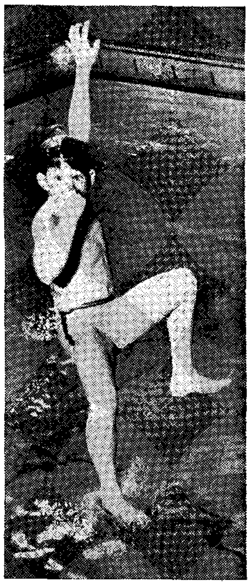

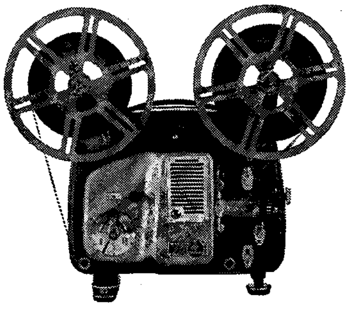

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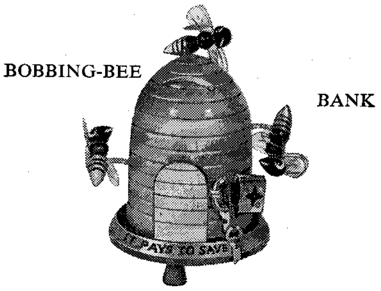

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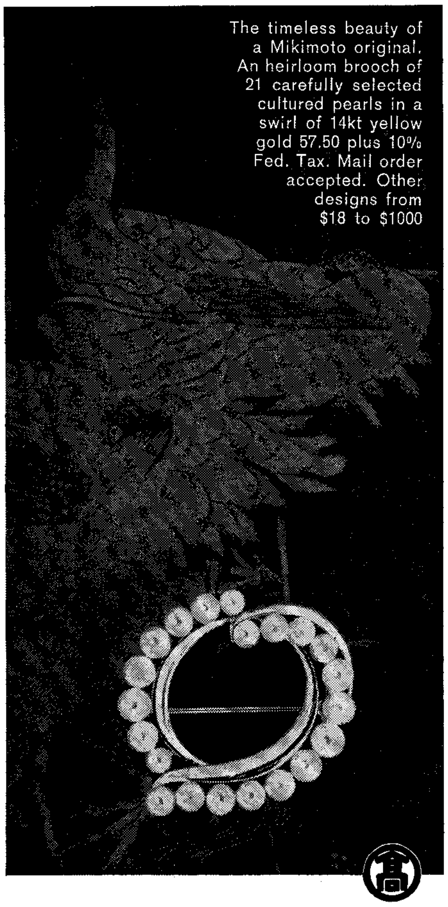
Italian Olympic team in Rome last summer; he reached the quarter-finals, and later turned pro. Teddy Brenner, the Garden matchmaker, had paired him with an experienced run-of-the-mill pug named Babe Simmons, who looked like the boys who used to come here out of the West with local reputations in the twenties and stay on to be bouncers in speakeasies. Napoleoni, a longilinear type—long arms, long legs, long sideburns—started out as if he were going the amateur route of three rounds. He boxed with a speed that had the Babe bleeding and looking faintly discouraged at the end of the third, but he had apparently forgotten that this was a six-round bout. He ran out of steam at about the same time that Simmons found he could hit him with a left hook to the head whenever he wanted. Now Simmons pounded Napoleoni, who between rounds manifested, with stricken gestures, what torments he was enduring. He stuck it out, though, and finished upright, amid general applause.

There was another grand fight between Greatest Crawford, the sesquicentenarian's research assistant, and a terrifyingly muscled young Negro named Tommy Hough, who swung his arms like scythes. Greatest, a credit to his indoctrination, kept stepping within the arc of the scythes and punching the club fighter's face as if it were a light bag. He is a solemn-looking boy, and as he worked away on Hough he occasionally looked bored, like a young man told to beat a carpet when he would rather be out playing baseball. Hough, meanwhile, continued to swing, his vim unabated. When the referee stopped the fight after the fourth round, on Dr. Schiff's orders, it seemed as though he had turned off Hough's switch. Greatest, the winner, looked solemnly pleased. Hough, protesting, staggered about the ring like a seasick Sunday fisherman just off a party boat. If Greatest, ad-libbing, had stepped aside just once during the bout, Hough might have fallen on his face and knocked himself out.

At last came the moment of confrontation. Because I always like to see what Moore is up to, I had cadged a working-press seat close to the ring; the sesquicentenarian is not one of those fighters with a grand, sweeping style that you can watch from the balcony. His thought is saturated and indirectly expressed; you have to read him closely. His costume and manner before the performance are also significant, being indicative of his mood. Before his Harold Johnson recital, thirty-five professional years ago, he had worn a mag-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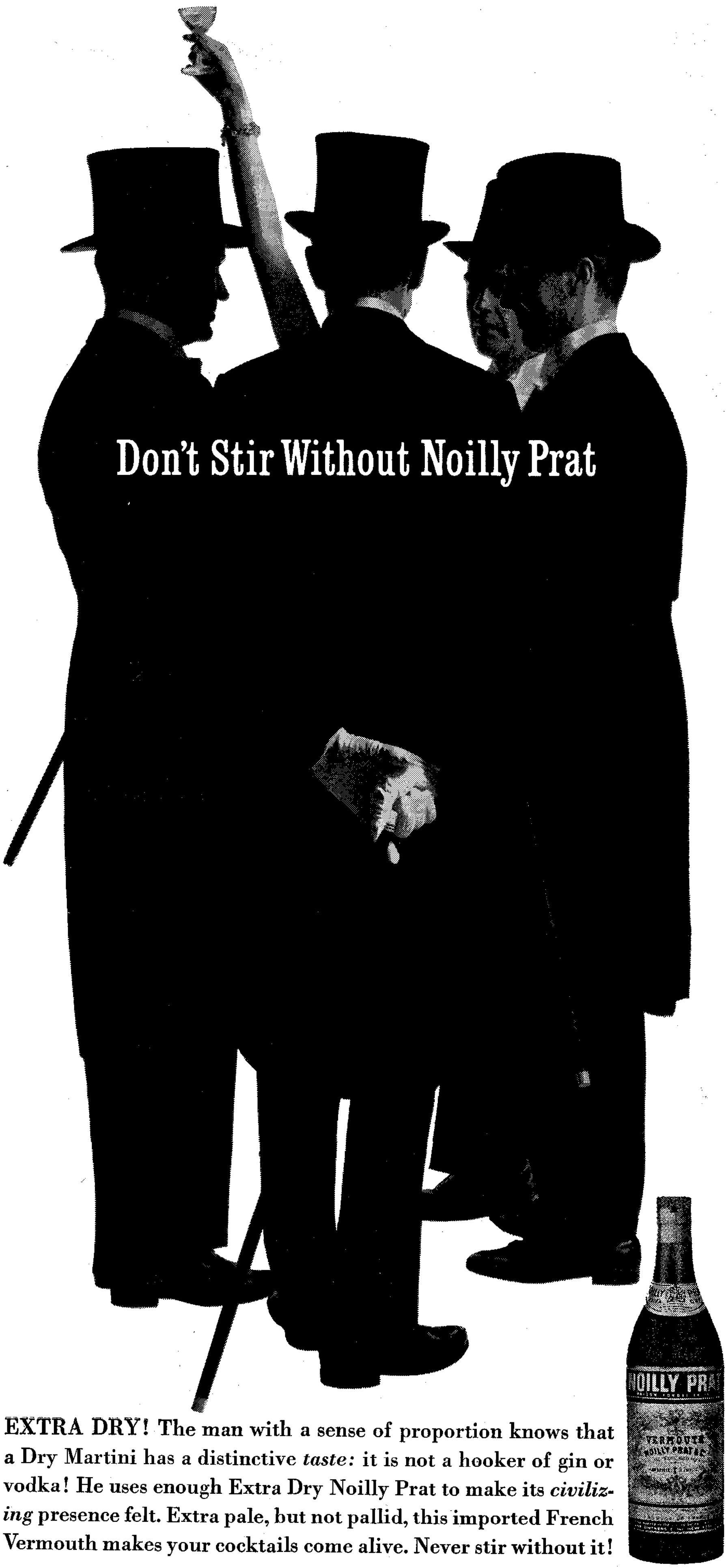
nificent mandarin robe, and his air had been Fu-Manchurian, obviously calculated to overawe. And before his epic combat with Marciano, whose anti-intellectualism he had previously decried, he had attempted hypnotism. But tonight his mood was Mozartean, almost *opéra-bouffe*. He wore a motherly white-on-white peignoir, and when his seconds took it off his shoulders he was revealed in a pair of black ring trunks so wide in the waist that he looked to be in peril of losing them. This, I knew, was a calculated humorous effect. Moore, who has a great sense of dramatic fitness, would never want to be found knocked out in pants like that. What he hoped to achieve by them was to accentuate his success in slimming; he is talking of opening a weight-reducing joint. A smile played lightly about his lips, as if he did not think Rinaldi worth the trouble of trying to hypnotize.

Rinaldi, not to slight him, was smiling, too—sincerely. A handsome fellow, his torso—wide at the shoulders, narrow at the waist—was as white as milk. His inverted-triangle face, with pointed jaw, was filled with simple pleasure, as if he thought that all those people were there because they liked him. I remembered, suddenly and with panic, the strange case of Ingemar Johansson, a European whom I had fancied to be equally innocent of talent and who had smiled as fatuously before his first match with Patterson, which he won. In camp at Kutsher's, Moore had looked a hundred years or so younger than he was, but that was different from really being young, and the difference was plain to see when he and Rinaldi stood close together, listening to Ruby Goldstein, the referee. (Ruby, like Moore, was gray now, I noticed. I thought of how black his sleek hair used to be when he was a kid wonder.) I recalled, with disquiet, how Pierce Egan, the Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., of the London Prize Ring, had described the Venetian Gondolier, the first Italian challenger for a championship, in 1735: "The Venetian was a man of prodigious strength, possessing an arm not only very large and muscular but surprisingly long. . . . His fame ran before him, and his impetuosity was described to be irresistible." Suppose, I reflected for a panicky moment, that when Moore thought he had been having Rinaldi on in Rome, Rinaldi and his *camorra* had been having *him* on, and concealing the new Gondolier's real form.

The original Gondolier began his London fight by knocking his English



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opponent clean out of the ring, but Rinaldi showed no such decisive intention. When the gong sounded, he came out and sparred awkwardly; he was in a non-crowding mood. Moore, in his elbow cradle, reconnoitred only. On my program, in the space marked for scoring Round 1, I now find only the accurate notation "Nothing." In the succeeding rounds, the Italian poked a few oddly disarticulated blows at Moore from far out—when he attacked, he started at such a distance that the old man had only to step inside. But when Moore got inside he refrained from hitting; it was early in the fight, and the thought occurred to me that he was taking no chances on spending his strength too soon. An old man can fight himself out very quickly and then find himself with twelve or thirteen rounds still stretching ahead, like a desert traveller whose girl has gone off with his jeep. In the second round, Moore worked a little closer—once he landed a fair uppercut—and my card for the third bears the notation "Stalking." In the fourth, Rinaldi hit Moore a pretty good left hook on the side of the jaw, and this seemed to make up the sesquicentenarian's mind that measures should be taken. Swaying and crouching, he had been working a fraction closer to Rinaldi's body in each round, and now he fought from well within arm's reach, just occasionally jabbing a straight left into Rinaldi's face or whacking a right into his body, and then catching the counter, if any, on elbow or wrist as he swayed away. At this point, he was like a mechanic working under a car—a tap here, a yank there. He could have gone in and smashed away at the boy's strong white belly, but in so doing he would have had Rinaldi's weight on him, and the tension of clutching arms. A body attack *à outrance* is heavy manual work; the attacker has to keep hauling his man off balance and pulling his own arms free to hit again. There were still the desert leagues of time ahead, and Moore could not permit himself such extravagance. But there was a smear of red at Rinaldi's mouth, and other smears began to appear at the boy's eyes as the mechanic tapped.

In the sixth, the ancient began to put punches together—five or six in a sequence. He gave evidence that he wanted to slug, and even fifty years ago, I think, he would at that point have unloaded on a fellow like Rinaldi and left him for dead. He restrained himself, though, probably because he was still husbanding his strength; Rinaldi was proving himself to have stamina, at least, and nothing could be more embarrassing

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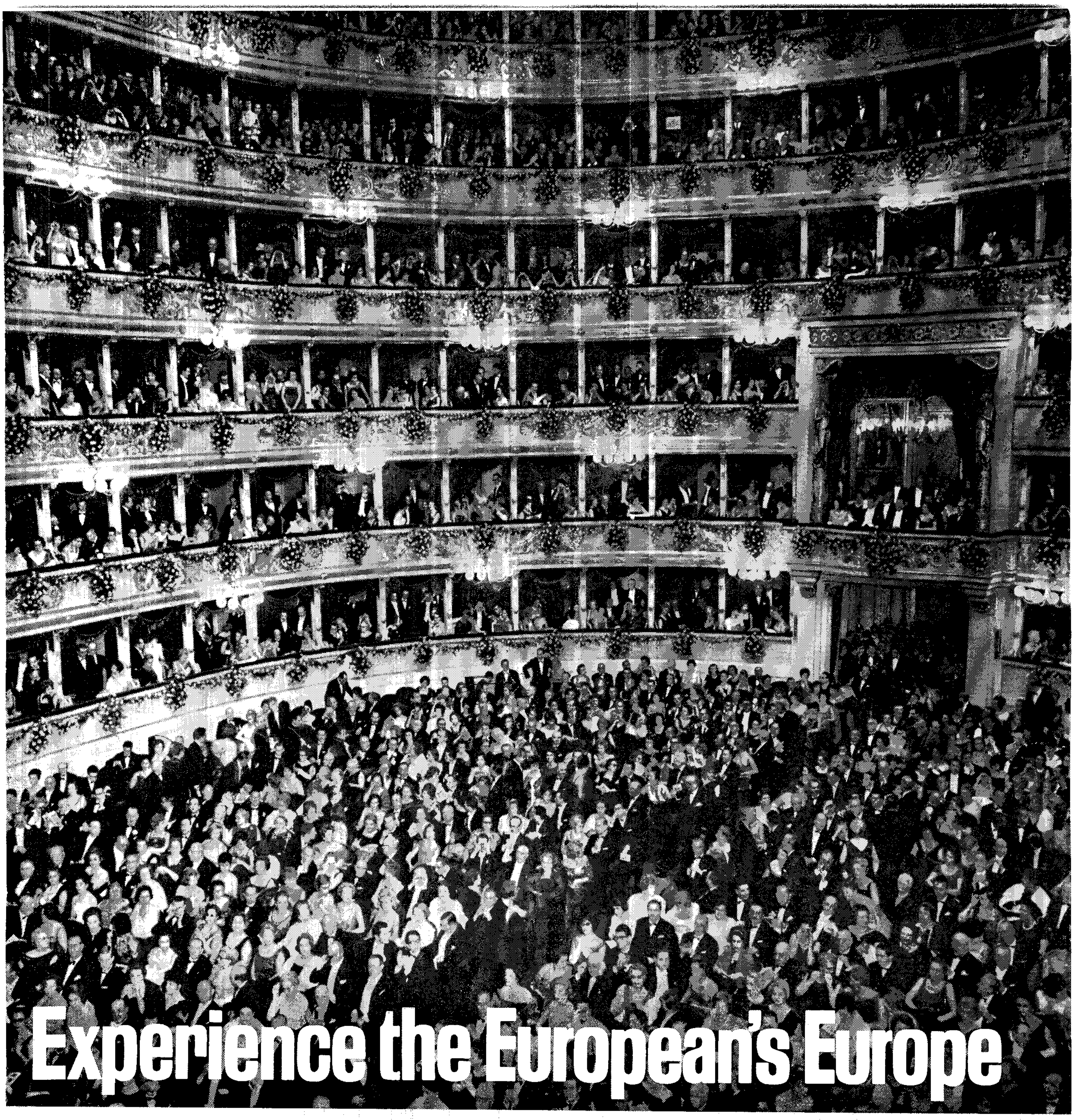

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for a great driver in a racing car than to run out of gas and be towed away by a dump truck. In fact, Moore never punched as I had seen him punch against Marciano. He chopped sharply, hooked without his body in it, and jabbed, but he never let the big one go. Afterward, he said he had hurt his metacarpals—a fancy word for the hand bones between the wrist and the first knuckles. So he would tap away, and then for twenty seconds or so in each round he would tear after Rinaldi, hitting freely but within those odd limits. Once, in the eleventh, he hit him a succession of almost-full-strength rights, and the boy's legs buckled, but the old man stopped, as if pacing himself even then, and I jotted "Lost him." In the twelfth, Moore moved Rinaldi around like a man shifting a picture on a wall as he looks for the exact place to hang it. But the hammer never fell; Moore was still undecided at the end of the round. I wrote "Going" in that round, but Rinaldi didn't go, and as the round ended I added "Game." This kind of beating hurts, in the long run, more than being knocked out.

I once knew an old pug who used to say, "Your head is your best hand—there's no glove on it." It is against the rules to butt deliberately, of course, but if your head is so placed that the other fellow runs into it, there is no law that says you may not bring it up to see what damage has resulted. If in so doing you compound the damage, the other party is unfortunate rather than sinned against. An elbow, similarly, should not be a weapon of offense, but nothing short of amputation can stop it from following the hand. Punching in close, if the hand misses, the elbow often won't. No corporation lawyer can play more adroitly with the outer boundary of the law than Mr. Moore. My notation for the thirteenth round recalls that he set Rinaldi up for a knockout with a left hook and then "Lost him again." For the fourteenth, I have "Bang, bang, bang—lost him." In the fifteenth, he did not have Rinaldi in danger. Either he deemed it a pity to knock him out then or he was discouraged.

There was, of course, no doubt about the decision of the referee and the two judges. They voted unanimously for Moore, who had already moved to the microphone dangling above the ring. He felt free to express himself. Don Dunphy, the American Broadcasting Company's announcer, said, "I'd like to ask you about the fight." The sesquicentenarian Thespian grabbed the mike

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and said, "I'd like to speak first, please, if I may. I'm going to give our wonderful mayor of San Diego, Mr. Mayor Dell, a three-thousand-dollar check, to be divided as thus." (Archie's wind, after fifteen rounds, was as sound as Billy Graham's.) "I would like very much for one thousand dollars to go to the children who cannot see and the children who cannot hear, the disabled children, in a united fund where all would be involved. Secondly, I would like to give one thousand dollars for the brave little kids going to school for the Freedom Riders." Here, as in many bequests, there was room for confusion; happily, the sesquicentenarian is still with us and has probably cleared it up by now. "And lastly," he said, "I would like to give five hundred dollars to the B'nai B'rith and buy myself a five-hundred-dollar life membership in the N.A.A.C.P." (This will win him few votes in Shreveport.)

While the Seasoned Artist was at the mike, I started struggling toward his dressing room, where I arrived after he did, because he had a police escort through the crowd and I didn't. When I got in, Archie was expressing himself some more, standing on a rubbing table in his undependable-looking trunks and squeezing his waist to show how effective his reducing system was.

"I wore these trunks because they're the smallest in my collection—size 34," he was saying, and then he asked if all the gentlemen of the press were satisfied with his performance.

I was, but my colleagues appeared less enthusiastic.

"I mean," said the Seasoned Artist, "were you satisfied with my performance relative to an old man?"

There wasn't a doubt that *he* was satisfied. —A. J. Liebling

•

Carrier Launched.—The biggest ship ever built, the nuclear aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, was launched by the U.S. on September 24. It is equipped with a data processing and communications system that could evaluate an enemy threat and recommend counteraction. The final decision would be left to human beings, however.—*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.*

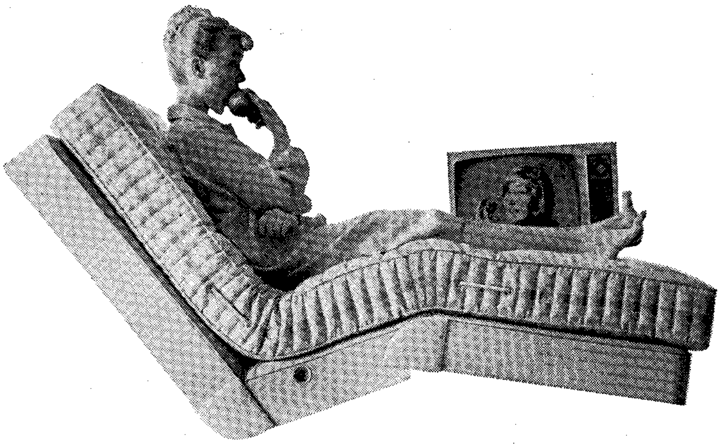
Probably to an officer who's always rolling two steel balls between his fingers.

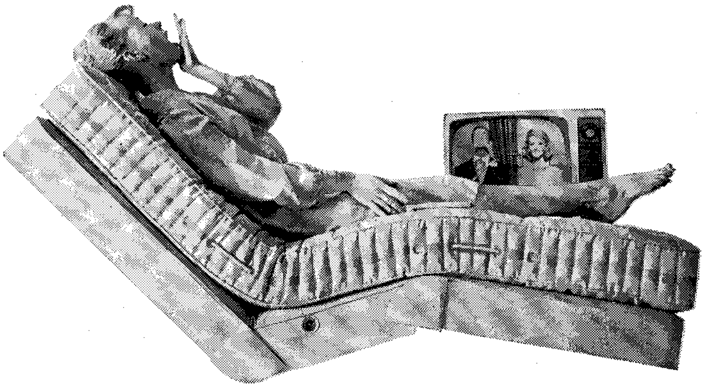
•

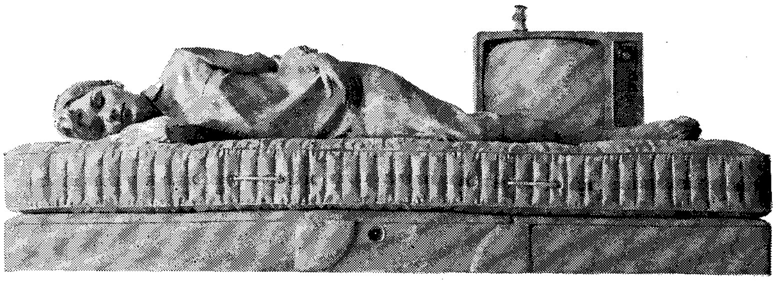
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From The New Yorker, August 31, 1957*]

For Dr. Suzuki is the world's leading authority on Zen Buddhism—a subject of considerable mystery to the relatively few people in this country who have heard of it at all.







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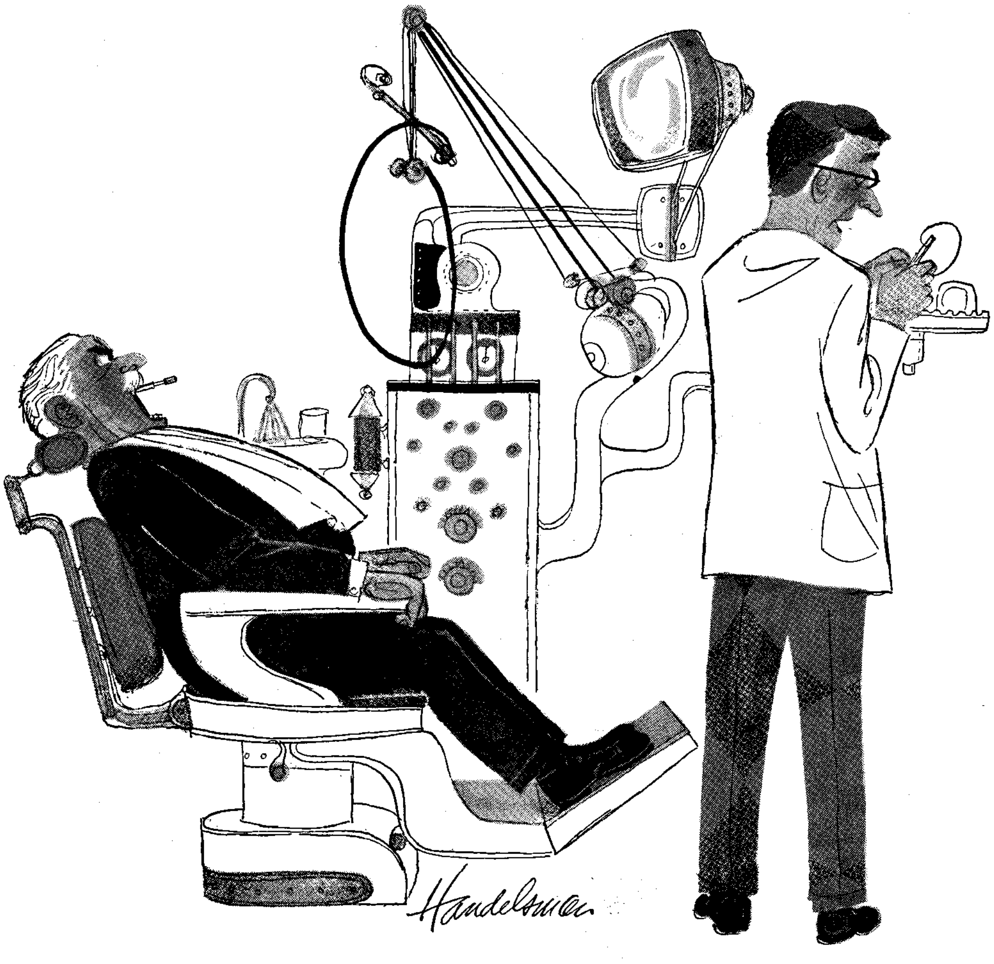
SIMMONS S

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

DIARY

Monday, June 12th: On my way to "Red Eye of Love," a comedy by the poet Arnold Weinstein, at the Living Theatre, I ride through a pearl-gray evening in which sky, buildings, and streets nod equably at one another. Even Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, location of the Living Theatre, looks soft and benign. But my euphoria is doomed. A loud cascade of ragtime music introduces the play and a policeman appears, directing traffic in frantic ballet fashion, while whistles shriek and the house lights flash wildly on and off. This puzzling scene gives way to a more placid one, set in a park, where O. O. Martinas, a well-to-do butcher and the owner of a thirteen-story meat market, and Wilmer Flange (or sometimes Flinge), a young accountant on vacation, exchange epigrams. Martinas is replaced by Selma Chargesse (O lost art of comic names), who, though engaged to Martinas, immediately declares her love for Flange. An unseen and increasingly familiar presence treads heavily onstage—Ionesco. But Weinstein's vision of life is arty and his jokes brittle. Again and again, funny situations turn arch—Martinas, Selma, and Flange rapping out complex rhythms on a chopping block with cleavers, a piano that appears to dash about the stage by itself, Flange attempting to construct a doll that will become ill. Nonetheless, I follow Martinas (bustling commerce), Selma (fickle womanhood), and Flange (dreamer) through their long, tangled lives and into the sunset, where the three of them decide to go West and construct an enormous fish market. However, all power to a worthy cast. Michael Vale, short, mustached, and Cantor-eyed, is Martinas; Jane Romano, firm and dark, and gifted with a surprised face, is Selma; and George Latchford, handsome and transparently thin, is Flange. When I leave, red eyes of love, disguised as street lamps, wink myopically at me.



"Still, you'll have to admit that the unions have done an awful lot of good."

Wednesday, June 14th: I approach the final moments of the Off Broadway season—"A Fig Leaf in Her Bonnet," by Jesse Torn—with undiminished anticipation, despite its being at the Gramercy Arts, a theatre whose seats are close copies of foxholes. Crouched in mine, I discover that Torn is an advocate of effigy drama—that is, plays about famous people. More than that, he is an absolutely fearless effigist who has chosen as his models none other than Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (When the cat is gone, the mice lose their heads.) Basing his play on the Shaw-Campbell letters (those hot, childish, funny, harmless documents), as well as on Shaw's prefaces and plays, Torn has contrived a sexy soap opera in which Shaw is presented as a man who cannot decide between the life of the mind (Mrs. Shaw) and the life of the body (Mrs. Campbell). The results are dumfounding: Shaw fervently *kissing* Mrs. Pat; Shaw confronted in his own parlor by Mrs. Pat and his wife, both of them angry and brimming with jealousy; Mrs. Shaw, after sixteen supposed years of celibate life with her husband, tempting Shaw with the suggestion that he unfasten the buttons of her blouse; Shaw grovelling at Mrs. Pat's feet; Shaw weeping. Henderson Forsythe, an even hardier soul than Torn, plays Shaw. Got up in proper knickers, green cardigan, and long tan beard, he speaks ministerially, sticks his stomach out, takes enormous strides, purses his lips, and looks very heated about the brows. Claudia Morgan, as Mrs. Campbell, shoots deadly rays from her eyes and uses leviathan tones. Also on hand are representations of the Webbs (he whiskery and slippered-looking, she a Gibson girl) and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree (bass voice, steam-shovel teeth). I consider departing before the end, but seem to have become hopelessly wedged into my seat, which is, however, barely fastened to the floor. Why not take it with me, I think. Shaw certainly would have.

—Whitney Balliett

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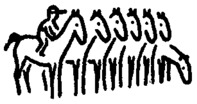
CHEVY CORVAIR

THE RACE TRACK

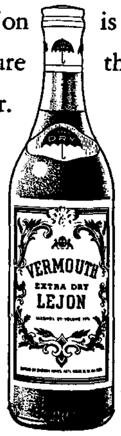
A Day at Woodbine



BY way of variation, I spent last weekend in Toronto, enjoying the racing at Woodbine, especially the Queen's Plate. I wasn't playing hooky, because the Queen's Plate is not only the most important stake race in Canada, it's the oldest race in North America, from the standpoint of continuity, having been run every year since 1860. For good measure, this year's renewal was as thrilling as this year's Kentucky Derby or Preakness, with Blue Light, a 20–1 chance, getting up in the very last stride to beat Just Don't Shove, one of the favorites, by inches. Ramblin Wreck was third, a couple of lengths behind. Though Blue Light's form was only fair to middling, his victory was a popular one, because his owner, Colonel K. R. Marshall, D.S.O., is (I hope he won't mind my saying this) the grand old man of Canadian racing. He's had horses since the nineties, he was president of the Ontario Jockey Club for many years, and he's chairman of the board now. Indeed, several owners remarked early in the afternoon of the Queen's Plate, "If I can't win, I hope the Colonel does."

As the thirteen three-year-olds paraded in the paddock, none caught my eye. Certainly there wasn't one as showy as Globemaster or as appealing as Carry Back. However, they looked like a hard, fit, well-trained lot, and they were. From a quick start, Longden, who rode Just Don't Shove, sent his horse to the front, hustling him along and leading by lengths for nearly a mile. On the turn into the stretch, Blue Light, who had never been far behind, made his bid, bearing down on Just Don't Shove as the latter began to shorten stride. The finish was the closest thing to a dead heat I've seen in ages. The race was not run in fast time—2:05 for the mile and a quarter—but then neither was this year's Kentucky Derby. And the Plate, I must add, was remarkably free from incidents; every runner had plenty of racing room, and if a horse didn't do better than he did, he simply wasn't good enough.

As for Blue Light, he's a sturdy bay colt by Chop Chop. He was bred by E. P. Taylor (in fact, he is the tenth Queen's Plate winner bred by Mr. Taylor), and Colonel Marshall bought him as a yearling for $7,500. Blue Light's



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share of the purse—not including the fifty guineas contributed by Queen Elizabeth II—was $46,475. I daresay he'll do all his racing in Canada.

Woodbine always puts on a good show on Plate Day, but this year's was something extra. The weather was perfect, and the crowd, which exceeded twenty-eight thousand, was within a hundred of the all-time high. The arrival and departure of the representative of the Queen (this year it was the Honourable J. Keiller Mackay, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, in a yellow landau drawn by four white horses and escorted by the Governor-General's Horse Guards) went off beautifully. And I don't know when I've seen better racing. There were close finishes, there was speed (one event at a mile and a sixteenth over the turf course was run in 1:42⅗, the mile in 1:36⅕), and, for those who like to bet on jockeys, Dittfach, the boy who rode Blue Light, had three other winners. What a day!

KELSO didn't have anything like the easy time everybody expected him to have in the Whitney Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. In fact, the best he could do was finish second to Our Hope, a wayward visitor from Jersey, who crowded him into the rail in the last furlong. Happily, the stewards lost no time in taking Our Hope's number down and moving Kelso up into first place. If it matters, Reinzi was third, and the four other starters were down the course. From all accounts, Kelso was going easily enough, despite his impost of 130 pounds, till Our Hope began to crowd him. I hope he came out of the mixup in one piece.

The best race I saw at Belmont Park last week was the Vagrancy, on Wednesday; it went to Calumet Farm's Sun Glint, with Undulation second and Refute third. The collection of fillies and mares ran all out all the way, and any one of five looked the winner a furlong from home. Then Sun Glint came sailing through. . . . For some time, I've been wanting to say a word or two about the public-address system at Belmont Park, but I've put it off, hoping the management would tone the thing down a few decibels. Well, nobody has, and the din has become deafening. I'm sure it has spoiled the day for a lot of people. I could name a dozen right now, if anybody could hear me.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

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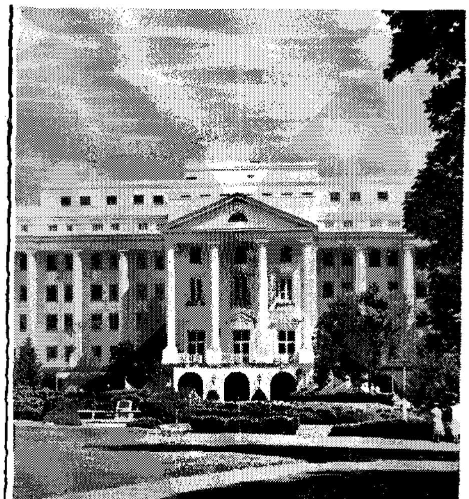

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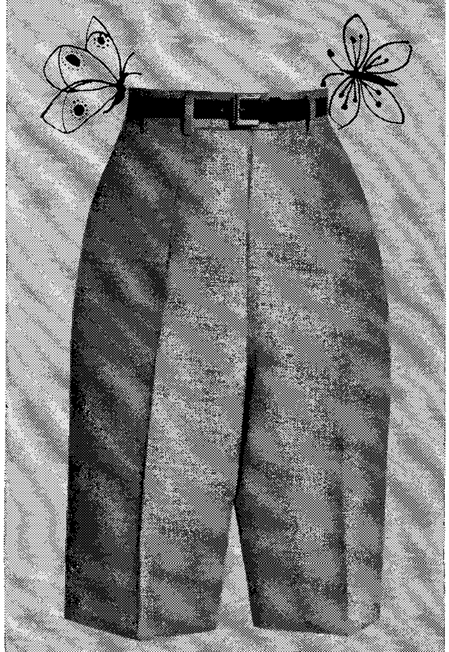

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CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards — each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled bookcover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions, and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue — which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N4

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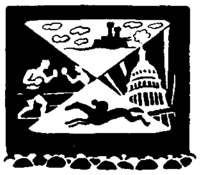
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Paris and Concordia



"THE CHEATERS" is an impressionist's view of a crowd of wild young Parisians, this side and that side of twenty, who are apparently trying to lead an American existence—or, at any rate, the kind of American existence that has filtered through to them from our books and movies about the black-leather-jacket set. They listen reverently to American jazz—from the jukebox at their favorite café, in the cubicles of record shops, and in their shabby rooms—and they dance barefoot to it at parties; Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Gerry Mulligan, James Dean, and Anthony Perkins are names that bounce easily off their tongues. They swindle and pilfer and sleep around with the heartless frivolity that Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic have traditionally attributed to the French.

The impressionist is Marcel Carné, a director and scriptwriter who has been making fine movies in France (among them "Port of Shadows" and "Children of Paradise") for many years. Some remarks of his on "The Cheaters" are quoted in a program note: "At first I was rather on the outside looking in at my own story. . . . But after talking to those young people . . . I felt that I had really penetrated to the heart of their closed, secret, mysterious world." Well, maybe, but if so he has not shed much light on the mystery, assuming that there is one. He has, however, portrayed their world vividly in action. M. Carné goes on, "These lost young people of Paris . . . are totally unaware of the personal sacrifices they are making as they are denying themselves any sentiment and are cheating themselves out of genuine love." The quote only partly explains the title. It has a more direct application to the plot, which is, for all its realistic detail, as romantic and old-fashioned as anything that was ever set to music for the Shuberts. It revolves around the affair of a girl of lower-middle-class background, who is a member of the crowd, and a respectable young college boy from the suburbs, who is not but who has visiting privileges. Together, they try their hand successfully at blackmail, and then, after a misunderstanding, they

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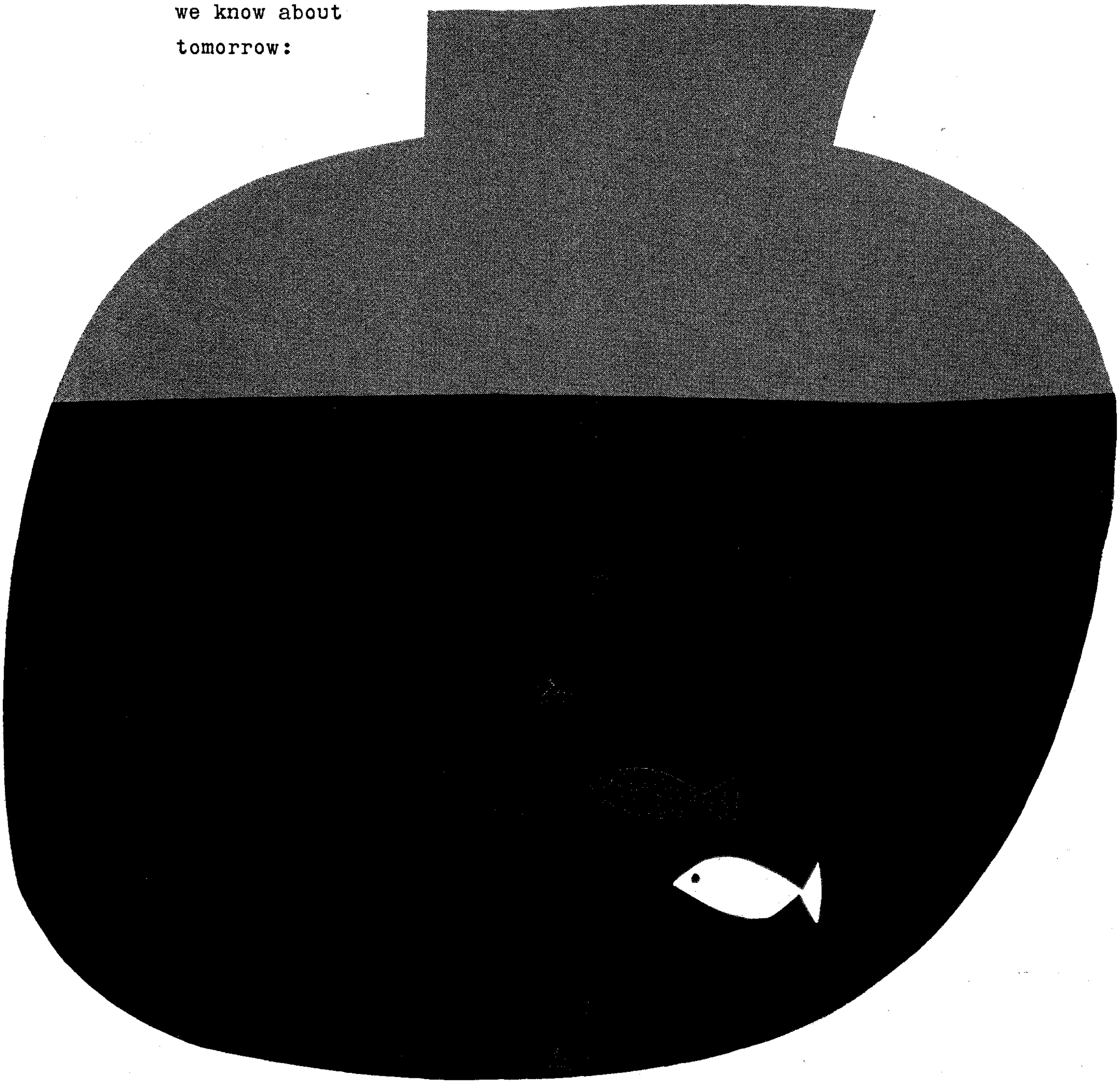
Things
we know about
tomorrow:



Man is like a Goldfish in a Bowl of Ink...His view of the "ultraviolet universe" is shut off by the blanket of air which surrounds him.

The earth's atmosphere is like the ink in a goldfish bowl. It absorbs so much of the ultraviolet light from outer space that little gets through to show us what lies out there.

But now, an electronic imaging tube, sensitive to this ultraviolet light has been developed by Westinghouse Research scientists. Westinghouse is working with the Smithsonian Institution and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to mount these tubes in satellites so that they can "see" in outer space and radio their findings back to earth.

Every time mankind removes the limitations on human sight... with the telescope, the microscope, the fluoroscope and electronic imaging tubes...we find things which have a profound effect upon our lives.

Paul Rand

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The Volkswagen Station Wagon does not have to take anything lying down. She can cart home an antique chest, standing up. Or delicate trees from the nursery. (Wide things, too. It will hold an open playpen.)

She can comfortably pack in eight or more Scouts, with all their cook-out gear.

She can give the family some extra sun on the way to the beach. (Why *no other station* wagon has a sun-roof is a mystery.)

Even if the traffic is bumper to bumper on hot days, she will not have to worry about the radiator boiling over. There is *no radiator*, no water. (The Volkswagen engine is air cooled.)

She may get a kick out of beeping to the other women who drive VW Station Wagons. (They have a kind of private club.)

Or maybe she likes to see where she is going. (The VW wagon has incredible visibility on hills and curves.)

If these facts don't convince her, why not give up gracefully.

(For this year, anyway.)

split up. At a large party, they join in a game of Truth, and, out of bravado on the girl's part and hurt feelings on the boy's, they cheat at it, denying their love for each other. The consequences are very sad indeed.

Of the many young actors in the cast, the only one familiar to me was Jean-Paul Belmondo, who plays a bit. Pascale Petit is wistful and touching as the girl. Jacques Charrier is, I felt, rather wooden in the rather wooden part of the boy. The best performance is that of a young actor named Laurent Terzieff, as a sly, deadpan instigator of mischief. The photography is interesting but never annoyingly tricky, and Paris, even at its seediest, is wonderful to look at. As for M. Carné, his individual scenes have a validity that his artificial story cannot spoil, and his skill and sympathy permeate all of them. He may not have made the movie he thinks he has, but he has made a pretty good movie all the same.

PETER USTINOV, who wrote, directed, and produced "Romanoff and Juliet," an amiable full-length revue skit about Cold War politics, also stars in it. He plays the president of Concordia, a country so unimportant that when he rises in the U.N. General Assembly to abstain from voting, even the presiding officer has no idea who he is. Most of the picture is devoted to his efforts, once he gets back home, to regain for his people the obscurity that he has thrown away in a moment of impulse, and to resist the attempts of the United States and Russia to draw Concordia into their orbits. The only solution he sees is to end the rivalry—locally, anyway—by promoting a romance between the son of the Russian Ambassador and the daughter of the American Ambassador. This entails considerable whisking back and forth between embassies and gives Mr. Ustinov ample opportunity for verbal and visual jokes about diplomacy, the official and private deportment of Americans and Russians, and the artfulness it takes to remain neutral in these unneutral times. A few of the jokes are truly funny. (The Russian Ambassador, about to surprise his wife with a new hat, tells her to turn around and close her eyes. "Are you gunk to shoot me?" she asks sociably.) The picture ends with a dance at night in a public square—a lovely adaptation of the Capulet ball. There are not many surprises in "Romanoff and Juliet," but the script is literate, and it is pleasant to see anyone enjoy himself as much as Mr. Ustinov does.—EDITH OLIVER

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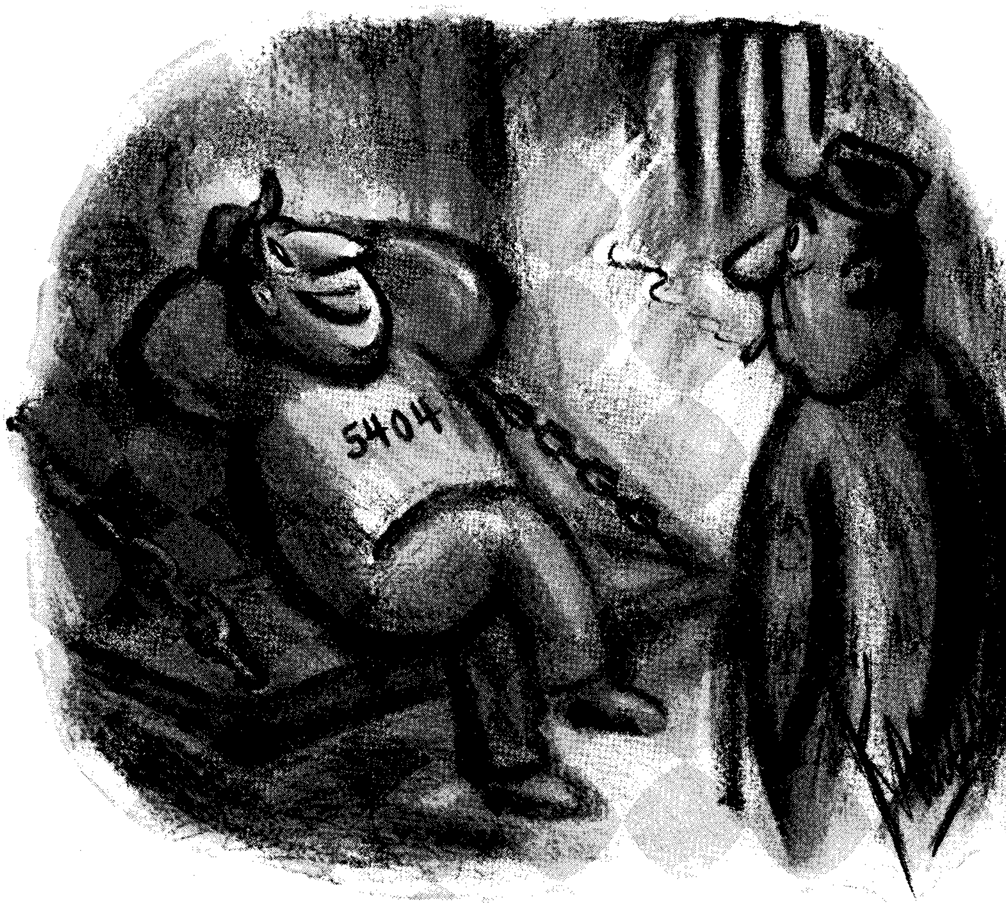
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

POSSIBLY troubled by the suspicion that outgoing types who follow the bounding main and/or the bounding golf ball need a place of their own, Saks Fifth Avenue has moved its contributor-sports department into an isolation booth in a separate building, at 16 East 50th Street, and this should be ready for business now. For sailing in foul weather, there are two-piece suits of thin but waterproof orange nylon—involving long, hooded pullovers with drawstrings at the hips and elastic at the wrists, plus trousers with drawstrings at the waist and ankles—as well as trousers and three-quarter coats of waterproof turquoise cotton with wooden fastenings. For fair days at sea, there are jaunty pullovers of navy-and-white or red-and-white striped nylon stretch yarn, in addition to tapered trousers (navy or white) and brief shorts (white, navy, or red) of the same nylon. For sea duty or just sea shore, there are hooded terry-cloth pullovers and below-knee trousers of orange cotton-and-nylon stretch. Girls who are working their passage up to New England might try the end product of white cotton on which are printed, in black, charts of Long Island Sound and on along to Martha's Vineyard—hooded pullovers lined with white terry cloth or unlined short-sleeved shirts with male collars. Heaven is sure to help *these* poor working girls. The accompaniment is played by white duck "knee ticklers" (Saks' phrase), which are tapered shorts that just cover the knees. For golf, there are separates in water-repellent pea-green or beige Dacron-and-cotton—hip-length jackets with stylish small standaway collars, and pleated Bermuda-length skirts stitched through the hips, to say nothing of Jamaica shorts and street-length trouser skirts (they're slimmer than culottes) that have slots for five tees in their back hip pockets. Sleeveless shirts of cotton mesh in the same colors round out the series. Culottes are inevitable—cotton Bermuda-length ones, with matching pouch bags for golf balls, cigarettes, or (oh, well) lipstick slung from their narrow belts, done in miniature tartans (Macduff Dress, Macpherson Dress, or Black Watch), and below-knee cotton ones done in expansive plaids combining butterscotch, rust, green, and blue.

The sports department on the third floor of Saks proper is still active, though. Street-length culottes with a wraparound look, by Sophie, and designed for golf or bowling, make use of Irish linen in hot pink, navy, gold, or white. Non-Sophie sleeveless shirts in pale-pink Dacron-and-cotton are provided with deep bias yokes in back, for golfers and bowlers who really swing from the floor. Two-piece dresses from Italy, of yellow cotton, have scoop-neck bodices and full, gathered skirts; broad-striped yellow-and-white cotton on which are appliquéd sprays of wisteria and green vines go across the front above the stiffened hem. From France come handsome long-sleeved white Orlon-and-cashmere pullover sweaters with vertical knitted garlands of flowers—lilac and clover pink, or salmon, moss green, and gold. Also French are the trousers of a lilac nylon-and-silk stretch that looks like shantung, and the trousers of a pale-green nylon-and-cotton stretch that looks like gabardine.

BENDEL'S Limited Editions section has transplanted from France and Italy whole gardenfuls of summer dresses for afternoon and later. White polished cotton printed with red-and-gold dahlias, purple violets, purple freesia, rust daisies, green-yellow-and-red apples, golden peppers, and green leaves is for sleeveless dresses with necks that are scoop in front but plunge in a square to the waist in back. Tubes of white silk matte jersey with an array of cerise and apricot roses, cosmos, and asters and olive leaves are content with wide scoop necks all the way around; shifts of white silk, with high, round necks and pushup sleeves, bear an array of fuchsia-mauve-and-pink and orange-and-yellow peonies with emerald leaves. Both of these manifestations are given



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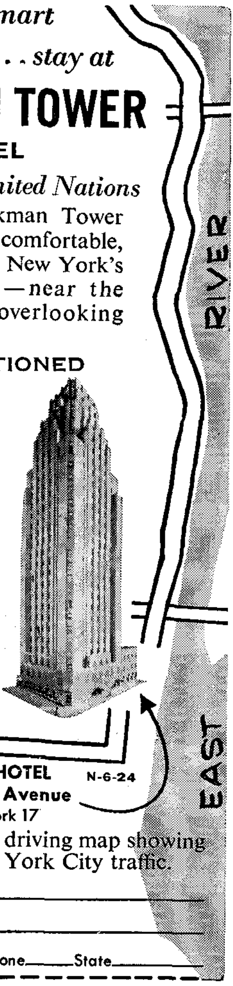

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broad, matching sashes to be tied anywhere or nowhere. Dresses on which box-pleated ruffles burst forth just above and end just below the knees are of white shadow-striped cotton covered with gigantic mauve-and-raspberry dahlias. These dresses run from $35 to $125; the refresher course in the Charleston for the ruffled jobs is extra.

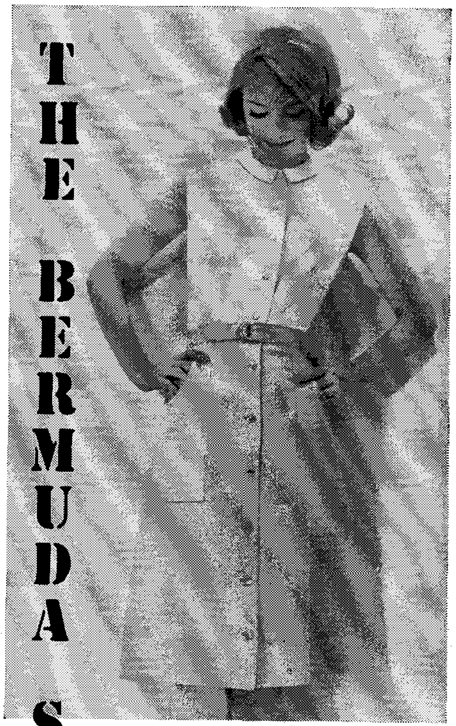
In the sports department are short-sleeved shirts and Bermuda shorts of white cotton-and-Dacron imprinted with stylized pink, blue, gold, or green blossoms, and their leather belts are in one or another of the same shades, but solid. The pointed sneakers that complete the deal are of the print.

ALTMAN'S third-floor separates department is loaded with inexpensive, restrained, and urbane things for now or any other month of the year. Among those of rayon-and-Arnel crêpe are overblouses (they can pass as jackets) with round, collarless necks and short sleeves, button-in-back overblouses without collars and sleeves, cap-sleeved blouses with boat necks and elasticized waists, and slim or knife-pleated skirts. The colors are dull green, chocolate, and black. Dressier twosomes of silk chiffon in the same hues involve overblouses with matching narrow sashes and skirts with flat box pleats.

Altman's lingerie floor owns up to some *nightshirts that are real period*-piece. Cotton in an Early American flowered wallpaper design (fuchsia, teal blue, and gold, or red sprinkled with white) is the material. Thigh-length slips to wear with lined dresses or skirts are of white tricot printed with Impressionist flowers of Shocking pink, turquoise, and moss green; Shocking-pink scalloped embroidery flourishes at the décolletage and the hem of these. To go with culottes, I guess, are knee-length underpants of rayon-acetate-and-nylon that is striped orange, gray, green, tan, yellow, and beige, as well as pants of white nylon tricot with a big red-and-pink pattern of apples.

The Potpourri counter is fooling around with strapless romper suits of nylon-and-cotton terry cloth and equipped with thick cords for anyone who wants a halter top. They're lilac, aquamarine, hot pink, beige, black, or white. The shop's Italian beach bags are really long satchels of braided natural straw adorned with white leather and striped hemp; $39.55, including the federal tax. Or maybe mail pouches of Mediterranean-blue canvas that fasten with broad green flaps would do you better. For archness, long beige fringe and bright woollen pompons are attached;

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD



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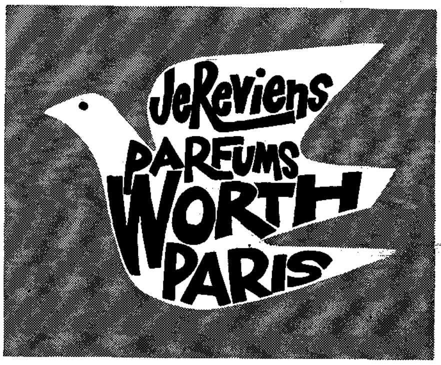

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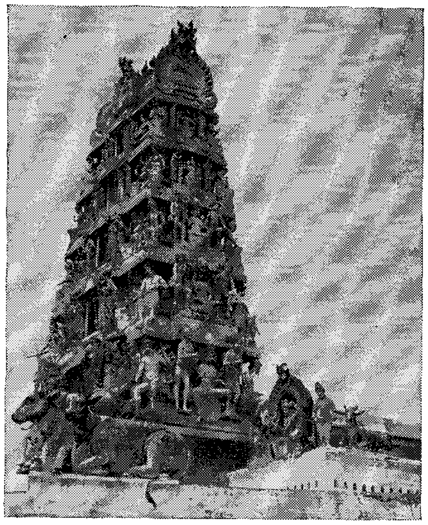
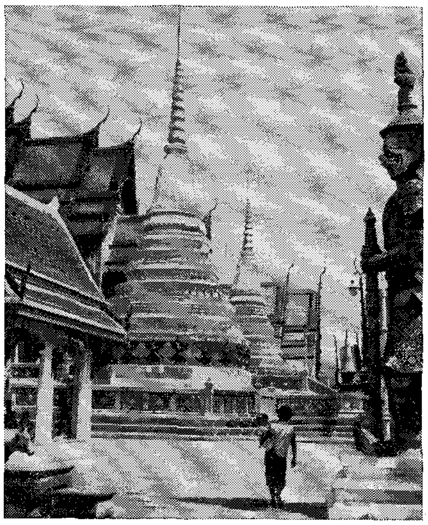
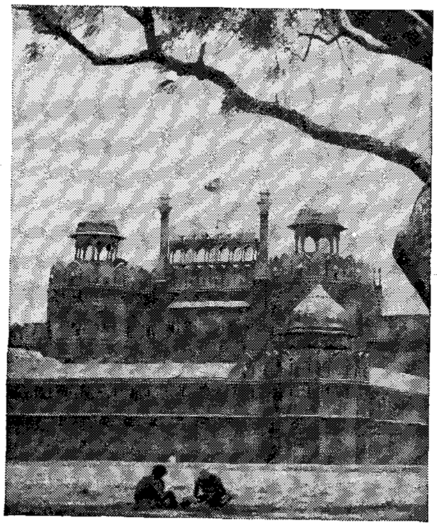


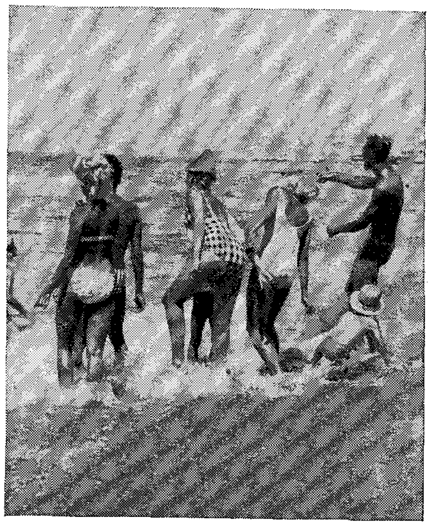
SENSATIONS IN SINGAPORE



TEMPLES IN THAILAND



DELIGHTS IN DELHI



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for utility, green-and-red woollen handles are attached. Inverted Mad Hatter's hats (they serve as bags) of braided coconut straw and slivers of tree bark (how's that for atavism?) dangle from rope handles. They're lined with plastic and fasten with a wide strap of tan leather; $9.85, including the ante to the Treasury. Haitian over-the-shoulder beach boxes with peaked tops look like log cabins, only the logs are made of Shocking-pink and etc. sisal—for Paris in the summer, when it sizzles.

THE lingerie department at Bergdorf Goodman is full of flowery negligees that are so nice to come home to. Hostess gowns of print cotton, with scoop necks and fitted bodices, go in for pink zinnias plus a green leaf or two, and they're nipped in by green cords; hostess gowns of white silk vertically *striped with pink and blue posies and* emerald leaves have wide sashes of hyacinth organza. All are $25, and look many times more. One-piece halter-neck hostess culottes, as full as skirts, are of chiffon print (lilac and jade water lilies) and are lined with peacock-blue rayon taffeta; up to $125. Short and sleeveless robes of white terry cloth with cardigan necks are overgrown with aquamarine and purple pansies; white terry-cloth scuffs edged with purple tasselled fringe are their playmates. Short robes with elbow cape sleeves and a vast patch pocket appear in lemon or tangerine petit-point piqué with white stylized flowers; they're superb summer wraps for day or evening at the $20 they require. Two-piece short pajamas that *might* be sneaked onto the beach are of orange or lime cotton with patches of white flowers. The tops embody an it-was-only-yesterday notion: they're Victorian combing jackets with white embroidered insertions, edged by narrow white Valenciennes-type lace, at the throat and the closing.

BALLY, which is a shoemaker, has finally set up a shop of its own, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st), where it deals in uncluttered shoes from Switzerland. Many of them are mounted on comfortable stacked leather heels. In *this category are the walking shoes,* with not too square toes, of navy calf with crimson calf inserts almost covering the vamp, or of light-beige calf with deep-beige vamps. Shoes of strawberry-colored grained calf are given fringed tongues outlined by white handstitching. Some walking pumps of grained calf are pretty extrovert—gold-and-orange vamps, green outer quarters, red inner quarters. Spectator pumps of

4TH OF JULY
holiday by the sea

HOTEL
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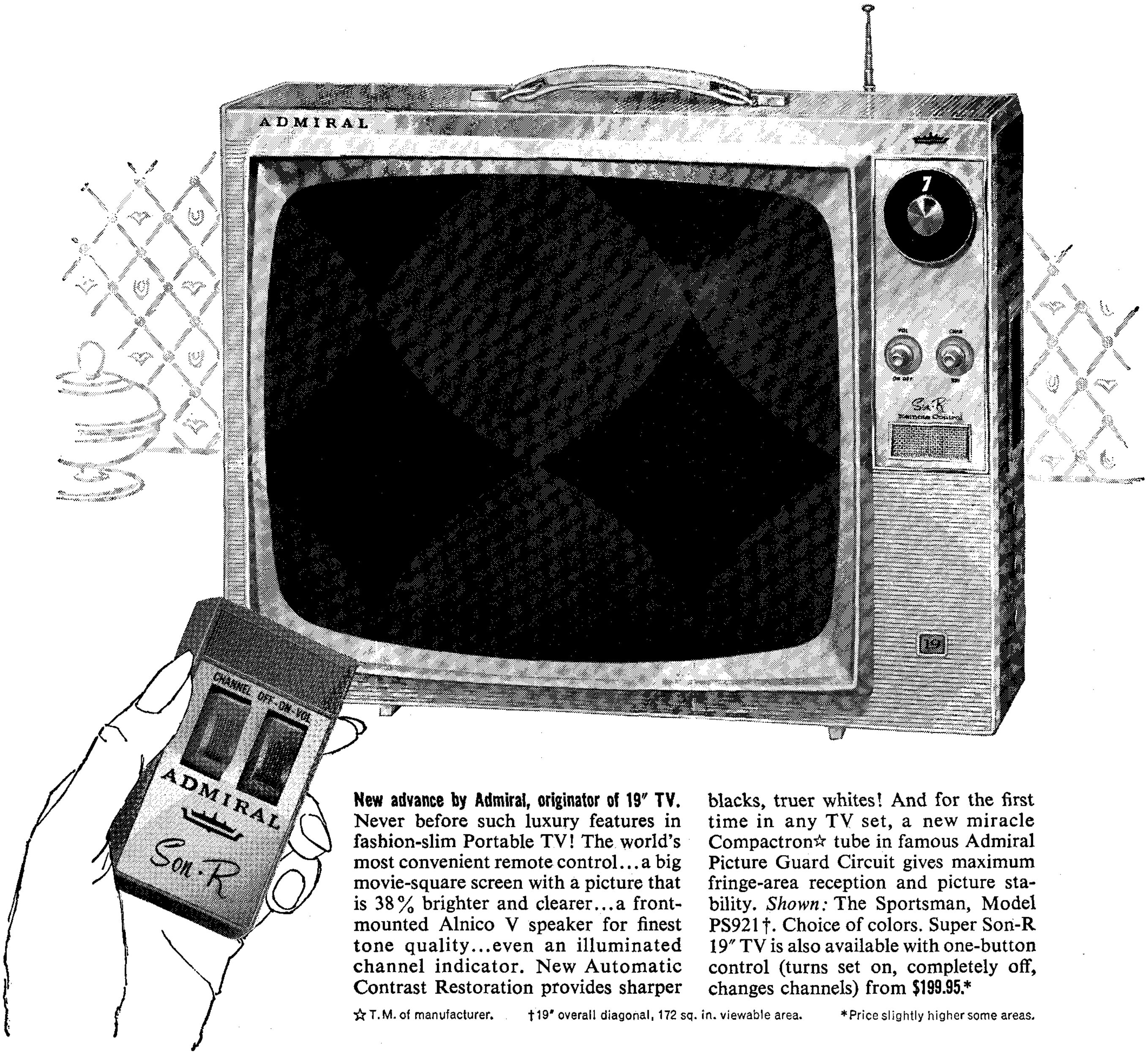

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white calf with those almost square toes have tongues of black calf and laces of white calf. (Up to this point, everything is $24.95, but it is possible to break $100 with anything in alligator.) High-heeled pumps of tan linen with a self fleck have pointed toes that are overlaid with brown calf; classic evening pumps with towering heels are of black peau de soie or white satin.

AMONG the children's clothes at Glad Rags, way uptown at 1007 Madison Avenue (78th), are sun dresses so widely slashed down the back that they're almost suspenders there. The fabric is white piqué in an orange-and-maize poppy print; the price is $9.95 in sizes 3 to 6X and $10.95 in sizes 7 to 12, and it includes matching inverted-tulip caps. White sailcloth play dresses that are practically muu-muus glow with gold-and-orange roses; party frocks of white piqué that glow with royal-blue or Shocking-pink hydrangeas have tops that are bloused down to the hips, below which are flippant box-pleated skirts. White plastic bibs or pinafores that completely cover infants' dresses or suits, up to size 6X, are ornamented with ducks, puppies, Humpty Dumpties, or other nursery objets d'art.

THE Crossroads of Sport, which functions at 5 East 47th Street, is making unbleached-muslin drawstring beach bags lined with white terry cloth. The idea is to have them painted on one side with game birds, water fowl, deep-water fish, or yachting code flags. They are almost a foot and a half high, and $17.50. The painting takes ten days at most. —M. M.

•

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[*From a Jules Verne sort of article in the Times Magazine*]

As they pursue their occupations, take a look at these spacemen. Different as they are in temperament, they have important characteristics in common. Small and lean, they weigh about 150 pounds. Each has in his hair those small gray streaks that are caused by hits of heavy primary cosmic rays; these men are veterans of other space voyages and have served, as we know, in a moon base.

In such men as these, a lifelong dedication to achievement and adventure has led to experienced skill in self-management on long, isolated journeys. In them, such passions as sex and aggressiveness are for the time subordinated or sublimated to the task at hand. The pilot carries no picture of his wife; between them is the bond that only years can bring and astronautic distance cannot break; her image is in his heart.

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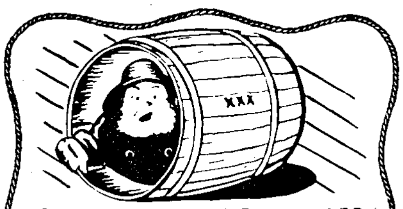

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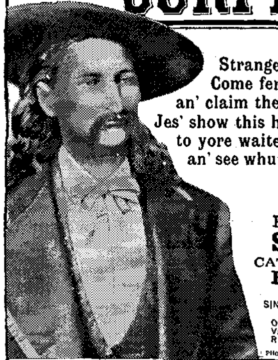

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

THERE'S no gainsaying that Hollywood's cheerful desecration of the arts has been all but impartial. Literature, music, and the dance—let alone the film itself—have been sterilized with equal vigor and concentration. But jazz, which didn't reach Hollywood until the late twenties, is an exception. To be sure, countless full-length burlesques of the music exist, among them those oleaginous biographies in which Danny Kaye appears as Red Nichols and Kirk Douglas as Bix Beiderbecke. Nonetheless, while Hollywood's right hand was fashioning such vaudeville items, its left hand was turning out untold numbers of invaluable jazz shorts. Though almost invariably hoked up with dancers, Uncle Toms, precious photography, and costumes ranging from bellhops' uniforms to leopard-skin togas, these films often contain sterling jazz—some of it, in fact, by groups that were never recorded elsewhere. One celebrated example is Elmer Snowden's 1932 Small's Paradise band, which included such men as Roy Eldridge, Dickie Wells, and Sid Catlett. A disheartening number of these shorts have been lost or have simply disintegrated, but a good many others have been rescued by valiant collectors. A week or so ago, one of these collectors, a local advertising man named Ernest R. Smith, exhibited eleven jazz shorts (all but two from his collection) in a small, steamy auditorium in Freedom House, under the auspices of the Jazz Arts Society, which plans several such showings. It was, despite Smith's non-stop collector-type remarks, a notable evening.

The program was opened and closed by two extraordinary films—"St. Louis Blues," a legendary short made in 1929 with Bessie Smith, and "Jammin' the Blues," photographed in 1944 by Gjon Mili. Miss Smith plays what appears to be a lady of the night who is knocked down and robbed by her man. (The story lines of these shorts were never more than transparent.) Most of her picture, which is a singular mixture of realism and soap opera, is given over to a scene in a night club, where Miss Smith, propped drunkenly but magisterially against the bar, sings a monumental version of the title song, accom-

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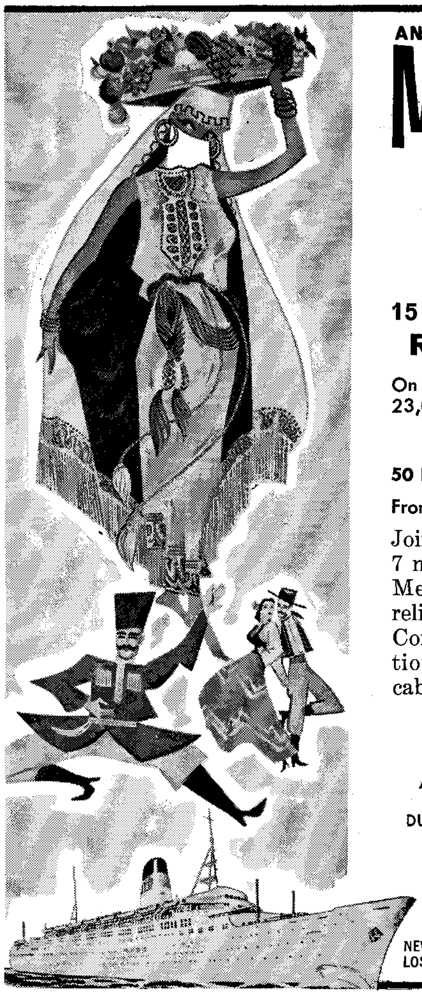
panied by part of Fletcher Henderson's band and the Hall-Johnson choir—a combination that lends a poignant operatic atmosphere to the number. (Joe Smith, Henderson's great, ruby-toned cornettist, is also visible and audible.) Parts of "Jammin' the Blues" are arty, but the picture is largely a straightforward record of such men as Lester Young, Harry Edison, Jo Jones, and Sid Catlett playing a couple of blues and a standard. (For some reason, Catlett is heard on the sound track when Jones is at the drums, and vice versa.) Included are superb shots of Young's lidded, moonlike face, a bassist's bony, concave fingers, and Catlett obliquely from the rear, his sequoia self swaying slowly from side to side, his left arm, four feet long, hanging limp, wire brush in hand.

In between these pictures, Smith ran off two Ellington shorts—"Black and Tan Fantasy" (1929) and "Symphony in Black" (1935)—that are, despite their theatrics, filled with excellent solos by Bubber Miley, Johnny Hodges, Tricky Sam Nanton, Cootie Williams, and Lawrence Brown. Moreover, in the second one, Billie Holiday, in perfect voice and looking as fresh as a butterball, sings a couple of choruses of the blues. The Ellington shorts were almost matched by a Louis Armstrong film, "Rhapsody in Black and Blue" (1932), in which Armstrong, at the height of his powers and dressed in a leopard skin, gets off a fast "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead You Rascal You" and a fascinating "Shine," sung and played in both middle and uptempos. The rest of the evening was more absorbing sociologically than musically. Armstrong reappeared, both live and animated, in a Betty Boop cartoon, also entitled "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead You Rascal You," which is so tasteless it is funny. (At one point, Armstrong's huge, mugging, disembodied head chases a tiny animated missionary type across an endless plain.) The program was completed by five so-called "soundies," which were three-minute films made in the early forties for jukeboxlike machines equipped with small screens. Two were by Gene Krupa's band (1941-42), with Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day, and three by Fats Waller (1941 and 1942), who, surrounded by a gaggle of beauties, rubbers and jowls his way through "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "The Joint Is Jumpin'." A consummate clown, Waller, who ridiculed himself ridiculing himself.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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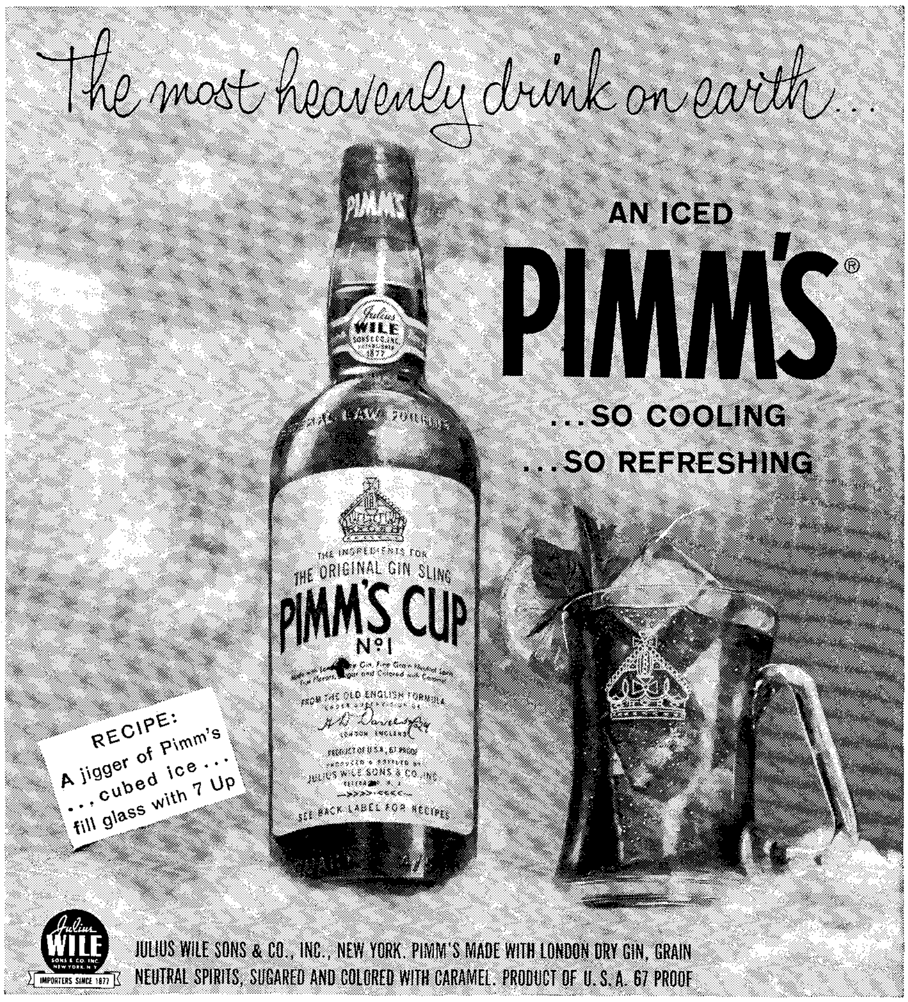

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PRIVATE PRINCE

AT eight on that April morning in 1928, those of us left in the 15th United States Infantry Regiment in China formed a big horseshoe inside our compound and said goodbye to our departing comrades as they circled self-consciously before us on their last parade. They circled twice, then swung out the compound gate, with shoulders squared, and marched three miles east to the depot in Tientsin. There they boarded a train for Chingwangtao, where the American Army transport U. S. Grant waited to take them back to the States. Their term of enlistment was almost up. They would be discharged from the Army on their arrival at the Presidio in San Francisco. As they left the compound, which had been their home for almost three years, some Chinese who were clustered at the gate set off firecrackers—a parting salute. The marching men cheered.

At five o'clock that afternoon, we again formed a horseshoe in the compound, this time to welcome the newcomers replacing the old-timers who had left that morning. Their trains had passed each other on the Peking-Mukden Railway halfway between Tientsin and Chingwangtao. Our old squadmates would occupy the bunks that the newcomers had abandoned on the U. S. Grant. The newcomers would occupy the bunks that the old-timers had abandoned in our barracks. The Chinese, again clustered at the compound gate, set off firecrackers to greet the new arrivals. The new arrivals shied like a herd of frightened animals.

When the old-timers had left that morning, they had been as polished and pressed and button-glittering as any troops ever on formal parade. The new men who marched in were as rumpled and soiled as a gang of hoboes. A hundred and twenty old-timers had marched out. A hundred and thirty new men marched in to take their places. We old China hands—I had been a private in E Company of the 2nd Battalion for more than a year—looked at the recruits critically and wondered which ones we would draw for our squadmates.

The 15th Infantry—less one battalion stationed in the Philippines—had been garrisoned in the American compound in Tientsin since 1912, with the mission of guarding American lives and property in North China and keeping the Peking-Mukden Railway open from Tientsin to the sea. This was one of the tangible outcomes of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, when Tientsin had lain under siege and many American lives and much American property had been forfeited. Peace of a sort had reigned since then in North China. At least, the 15th had never been called on to do any fighting.

Stationed along with us in Tientsin were units of French, British, Japanese, and Italian troops—the British, for instance, being represented by a battalion of Royal Scots Guards. Spit and polish was the order of the day among the international garrisons. The 15th Infantry, with its tailored uniforms and its Springfield rifles with beautifully hand-polished stocks, did its best to outshine them all. Our regimental insigne—a collar ornament—was a little enamelled shield bearing on it a rampant dragon. Its motto was "Can Do." We wondered how long it would take this dreary bunch of new recruits to wear their Can Dos with pride.

They straggled into our compound, admonished by a detail of 15th Infantry noncommissioned officers, which had met them at Tientsin East and had chivied them through the streets of the city's foreign concessions. Twice they were marched around inside our welcoming horseshoe; then they were halted and sorted out, some for this company, some for that. It was obvious that the awful, pervading smell of Tientsin distressed their nostrils. The wind-borne dust from the far-off Gobi Desert distressed their eyes. We called out to them and guyed them and jeered at them. All of them were young and all appeared most dispirited. A few of them snarled back.

Eleven of them were assigned to my company, and one of them, Private Prince, to the squad I was in. He was a heavyset, bushy-haired youth, thick of arm and leg and trunk—almost treelike in appearance. His face bore an expression such as might be detected in the bark of an elm. Martin Lord, senior first-class private and acting corporal of the squad, helped him get settled. Lord showed him his bunk and his footlocker and wall locker, told him where the showers were and where the mess hall was.

"Put away your stuff and go get washed," Lord told him. "Shave. Comb your hair. Put on a necktie. They're

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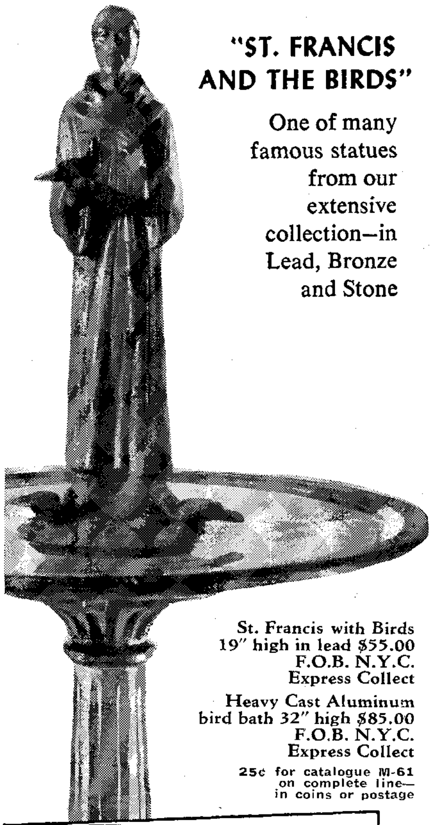

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going to feed you new guys in a few minutes now. Hot pork sandwiches and lots of gravy and rice. You'll like it after that chow they fed you on the transport."

"I ain't hungry," Prince said.

"Ah, you've got to be hungry," Lord protested. "You haven't had anything to eat since you left the Grant this morning."

"I ain't hungry," he repeated.

Lord shrugged. "Nobody's forcing you to eat," he said.

To make conversation, I asked the newcomer, "How was the trip over? Did you get very seasick?"

"What do you mean?"

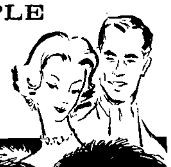
"Oh, throwing up and all—you know."

He thought awhile. "I never did nothing like that," he finally said.

THE new men, although assigned to individual squads, were given recruit drill in a separate body—the "bolo brigade," we called it. Some of these men either had had previous training or were so quick to learn that they were taken out of the bolo brigade in a week or less and assigned to regular duty. But Private Prince boloed for a solid month, and even at the end of that time the noncoms who had been screaming at him daily had profound misgivings about his fitness for the simple tasks of soldiering.

"He still can't tell his left hand from his right," complained Acting Corporal Lord, who had been drilling the recruits and bucking for his corporal's stripes at the same time. "I've seen a lot of dumb oxes, but that animal's got them all beat. You can cuss at him, you can yell at him, you can get down on your knees and beg at him, but it still don't do any good."

The month's time allotted to training the bolos was up, however, and, competent or no, Private Prince became one of us in our garrison routine. He brought our squad's efficiency down to the lowest level it had ever suffered, and Martin Lord's achievement of corporal's stripes was thereby delayed, for Captain Hauser, the company commander, decided that since the squad made such a poor showing, Lord obviously lacked the fibre required in a noncommissioned officer. Prince was incredibly awkward at drill, and he couldn't look neat even after he received his tailored uniform. His hair had grown so long during the transport ride that on his arrival he looked like a wild man, but after the company barber cut it he somehow looked even worse. It was impossible to find an Army-issue shirt to



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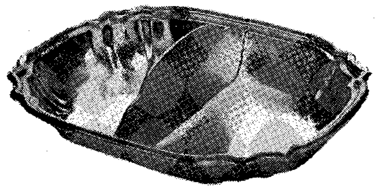

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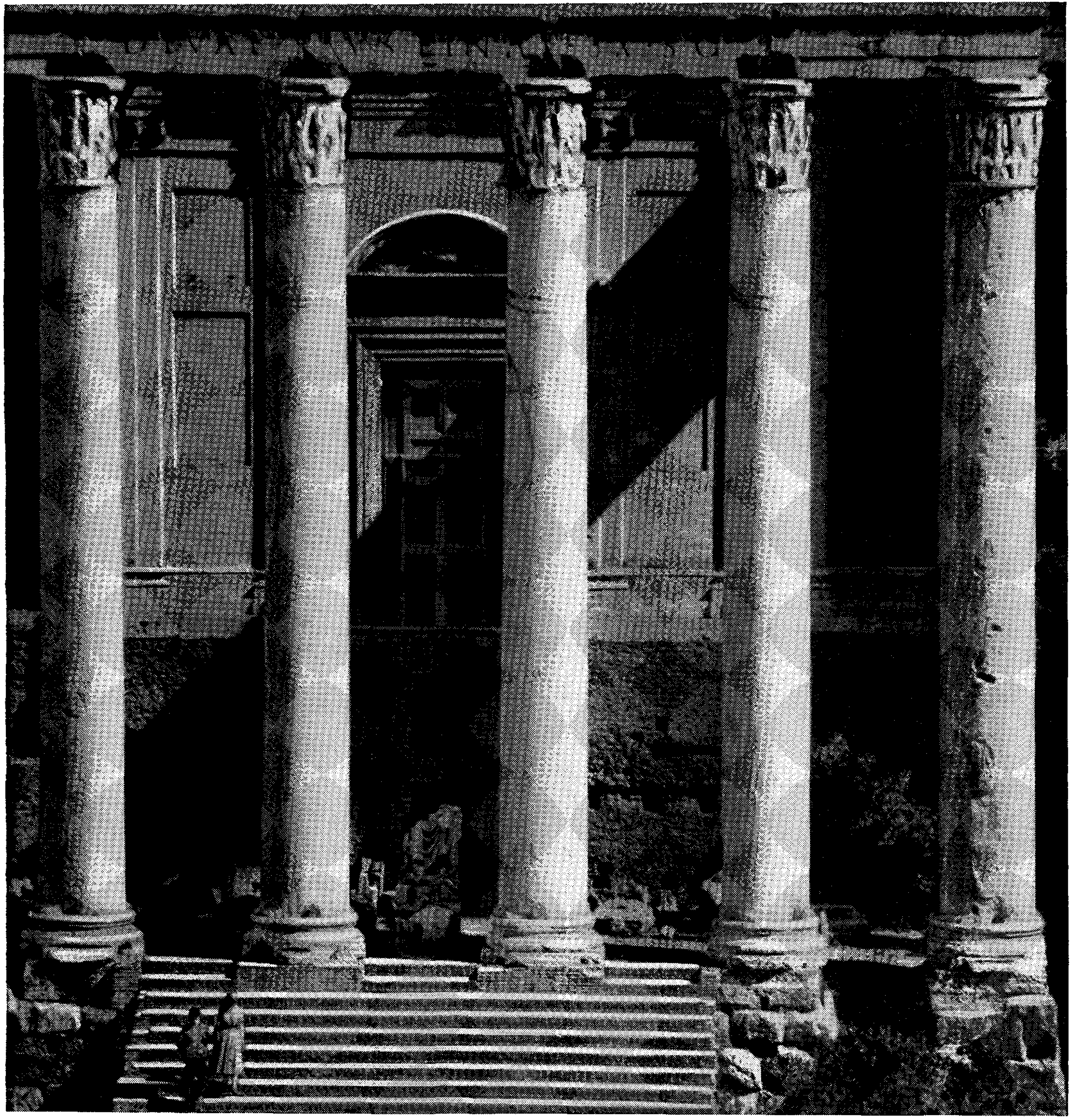

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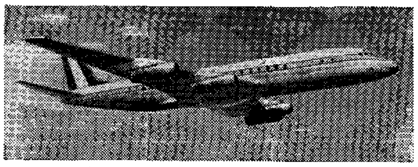

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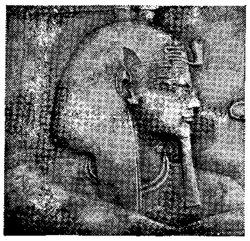

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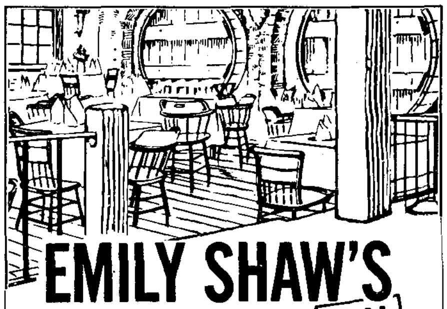

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fit him, because his neck was out of proportion to his arms and his arms were out of proportion to his torso. The company tailor reworked some shirts for him that at last fitted him after a fashion; even so, according to Lord, the shirts—on Prince—looked like pup tents.

The rest of us in the company talked a lot about our homes, our families, our school life back in civilian days, and other familiar things. One of the recurring topics among us was why we had joined the Army in the first place. We were all very frank about it. Sometimes it had been family trouble, sometimes girl trouble, sometimes school trouble; but mostly, instead of being trouble, it had been the noonday demons of pure restlessness that drive young men to do despairing things. But Prince, though we gave him plenty of opportunity, would never say why he had enlisted for the 15th Infantry, that fabulous outfit—according to the recruiting sergeants back in the States—which was a sort of American Foreign Legion quartered in a land of tiled walls and jewelled pagodas where almond-eyed men with pigtails wore womanish gowns, drank tea, ate rice, smoked opium, and wielded beheading knives. In fact, Prince rarely said anything at all, and always seemed wrapped in a shroud of moroseness. In his free time, he would either lie on his bunk or sit gloomily and silently in the dayroom. He never received any letters, and he never wrote any. He never read a book or a magazine. He never played pool or checkers. He never accompanied us to the bars that lined the streets about the compound, or went with us on strolls through the beautiful parks of Tientsin. Martin Lord, logically embittered, said Prince had no sense of smell, no sense of taste, no sense of feeling, no sense.

Clumsy in everything, Prince was clumsiest of all with the Springfield rifle, in those days the queen of arms. Usually, after practicing enough and absorbing enough bawlings-out from his instructors, a recruit could learn to do a fair job of inspection arms, right or left shoulder arms, present arms, order arms, and the other things one does in rifle drill. But not Prince. The intricacies of flipping his Springfield about in unison with his mates were forever beyond his ability to grasp. After about three months, it became so evident that Prince would never make a soldier that Captain Hauser relieved him of regular duty and assigned him permanently to the supply room, overriding the outraged protests of the supply sergeant. In

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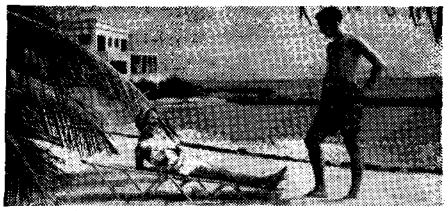

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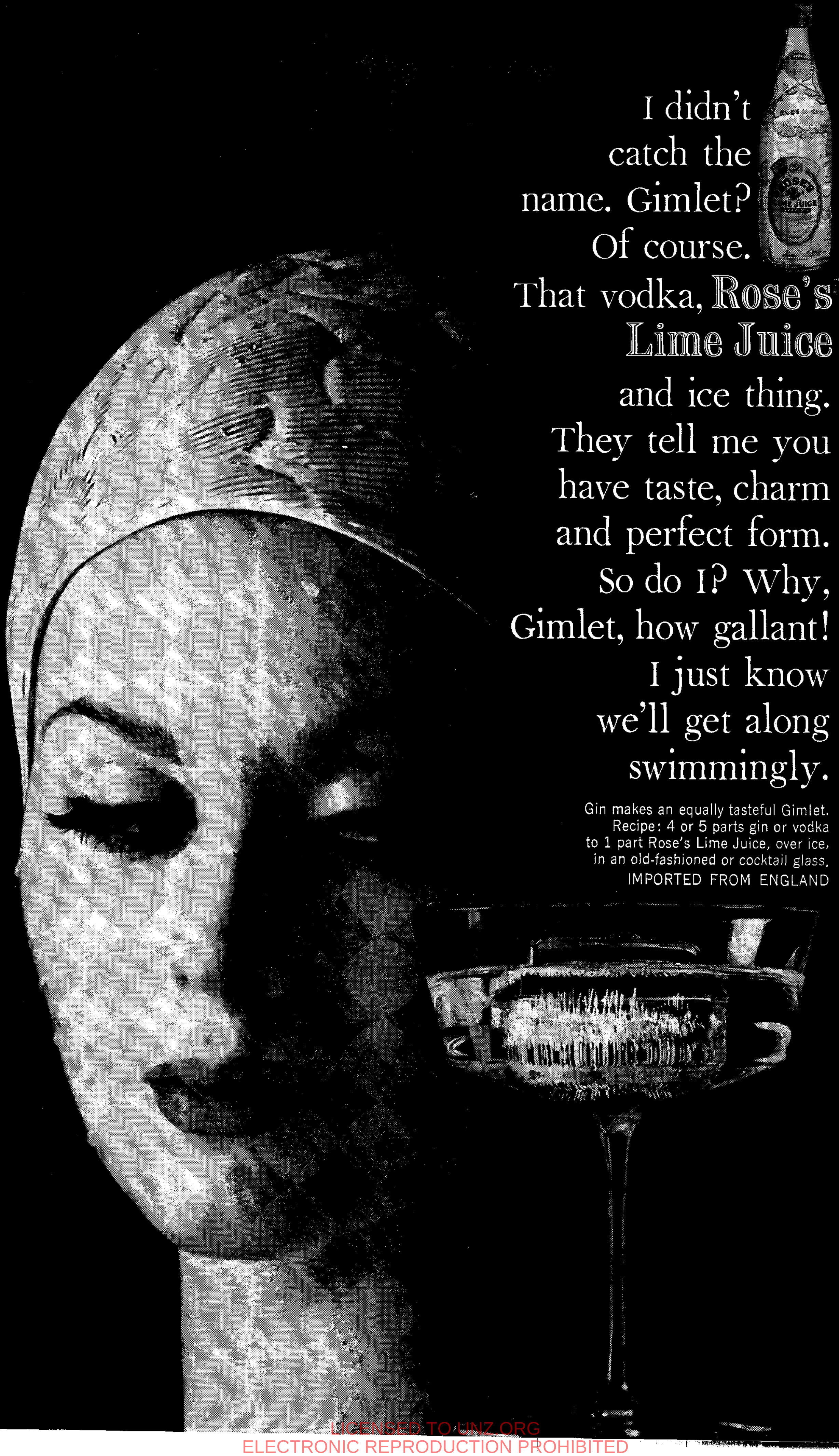

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the supply room, Prince did such things as sort tent pegs and canteens. Mostly, he just sat around. He didn't mind. He hated drill, anyway.

IN July, we went to our summer camp, near Chingwangtao, on the Gulf of Pei-Chihli. We went there every summer for target shooting and field problems. We lived in tents, and every day we went swimming in the lovely gulf. The high point of our training in those days was shooting for record on the target range. If you made Expert Rifleman, your pay went up five dollars a month. If you made Sharpshooter, your pay went up three dollars. If you made Marksman, your pay didn't go up but you did get a medal, for you had qualified with the Springfield. It was the aim of every company commander to see that his outfit qualified a hundred per cent. Of course, the more Experts and Sharpshooters he ended up with, the better, but his paramount desire was to boast of a company with no bolos in it—men who couldn't hit the target.

We went through endless sighting-in sessions and trigger-squeezing exercises before we ever fired a live cartridge. The bodily positions we practiced taking were as formalized as those taught to a ballet dancer. The feet had to be placed at a certain angle, the wrists had to be cocked a certain way, the elbows had to assume just the exact crook. Furthermore, the rifle's sling had to be adjusted with the tightest nicety around one's arm, and the rifle's sights set with the precision of a micrometer. One had to practice holding one's breath before squeezing the trigger. Even one's psychological attitude had to be prepared. "You must learn to love up to that gun like you would to a sweet young girl," we were told.

We paired off in twos, one man coaching the other and then being coached in turn. We would encourage each other, correct each other, bawl each other out, and sometimes have fights. The dominating idea was to get in the best shape possible to hit the bull's-eye, and we put our hearts into the task. Martin Lord was paired off with Prince. Everybody in the regiment except the field-grade officers had to fire for record, and Captain Hauser decided if it was humanly possible for anyone to teach Prince how to shoot, Lord was the man to do it. Lord was the best shot in the company. Captain Hauser told Lord that if he could coach Prince into qualifying with the Springfield, he, Hauser, would promote Lord to corporal on the spot. Lord answered

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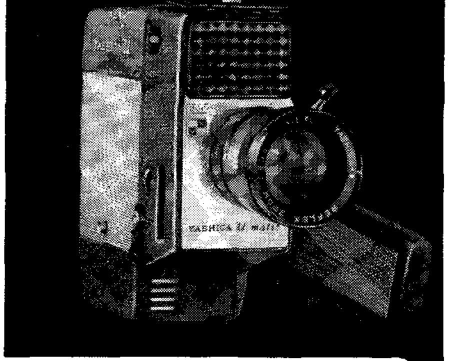

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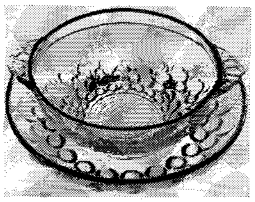

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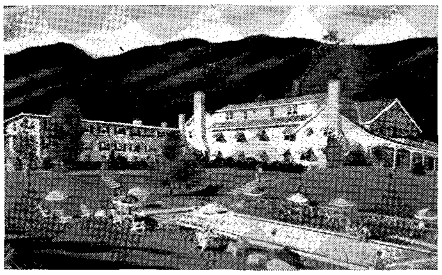

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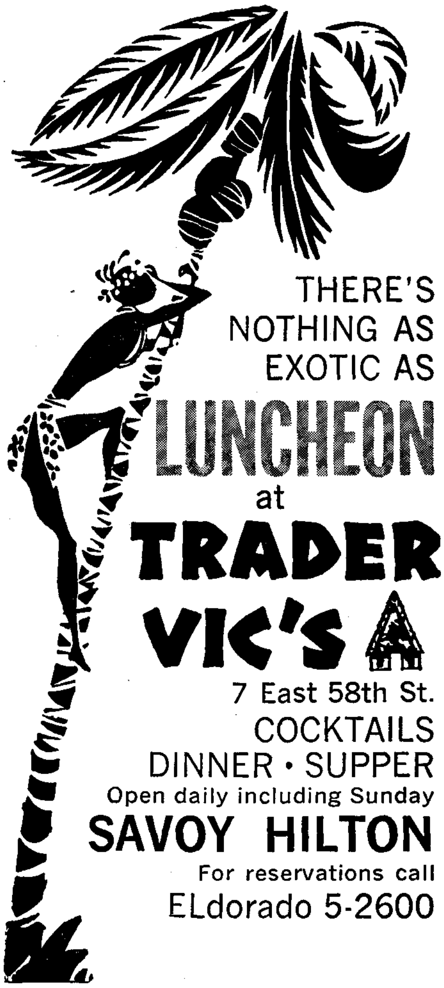

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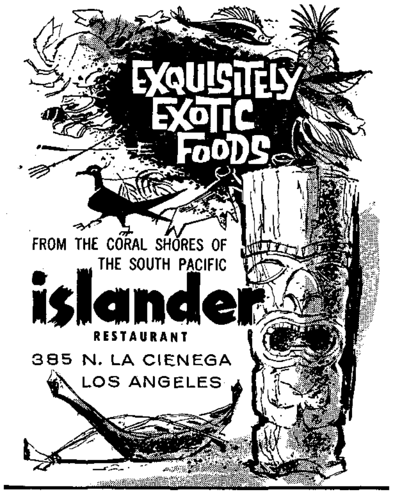

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with a dubious "Yessir," and went at it.

At the end of the dry-run training period, Captain Hauser asked Lord what he thought Prince's chances were of qualifying.

"I don't know, sir," said Lord. "He ain't coming along so good. He just lays there like a hawg or something. He don't see any use for the rifle sling, and he claims he's got to shut one eye to see the target. He says the elbow pads in his shooting coat make his arms stiff. He can't see why he shouldn't take the sitting position the way *he* wants to instead of the way the book says. And I never have been able to get it into his head that he's got to estimate the wind and set his sights accordingly."

"Well, we start shooting live ammunition tomorrow," said Captain Hauser gloomily. "He's got to fire along with everybody else. Let's hope a miracle will happen."

Thirty sliding targets had been installed in the pits, the first ten being assigned to our company. Accordingly, ten of our men, first group, slipped clips of live ammunition into their Springfields and prepared to take their positions on the firing line. The rifles had previously been "zeroed in" by firing them from sandbag rests. Not even the worst duffer could miss when he fired over a sandbag. Lord had Target No. 1, Prince had Target No. 2. They were to begin on the two-hundred-yard line and were to shoot standing. Each man had his own little scorebook, and every shot he fired was supposed to go down in that book. On each page was a miniature target, and he was to note on that target where every shot he fired hit. Thus he would keep a permanent record of how he was grouping his shots and how much windage and elevation it took to get a shot into the bull's-eye.

As each shot was fired, the men in the pits would slide the target down, and spot and score the hit. A white spotter was used to mark a hit in the bull's-eye, which was black. A black spotter marked a hit in the white outer rings. At a table behind each pair of men on the firing line, a third man sat and kept their official scores—at this stage, their practice scores. I sat behind Lord and Prince. Lord's first shot was a twelve-o'clock four, which meant that the bullet struck in the white just above the bull's-eye. Prince's first shot struck the parapet in front of the pits and raised a cloud of dust. Nobody said anything, because this was exactly what had been expected. I marked Lord down for a four and Prince for a zero. On his second shot,

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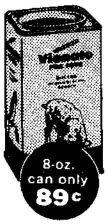
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Lord got another twelve-o'clock four.

"Lower your sights a degree, Lord," said Captain Hauser. "Start getting them in there."

Prince fired again. This time no dust flew up, so we knew he must have hit the target somewhere or gone completely over it.

"Call that shot, Prince," said Captain Hauser. In calling a shot, the rifleman sings out where he thinks the bullet has hit, basing his call on the alignment of his sights at the moment his rifle discharges.

"Right where I p'inted it," said Prince.

"That's no way to call a shot," said Captain Hauser. "Call it again. Call it properly, like you've been taught."

"Right where I p'inted it, at the black spot," said Prince stubbornly.

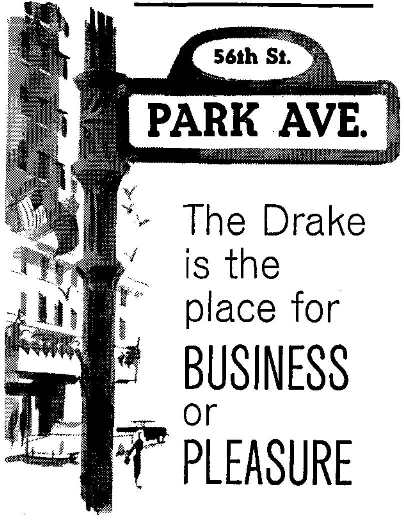
Captain Hauser started to let loose a verbal blast, but then Prince's target slid up. It was marked with a white spot, and the spot was in the center of the bull's-eye. Captain Hauser blew out his breath. "Keep pointing them that way, and everything will be all right," he said.

Prince did so. When he had finished a string of ten shots, he had scored nine bull's-eyes, which, with his first deplorable miss, gave him a total of forty-five. Lord had a total of forty-two.

We told each other as we moved back to the three-hundred-yard line that Prince was one of those freaks with a natural aptitude for shooting offhand at two hundred yards but that after we got back to the five- and six-hundred-yard lines, where you really had to "hold 'em and squeeze 'em," he wouldn't do so well. But he did. He made so many bull's-eyes that it became monotonous to watch him. When the firing was over for the day, his practice score was the highest not only for our company but for the whole battalion.

Lord, hopeful once again of getting his corporal's stripes, was nevertheless as puzzled by Prince's showing as was everyone else. "I sure can't figure it out," he said. "He don't adjust his sights or anything. He just holds a little higher or a little lower or a little to the right or to the left. That's what they call taking Kentucky windage, like they did back in the days of the old flintlock squirrel rifles. He never used his scorebook once all day, either. He claims it doesn't mean anything to mark your shots down."

Kentucky windage or no, Prince had demonstrated that he was a brilliant rifle shot, and everybody admitted it. We sought, in a fumbling way, to congratulate him. He looked at us with his usual dull, stupid stare and said, "I just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p'int 'em where I want 'em to go. I never knowed that first time that I was supposed to hit that black spot."

"Yes, but you must have shot a lot before this, didn't you?" I said.

"Naw," he said. "My maw wouldn't never allow firearms around."

When we shot a few days later for the official record, Prince, of course, qualified as an Expert Rifleman. His score was 330 out of a possible 350 and was the best made that summer in the entire 15th Infantry. He was named along with Lord and a dozen other Experts in the regiment to make up the rifle team that would later compete, on this same firing range, with the Marines from the United States Legation guard in Peking for the service championship of North China. Everyone was certain that with Prince on the team the 15th would swamp the Marines this time, although we had been beaten in most of the previous years.

OUR company returned to Tientsin, leaving Prince and Lord behind to practice with the regimental team. Three weeks later, the day the big match was fired, some Medical Corps men brought Prince back to Tientsin and carried him to the compound hospital for an emergency operation. He had refused to leave his bunk that morning, saying, when questioned by the rifle-team captain, "Something's hurting in my guts." It had been an eight-hour train ride from Chingwangtao to Tientsin, and he died that night on the operating table. His appendix had ruptured.

Next day, Lord came back from Chingwangtao, where the 15th Infantry rifle team had, as usual, lost to the Marines. Captain Hauser accosted Lord about Prince. "The surgeon said he must have been in pain for days. Didn't he ever complain about it?"

"He never said a single damn word, sir," said Lord. "He never said anything until the morning of the match, when he couldn't leave his bunk. That guy never had any nerves. That's why he was such a good shot. He couldn't even feel the kick of a Springfield, and when you can't feel that you can't feel anything."

At Prince's funeral service, on the parade ground of the compound, the chaplain preached, eight of us formed a firing squad and gave him three final volleys, and "Taps" was blown. Then his coffin was stowed away at an undertaking establishment until transportation could be arranged to take his body back to the States.

Captain Hauser sent off a cablegram

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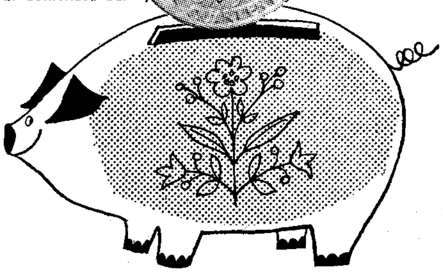

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to Prince's mother, having found her name and address in Prince's enlistment papers. Then he decided to make up a package of mementos concerning Prince and send that to his mother also. He told those of us who had been Prince's squadmates to contribute whatever we could find to go into the package. None of us contributed anything, because none of us had anything—not a single picture of him (and we were always getting our pictures taken), not a single souvenir, not anything at all. Captain Hauser searched Prince's footlocker and wall locker. There was nothing in them except his Army-issue clothing, and very little of that. Not a single letter. Not a single photograph. Everyone else had Chinese knickknacks he had picked up here and there; everyone else had a scrapbook of sorts that he kept. But not Prince. He had nothing.

Captain Hauser then thought of the Expert Rifleman's medal that Prince had won on the range at Chingwangtao but which, because of his death, had never been presented to him. Captain Hauser got one from the supply sergeant and wrote out an elaborate presentation order to go with it.

"Now then," he said to those of us in Prince's squad, "I want each of you men to sit down and write a little note to this boy's mother. You can say you were pals with him and liked him and enjoyed his company, and all that sort of thing. You can tell some little anecdotes about him that will please her. Get at it right away, because I want to get the package with his medal in it off today, and I want to put your letters in it."

We tried. At first we were stumped. There was just nothing to write—no anecdote to put down about a fellow that we hadn't liked in the first place and who had lain gloomily on his bunk while the rest of us were out enjoying ourselves. Then, the way most people do in such circumstances, we made up some things about Prince, but after we put them down on paper we saw how false they looked and we couldn't bring ourselves to let them be sent.

Finally, Martin Lord had an idea. "It's a round robin," he said. "I saw one somewhere before." He took a sheet of paper and in the center of it printed:

He was the best
rifle shot we
fellows ever saw.

"Now," he said, "we'll all sign our names in a circle around it, and the Captain can send it off. It's a round robin."

We did so reluctantly, for, being Army men, we hated to sign our names

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It's still one of the world's finest linen shops!

Your Address: Chicago's magnificent gold coast

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Opening June 30—Gene Krupa

ALL THAT *IS* NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

to anything, even to such an innocent thing as this. We took the paper to Captain Hauser and told him it was the best we could do.

He looked at it, looked at us, and said, "I can't send that boy's mother any such fool thing as this." Then his face screwed up in the peculiar way children's do when they are about to cry. He seemed to realize that this was all we could come up with, and at the same time he seemed moved by the awful blankness of it, by the thought of the dead boy who was getting no better tribute than this. Then he said, "Yes, I can send it, too. I'll wrap his Expert's medal in it."

He wrapped it, but he never sent it. A cablegram came later that day in reply to the one he had sent to Prince's mother to notify her of her son's death. It was from the Red Cross in Prince's home town. It said that Prince's mother had died a month before he enlisted and that there were no surviving relatives. Somehow—for some reason—he had given her name in his enlistment papers even though she was dead. Prince's body was finally buried in the Army cemetery at the Presidio in San Francisco, a scant few miles from the pier where, a few months before, he had embarked for China.

—CHARLES G. FINNEY

•

THE BIRD FANCIER

Up to his shoulders
In grasses coarse as silk,
The white cat with the yellow eyes
Sits with his paws together,
Tall as a quart of milk.

He hardly moves his head
To touch with neat nose
What his wary whiskers tell him
Is here a weed
And here a rose.

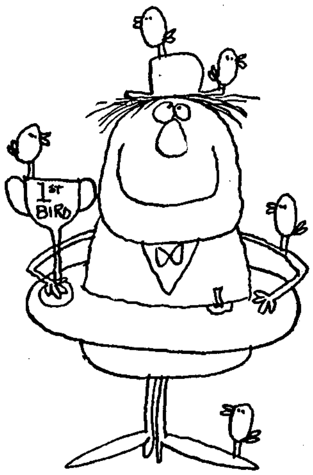
His sleepy eyes are wild with birds.
Every sparrow, thrush, and wren
Widens their furred horizons;
Then their flying song
Narrows them again.

—JAMES KIRKUP

•

President Kennedy and past Presidents Eisenhower, Roosevelt, Lincoln and Washington are among the greats featured in the new wax collection exhibited in the Empress Hotel's Crystal Garden. The Victoria, B. C. hotel will have a complete Chamber of Horrors by the time of the city's centenary in 1962.—*Los Angeles Examiner*.

No vivid writing, please.



LIFESAVER

That's what Avis Rent-a-Car is to Joe Allen, trainer of racing sparrows. Joe says: "The whole trick to sparrow racing is energy, and the whole trick to bird energy is moose moss just before race time. I've tried lots of ways to keep moss, but nothing beats those roomy, boll weevil-proof Avis glove compartments." Whatever it is you're looking for in car rental service...Avis is the place to look.

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Avis Rents All Makes of Cars...Features Fords. For more information, call your nearest Avis Office or write Avis Inc., 18 Irvington Street, Boston 16, Mass. Avis International, Avis Visa, American Express, Diners' Club, Carte Blanche, Sheraton Hotel, air travel, rail travel, and other accredited charge cards are also honored. ©1961 Avis Inc.

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'bright'
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'groovy'
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'marvelous'
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'carefree'

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CROMPTON
1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y. 18

...AND A PRETTY GIRL TO UMPIRE

.from ELEVEN LIVELY ARTS by Marv Kitman

Scientific Tests Show... February 27, 1961

A friend of ours, who runs the An Independent Research Laboratory of Ridgefield, N.J., was complaining recently about the recession his little business is in.

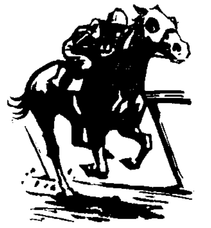
For those of you not in the independent research laboratory business, several words of explanation. The An Independent Research Laboratory tests claims made by advertisers in their television commercials. Hired neither by sponsors nor by consumer groups, it can afford to be fiercely independent, responsible only to the man who runs it.

Why has the independent research laboratory business been in a recession? Most observers blame the Government, which began cracking down on scientific tests in commercials last year. The government is demanding that all television tests be unrigged.

The decline in the scientific test, our friend feels, shouldn't be misconstrued as *prima facie* evidence of fixing. It's just that advertisers, in a free competition, are leery that Brand X may win.

The little testing still going on in commercials is being conducted in such impeccable tests, there is simply nothing for an AIRL to check up on, according to our friend. "A good example of what the government has wrought is the Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Test," he said.

"The idea behind the blue-glass test is simple. Buy three brands of Scotch. Make sure one of them is Old Smuggler. The three brands are served in identically the same way in blue glasses. All you have to do is decide which brand you like best."



In its advertising copy for the Old Smuggler Scotch Test, W. A. Taylor & Company captures the new spirit.

> Which Scotch will you pick? Frankly we don't know. But we know that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find that their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.

A Sane Test . . . March 6, 1961

In years of studying scientific tests in advertising, we have yet to witness a single instance where the underdog product—whether its name be Brand X or Brand A—has emerged the victor.

Against this background our enthusiasm for what we consider a really unique test in recent advertising history is understandable. We mean the Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Test. Our concern about this test is more than academic.

The blue-glass test, an integral element in Old Smuggler's advertising program, is a marked departure from past whisky ads because it does not say its product is the absolute last word in Scotch. The campaign tells you to buy three bottles of Scotch, only one of which need be Old Smuggler. Drink all three out of blue glasses. The ad says:

> It should be emphasized that the purpose of the blue-glass test is not to identify the different brands of Scotch but to provide a reliable basis for deciding which you like best.

And here is the revolutionary pitch:

> Which brand will you pick? That is for each individual to say for himself. But it is worth noting that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.

May we emphasize the significance in this advertising campaign?

The Old Smuggler people are admitting their product can finish second. It can also finish third. That's dead last in a field of three.

Now everybody from the president of, say, [redacted] down to a stockroom boy at [redacted] knows individual tests should be the criterion in selecting a whisky. But nobody had the guts to say it until now.

A Man's Home Is His Test Lab . . . March 7, 1961

Long ago in every land, citizens discovered that fruit could be turned into wine and cereals into beer and that when either of these is boiled and the vapors condensed, collected and drunk, the effect on the drinker is a miracle. The product of all this labor is called whisky.

Some 3,000 blends of Scotch whisky made by approximately 30 distillers are exported to the U.S. Can you tell the difference among them?

In the interests of science recently, we've been conducting the Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Test, one of the few really scientific tests a man can conduct in his home without getting a Rockefeller Foundation grant. The scientific implications in this test made us so heady, we repeated it five nights running. In this spirit, we pass along some information about the test and its results.

Next to three Scotches, the first thing novice testers must do is get hold of blue glasses. The Old Smuggler people sell a set of 9-ounce blue glasses for $1 (send check to Blue Glasses, P.O. Box 36A, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y.). They are etched with numerals 1, 2, 3 and are similar to glasses used by professional whisky-tasters. The idea behind the dark glasses is to make all brands *look* alike.

As any professional whisky-taster will tell you, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, not in its appearance. This is particularly true of Scotch.

When a man holds a bottle of Scotch up to the light to see if he can read some significance into its hue, he is really telling the world about his ignorance. Unlike most American whiskies, Scotch is usually distilled gin-clear and is artificially colored. (Aging in charred barrels gives bourbon and rye its amber color, but Scotch is aged in uncharred wood.)

Blue-Glass Stakes—I . . . March 14, 1961

As scientific tests go, the blue-glass test is easy. It is so painless, so to speak, one can make a game of it. An instruction sheet we received from the Old Smuggler people suggests just that:

> To play it, all you need are three blue glasses numbered 1, 2, 3—three different brands of Scotch whisky—and a pretty girl to act as umpire.

Our wife put her foot down when she heard the Old Smuggler people were sending over all the equipment. So we invited a senior chemist at NYC-Bellevue Hospital, a neighbor, to be the umpire.

He was so enthused about the scientific implications in the blue-glass test, he asked us to act as umpire for him. We told him to get his own pretty girl.

You might think we were making too much of this umpiring business. Actually, the umpire is an important figure in the blue-glass test.

She is the pretty girl who pours the three Scotches into the blue glasses behind the participant's back. Clearly, if the taster sees what is being poured into the glasses, the test immediately is invalid.

She must also keep impeccable records of what she is pouring where.

We once attended a blue-glass testing session in Greenwich Village where the umpire didn't take her role seriously. A heated argument started when she confessed she had been pouring [redacted] in all three glasses.

But getting back to our test, as host we decided to submit our own taste buds to the test first. We turned our back and the umpire poured.

"Be careful," we said, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

The umpire blew his whistle.

Is it our fault we can recognize different Scotches by the sound they make being poured into a glass?

Blue-Glass Stakes—II . . . March 15, 1961

The umpire in our blue-glass stakes decided we were spending too much time looking into the glasses to see if we couldn't glean color information about the unidentified Scotches we were tasting. He said we were only "half-safe." He ruled that we had to wear the special blue glasses provided by the Old Smuggler people for known cheaters.

The object of the test is to find the Scotch the taster likes most. The way everybody in our game played, it was assumed Old Smuggler would finish third in a field of three. Price being our rule of thumb at the liquor store, it figured. [redacted] and [redacted] each cost more than Old Smuggler, the man who purchased the samples reported.

After studying the first blue glass like a tea-leaf reader at a loss for words because the tea was brewed with a tea bag, we tasted it. Naturally, we expectorated, then drank a

(Advertisement)

glass of water to kill the taste. We did not swallow, only because whisky taste-testers never swallow samples. It dulls the taste buds.

By the time we had reached the second blue glass, it seemed a waste of good whisky to spit it out. Despite our scientific frame of mind, it was remarkably easy to rationalize swallowing the stuff.

The first three blue glasses were suddenly empty. The cheering crowd that had gathered in our apartment sat on the edge of their chairs waiting for our decision.

We asked that another round be set up.

By the fourth round, we had completed every conceivable test. Only the umpire growing increasingly restless to get a whack at *his* test prevented us from ordering drinks for the house.

"Cut it out," he said. "You'd think something depended on this. Which blue glass tastes best by far?"

"No. 3 blue glass," we said.

The umpire checked his score card. Confidently, we extolled the virtues of [redacted] and [redacted] to our neighbors.

"Old Smuggler," he said, "wins."

Everybody laughed at us.

The umpire was still laughing when he sat down to take the test. We became the umpire.

An hour later he had picked the No. 2 blue glass.

"Old Smuggler," we had to tell him.

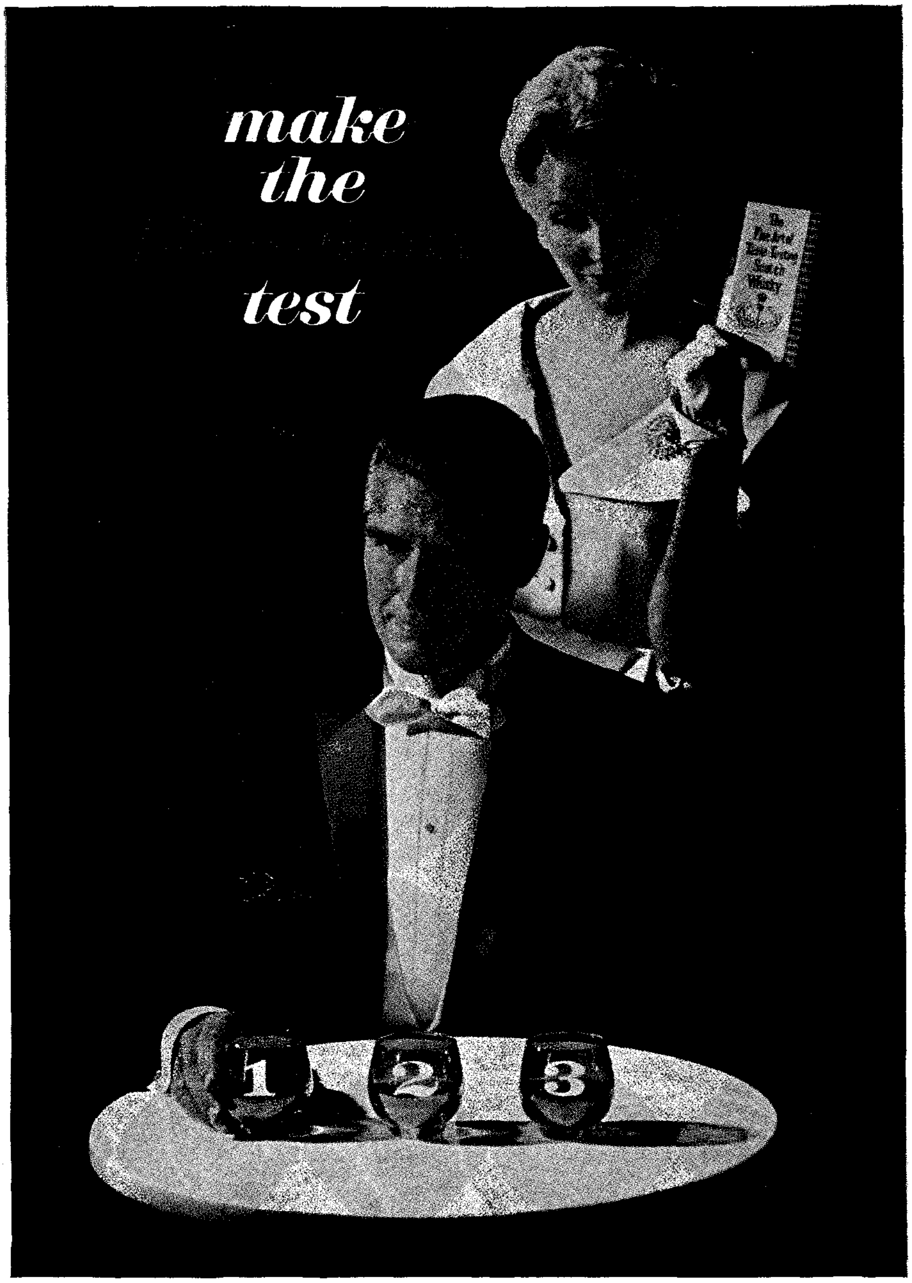
In a burst of enthusiasm, our wife offered to take the test.

Of all the glasses she tested, she chose the glass of water as best tasting. "This test really taught me something about Scotches," she said. "They all taste like iodine."

—Marv Kitman

Advertiser's Note: To Mr. Kitman, widely-read syndicated columnist, we doff our hat for his enchanting series—entirely unsolicited—on the pure pleasure of Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Testing. To *The Armstrong Daily*, Mr. Kitman's publishers and copyright holders, our thanks for permitting this reprint (names of competing brands obliterated in the interest of fair play). To Mrs. Kitman, a low bow to hide our chagrin. But you simply can't win 'em all.

That, incidentally, is the credo of Mr. Kitman's readers, seasoned practitioners of scientific testing, who were good enough to send us his serialized critique on our blue-glass test. Mr. Kitman writes to a dedicated group who pledge their personal fortunes to a thorough test of every promising new theory that comes along. To help them cope with the vast complex of known vs. unknown, logic vs. hunch, assigned weight vs. track condition, Mr. Kitman's splendid paper compiles pertinent data. The scholarly pore over it earnestly at Hialeah and other centers of research on improving the breed. They then resolutely step to the $2 window . . .



Smart way to find your favorite scotch

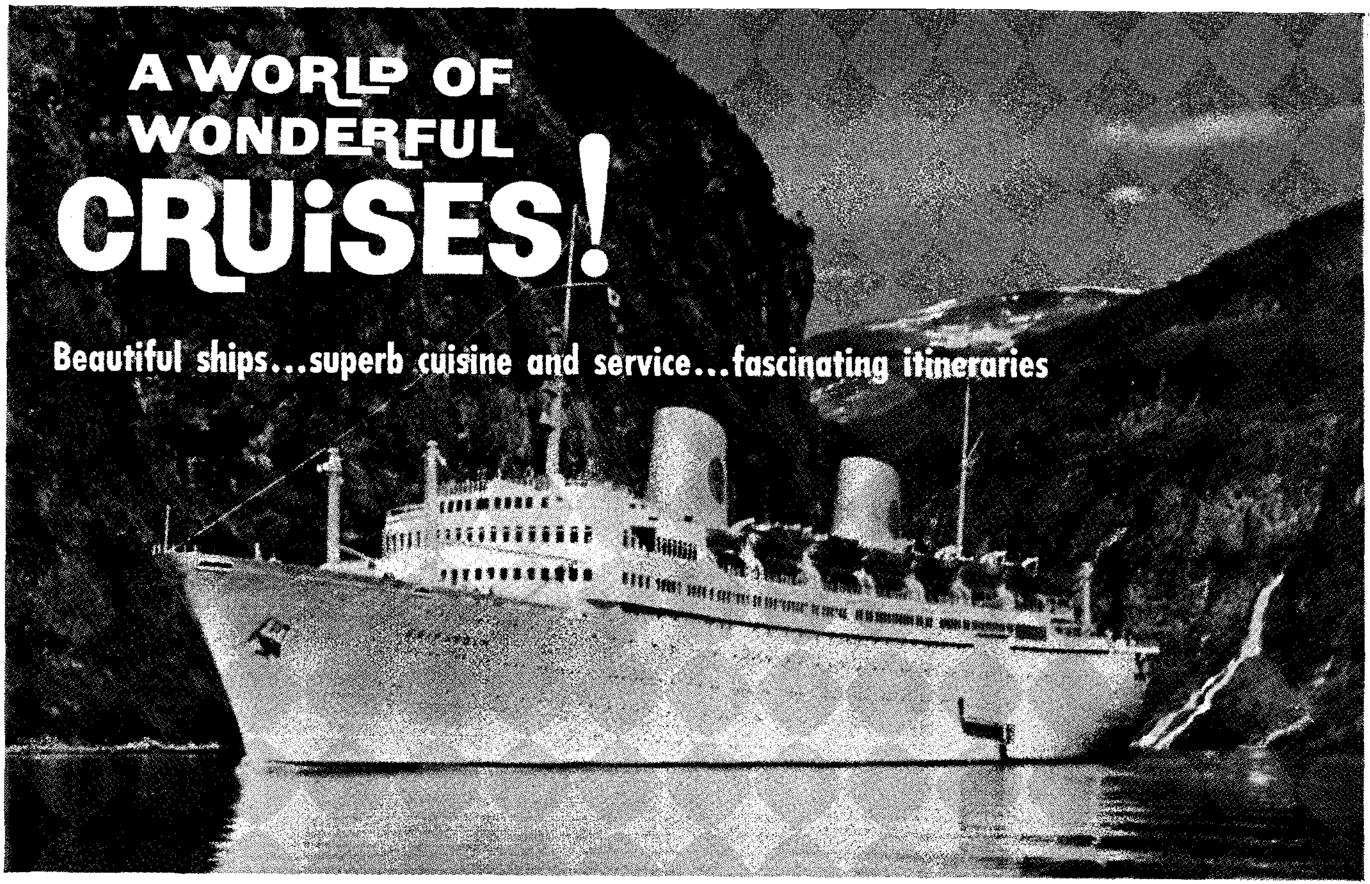
Making the ***blue-glass test*** is a very intriguing game. To play it, all you need are three blue glasses numbered 1, 2, 3—three different brands of Scotch whisky—and a pretty girl to act as umpire. Or a friend or a waiter can be a stand-in. The idea is to enable you to judge impartially which Scotch is your favorite. The three brands are served identically in the blue glasses, so that all look alike and you will not know which brand is which. Be sure one brand of Scotch is Old Smuggler. Sip each judiciously. Compare the flavor thoughtfully. Then decide which brand you like best. Which Scotch will you pick? Frankly, we don't know. But we do know that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find that their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.

Old Smuggler

Special Offer: *Set of 9-ounce blue glasses etched with numerals 1, 2, 3. Similar to glasses used by experts for testing Scotch. Ideal for enjoying Scotch any way, any time. Send $1 per set of 3 glasses to Blue Glasses, P. O. Box 36A, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Offer subject to state and local regulations.*

OLD
Smuggler
The Fashionable Scotch

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.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JAN. 18
1962

AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

GRIPSHOLM — 47 DAYS — 14,229 MILES

Circling a continent under the Southern Cross. A wonderful cruise combining leisurely, relaxing days at sea with calls at such fabulous cities as Lima, Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro. Altogether, 12 ports are visited in the Canal Zone, Peru, Chile, Falkland Islands, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Barbados and the Virgin Islands. RATES FROM $1,350.

JAN. 20
1962

AROUND THE WORLD

KUNGSHOLM — 88 DAYS — 26,467 MILES
(75 days if you leave cruise at Los Angeles)

"The Cruise of a Lifetime!" This unique itinerary includes exotic Egypt, India, Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Hong Kong and Japan. The 18 ports visited are: Palma, Majorca; Naples, Italy; Alexandria, the Suez Canal and Suez, Egypt; Aden; Bombay, India; Colombo, Ceylon; Rangoon, Burma; Penang, Malaya; Singapore; Bangkok, Thailand; Hong Kong; Kobe and Yokohama, Japan; Honolulu, Hawaii; Los Angeles; Acapulco, Mexico; Balboa, Canal Zone and the Panama Canal. RATES FROM $2,900.

MAR. 8
1962

GREEK ISLANDS *IN SPRINGTIME*— MEDITERRANEAN—BLACK SEA

GRIPSHOLM — 51 DAYS — 14,018 MILES

"The Cruise of the Year." This "off the beaten path" cruise takes place at a time when Mediterranean weather is ideal—green, sunny and warm—and includes 27 ports of call—many of them seldom visited by cruise liners: Cadiz, Spain; Gibraltar; Tangier, Morocco; Malaga, Spain; Valletta, Malta; Alexandria, Egypt; Haifa, Israel; Sochi and Yalta, Russia; Istanbul, Turkey; Epidaurus, Piraeus, Delos, Mykonos, Rhodes, Erakleion and Itea, Greece; Kotor, St. Stefan and Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia; Messina, Sorrento and Naples, Italy; Villefranche, France; Barcelona, Spain; Palma, Majorca; Lisbon, Portugal. RATES FROM $1,525.

JUNE 28
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NORTH CAPE—VIKING LANDS —NORTHERN EUROPE

GRIPSHOLM — 47 DAYS — 12,055 MILES

"Most comprehensive of all North Cape Cruises." A zestful, exhilarating summer sea-travel adventure, with all the restful charm of life aboard a "happy ship." The 25 ports of call take you to Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Germany (including the Kiel Canal), Holland, Belgium and Ireland. RATES FROM $1,400.

SUN BLEST VACATION CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1961

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NOV. 4	GRIPSHOLM Fort-de-France, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Port-au-Prince.	13 DAYS	FROM $330
DEC. 20	GRIPSHOLM Fort-de-France, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Port-au-Prince.	13 DAYS	FROM $415

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THE WHITE VIKING FLEET
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Offices and agents in all principal cities

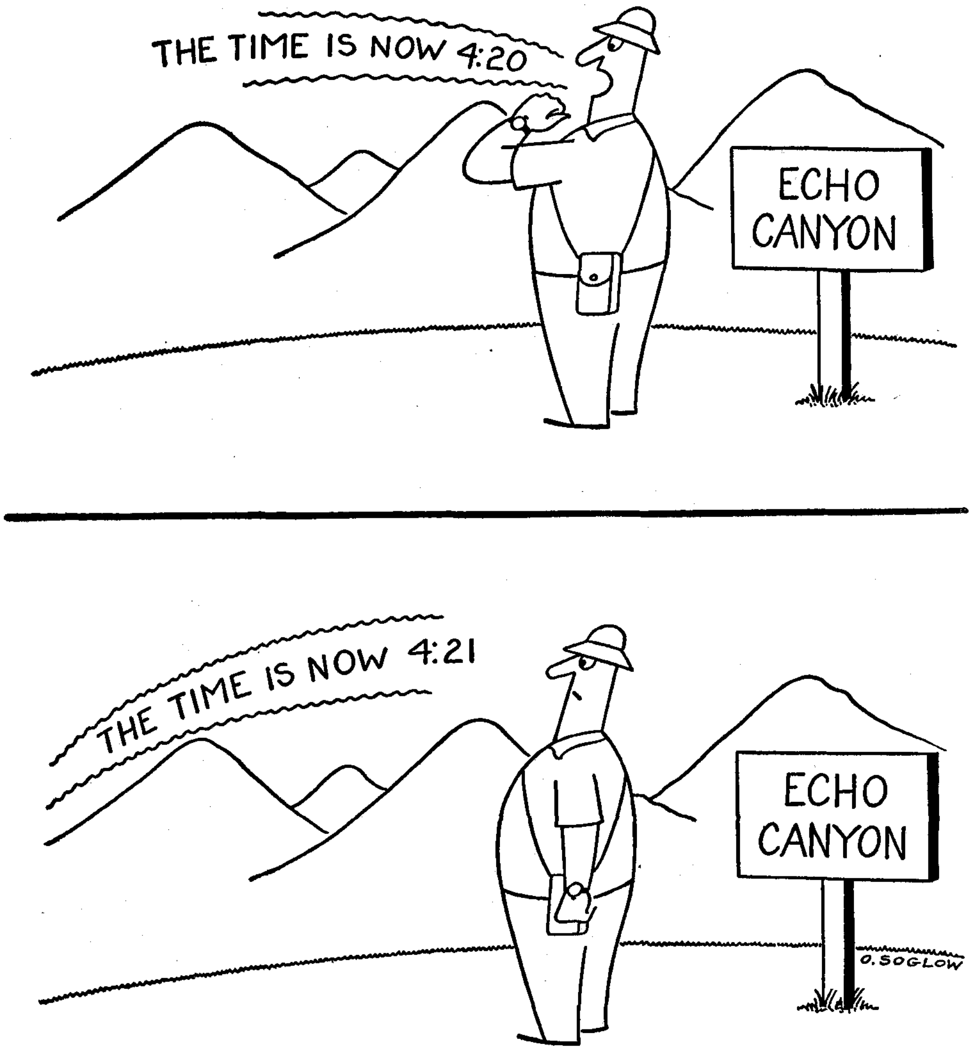
BOOKS

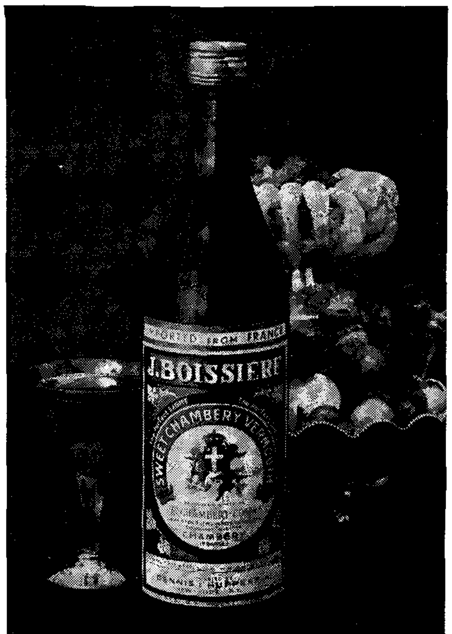
Sadness in Boston

THE wave of migrants of which I was a part rolled in on Boston and its environs in the nineteen-thirties. The most recent of the many population movements into that region in the last three centuries, it was attracted, as were the others, by the prospect of economic and social advance—in the case of my migrant generation, by the demand for low-paid workers at the large educational institutions of the area and the upward mobility that, rightly or wrongly, was assumed to characterize such employment. Arriving from the farms and small towns of the Middle West (or, in my case, from rural Ontario), we found that the adjustment was not easy. The dilapidated slums in which many of us settled, to the east and north of Harvard Yard, were in dismal contrast to the clean countryside from which we came. We submitted with whatever grace we could to the disciplines of our Irish landladies, whose rents, in those depression years and by our simple agrarian standards, were merciless. We could not easily forget our position as a depressed caste, for we were in daily touch with the well-to-do, relaxed, and secure young natives—the Macdonalds, Kennedys, and Smiths—who inhabited Harvard College and who suffered none of our hardships.

The normal way of redressing injustice in a democracy is by recourse to political action. I am not sure that many of my generation thought of this possibility, but those who did saw a searing prospect. All of the high positions in the Commonwealth and all of the lesser ones were monopolized by the earlier arrivals. In the Executive the Curleys, Hurleys, and Buckleys formed an unbroken phalanx. In the legislature there was a sprinkling of names like Saltonstall and Parkman, who differed from the dominant Irish only in being members of an even earlier migration. And one could not listen to the old Irish families without discovering that, like all aristocracies, they had a feeling of divine right. They had won their position of predominance by their own efforts and against the resistance of the yet earlier arrivals. It was now something to be defended without question, although not yet without indignation.

Obviously there was material here for a novel. Like the previous waves that, as maidservants, laborers, or textile hands, had come similarly into the culs-de-sac or onto the lower rungs of the social ladder, we teaching assistants and instructors were there voluntarily. But the sensitive among us could not but see that in our neglect, exploitation, and exclusion from the major opportunities of the community we were paying heavily for our chance. No one ever did write a novel about us or about the French-Canadians, Poles, Italians, or Jews who at one time or another also suffered the sorrows of the uprooted around Boston. The reason is that all the available writers have always been writing about the Irish. Old and superbly established though they were, theirs continued to be the only problem in movement and rehabilitation that aroused any interest. When Italians or Poles were unloaded on the beach, nothing much had been assumed to happen. But for the Irish this had been an experience of infinite complexity and lasting sadness. It would be going too far to say that novelists feel that only the Irish have a soul. Yet certainly they feel that the Irish soul is an exceptionally sensitive and friable organ that provides unlimited opportunity for study. The susceptibility of the Irish soul to more or less permanent damage has also impressed the political scientists. To this day in Massachusetts, no one would dream of discussing politics in a learned way without going into the continuing consequences of the cold shoulder the Irish immigrants were accorded by the Yankees a century ago. That one's great-grandfather came in after the famine and had a very hard time is only a little short of being admissible evidence for the defense in a trial for highway fraud. The clustering around the Church, the closing of the ranks against the outsider, the loyalty to the old sod, the difficult upward path, the occasional escape to the world outside—all of this has been material for scores of grand yarns and dozens of deeply perceptive books. On this point, it is doubtful that any subject in American letters, with the possible exception of the plight of the post-bellum South, has given





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Just far enough from the madding crowd to make luncheon a delight... dinner a dream.

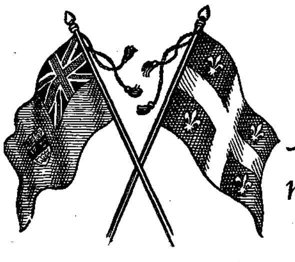
THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First Street. BU 8-5800.
Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

sensitive writers a deeper feeling of their own worth.

Currently, the leading prophet of the acculturation of the Irish, to give the phenomenon its technical name, is Edwin O'Connor. In my view, he is an excellent novelist and a master at showing how much can be made of moth-eaten material. His "The Last Hurrah," published in 1956, was a classic in one sense of the word: Frank Skeffington, the hero, was politically and sociologically a completely standardized phenomenon. He was a member of a racial and religious minority that had been abused and rejected. This abuse and neglect nurtured strong tribal loyalties and bred men of ability and guile. In the course of time, the minority became a majority, and it remained only for one of the men of ability and guile to mobilize the tribal loyalties and take over. Then, subject to reasonable percentage limits, the exploited became the exploiters. Things are supposed to work out this way.

O'Connor's portrait of Skeffington so impressed the late James Michael Curley, to whom, according to the author, Skeffington bore only a coincidental resemblance, that Curley was moved to write his own autobiography as a kind of companion piece. It was founded on the same sociology as the career of Skeffington and employed the same justification for off-color behavior. In this volume, it might be added, the relationship to reality was often indubitably coincidental. Thus, at one point Curley described, with considerable if not wholly justifiable pride, a religious brawl that he had tried to pick in the Capitol with the late J. Thomas (Cotton Tom) Heflin, the distinguished demagogue from Alabama, and how he had been frustrated at the last moment by an almost unprecedented intervention of his better nature. The alleged incident could have occurred only some ten years before Curley went to Congress or some ten years after Heflin had been accorded a well-merited retirement. Among Curley's many qualities was the ability to arouse a large measure of skepticism about anything he might say, and this extended to his literary endeavor. People noted that both in the book and in the movie Skeffington had been well received by the American people, and presumed that this had caused Curley to copy from O'Connor rather than from life. My own interpretation is more lenient. In considering how to present himself, it was natural that Curley should turn to the production model.

There is evidence that when he



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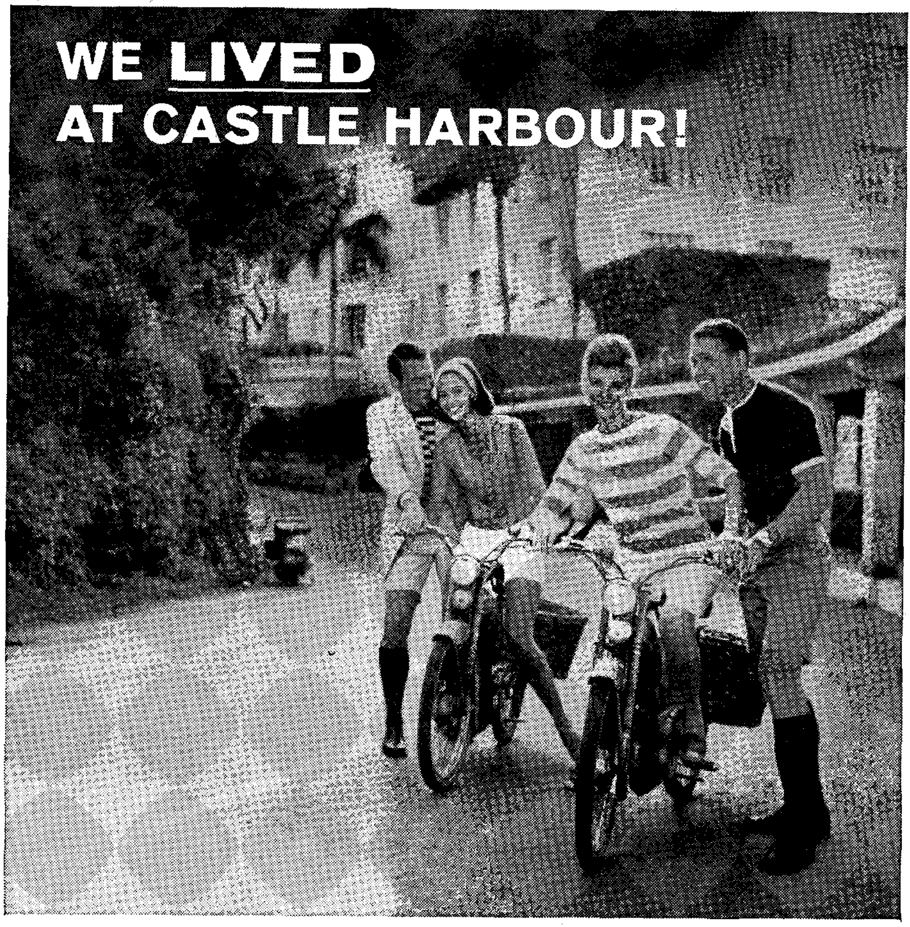

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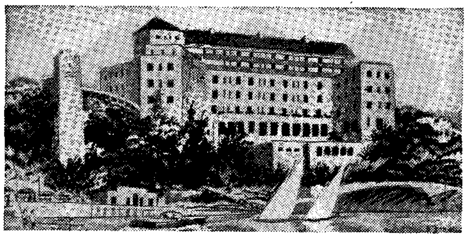

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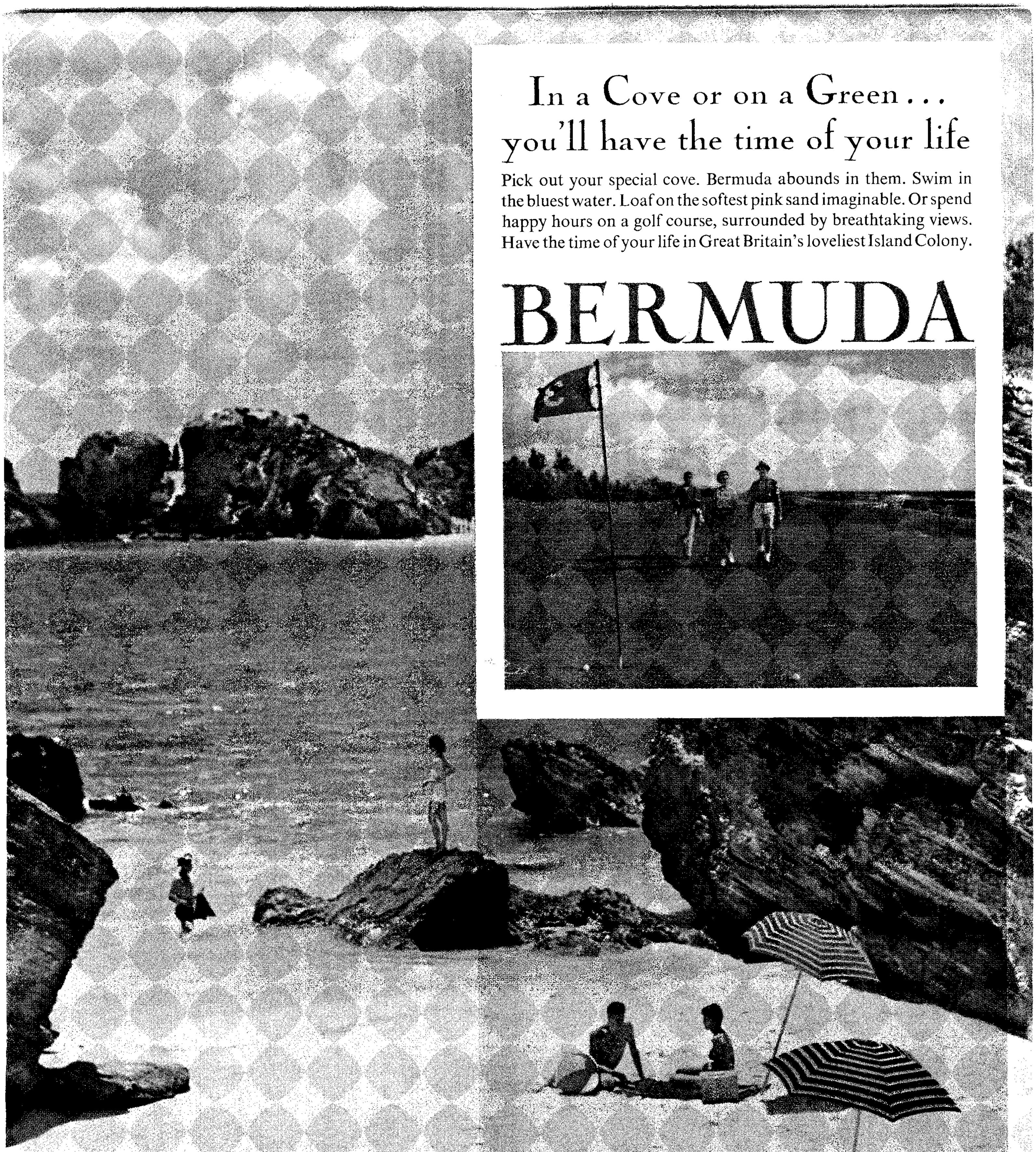
began his most recent book, "The Edge of Sadness" (published by Little, Brown), O'Connor intended to leave the acculturation of the Irish for good and all, and deal with the simple but delicate problem of a priest who in his middle years turns to alcohol. The advance billing of the book made much of this theme. In fact, it forms only a small and not wholly plausible part of the story. The causes of the descent into drunkenness are not fully developed or entirely convincing. The lost weekdays are deliberately and mercifully left unchronicled. The cure, as recovery from alcoholism goes, seems to have been rather easy. In the very early pages are hints of concern about a relapse, but this disappears. There being no story here, the author turns back to the struggles and torments of the Irish. But he has to find a new twist. In recent years in New England, the challenge to the Irish by the other ethnic groups (not, I may say, including my own) has been increasingly strong. With the Italians so obviously moving in, it is not quite so easy to talk about the efforts of the Irish to establish themselves vis-à-vis the Yankees. Moreover, as the author came to the last chapters of his manuscript, he must have been struck by the distinct possibility that the grandson of one of his uprooted would soon become President of the United States. (A young Congressional candidate who enters the story in the latter pages has several of the political trademarks of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.) Election of a President from a particular ethnic group may not be final proof of full assimilation, but it surely suggests a trend. So O'Connor has had to concede what members of the much later migrant groups, including the Galbraiths, have so long taken for granted—namely, that in America the Irish are in.

Because the author is not able to talk of the struggle between the Irish and their precursors, his solution is a struggle between the Irish and the Irish. He finds, or invents, a formidable tension between those who are fully acculturated and those who are not. It is a remarkably ingenious solution, for it keeps a maximum of these fragile souls in torment for some little time longer. And it makes a very good story. Those who retain their ancient traits and habits are now getting on in years, and attention centers on a wealthy eighty-one-year-old tenement-and-slum proprietor named Charlie Carmody. Charlie is described by one of his oldest friends:

> "The man is misunderstood," he would say. "There are people in this city who think that Charlie's the meanest man that



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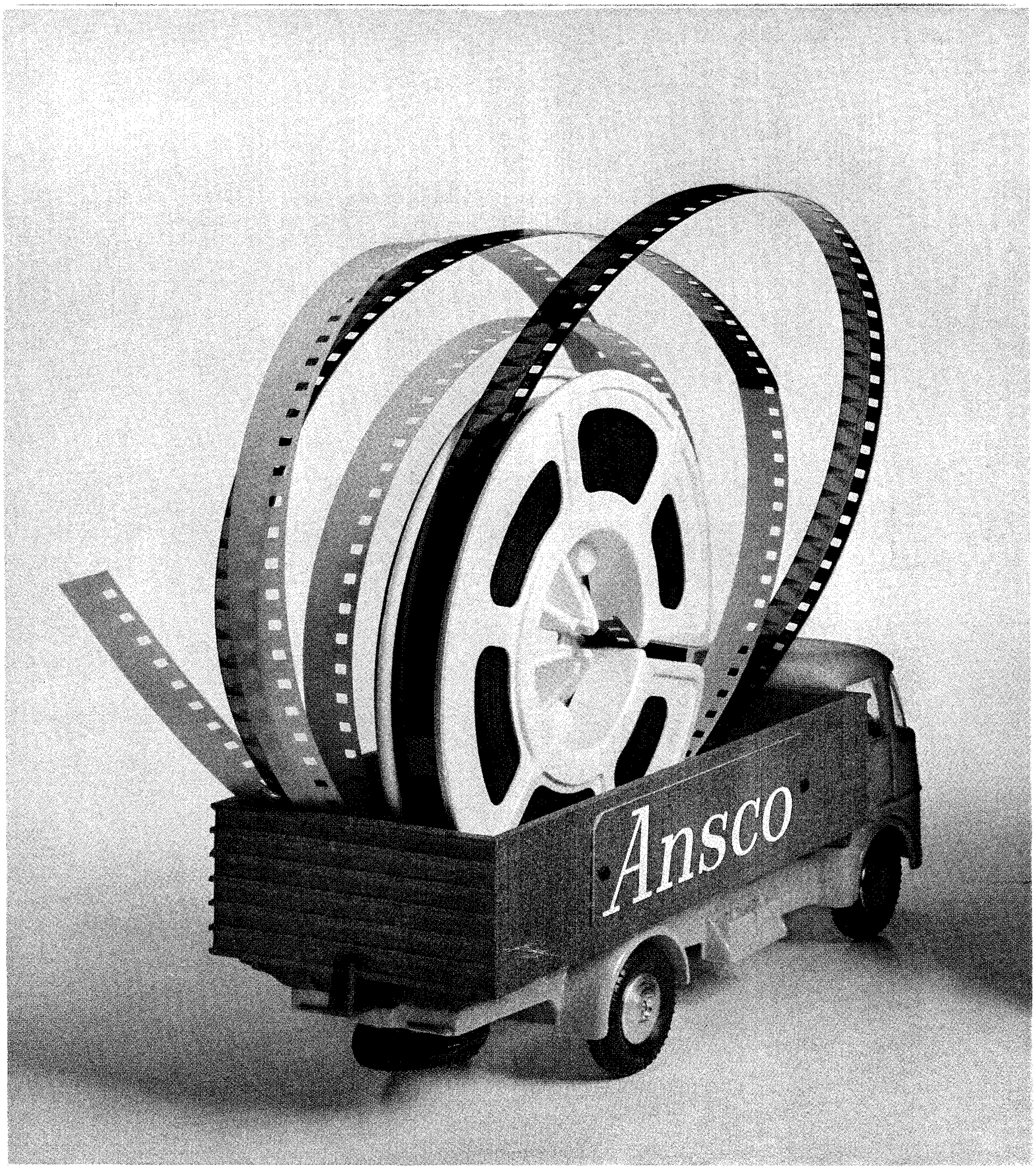

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Charlie, in turn, can be eloquent in his own defense:

"They made Little Georgie Casey's boy head of the rent control last week and before he had the chance to warm the seat with his pants he was up callin' me names in the papers! Did you read about that, Father? Did you read about Charlie Carmody the rent-gouger? Oh my, ain't *that* a terrible thing to be called? By the son of Little Georgie, that I knew all my life like a brother? And then the papers get on to me and say, 'Ain't it awful, Mr. Carmody, when a young feller like that calls a fine man like you names?'... And what do I tell them, Father? I tell them the truth. I say, 'I got no statement but forgive and forget. That's the way Charlie Carmody is and that's the way he'll always be. He holds no grudges. I got nothin' against any man, specially when he's Little Georgie Casey's boy that was brought up with practically no father at all, what with Little Georgie bein' away for so long for stealin' the penny stamps out of the post office."

To his children, Charlie is more than an anachronism. He has destroyed two of them; the other two, one of whom is a priest, he has managed to scar for life. Much of the book is devoted to a clinical examination of the wounds. The patient listener to all this is the priest, Father Kennedy, who tells the story in the book. After his conquest of alcohol, he has returned to a run-down parish called Old St. Paul's, in the city of his birth, and now, for reasons that are not quite clear to him, is being cultivated by Charlie. This throws him back in touch with the children whom Charlie has damaged. The new generation are no longer strongly committed either to the Church or to each other. The Polish curate of the parish, Father Danowski, an impressive achievement in character design, and proof that O'Connor could, if necessary, work with Presbyterians, is

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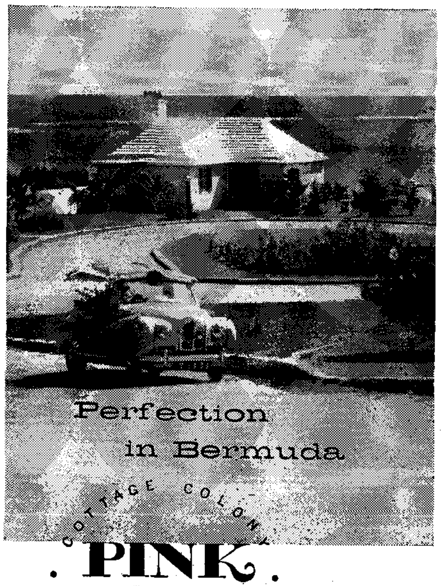

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still the shepherd of his flock. But the Irish priests, though devout, are tired, aloof, and disenchanted. Charlie's politician grandson asks one of them if he can come to Mass, pass the collection basket, and do a little politicking at the church door. He is refused. Skeffington and Curley wouldn't have bothered to ask and would have tried to preach the sermon. The talk of Charlie and his generation is ebullient, combative, whimsical, exhibitionist, long-winded, and unrelated to conscious thought. Their children tell of the damage he has done them, in measured, grave, and deeply introspective tones. One peculiarity does remain: There is no conversation, only speeches, and no speech is less than a paragraph long. All of the new generation are equipped with total recall and practice it on any available occasion.

This sounds dreary, but it is anything but dreary. Someone has (or, more likely, many have) said of Jane Austen's novels that although the reader knows that nothing will happen, he can't wait to find out. The probing of the souls to find the damage done by Charlie produces nothing of interest, but O'Connor makes it interesting. He even makes Charlie's intention in cultivating the narrating priest after so many years a matter of mild suspense, although in the end Charlie is concerned only with being told on his deathbed that he isn't universally detested. He receives this dubious intelligence, and then recovers.

O'Connor is unquestionably one of the most skillful writers of the day. He has a gift for quick description and a singular purity of style. Moreover, in his own venue he has John O'Hara's ear for speech, and a gift for just the amount of exaggeration that provides contrast without loss of plausibility. I cannot imagine that any priest in Boston speaks quite as does the parvenu Father Danowski. But his stilted and pretentious syntax is in marvellous contrast with the relaxed accents of the secure and aristocratic Irish, and it admirably and plausibly makes the point. It will be evident by now that I do not think O'Connor's theme is excessively important. But out of his slender material I do think he has written a very good novel.

—JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

BRIEFLY NOTED

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WITH GALL AND HONEY, by R. Leslie Gourse (Doubleday). This strikingly attractive first novel tells about a nineteen-year-old American girl's

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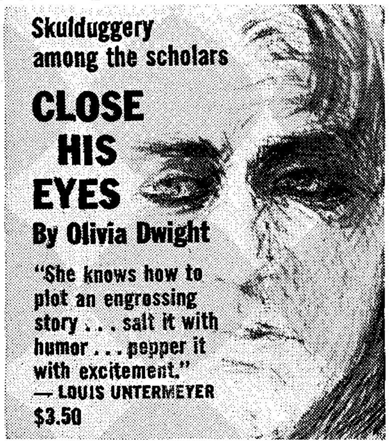

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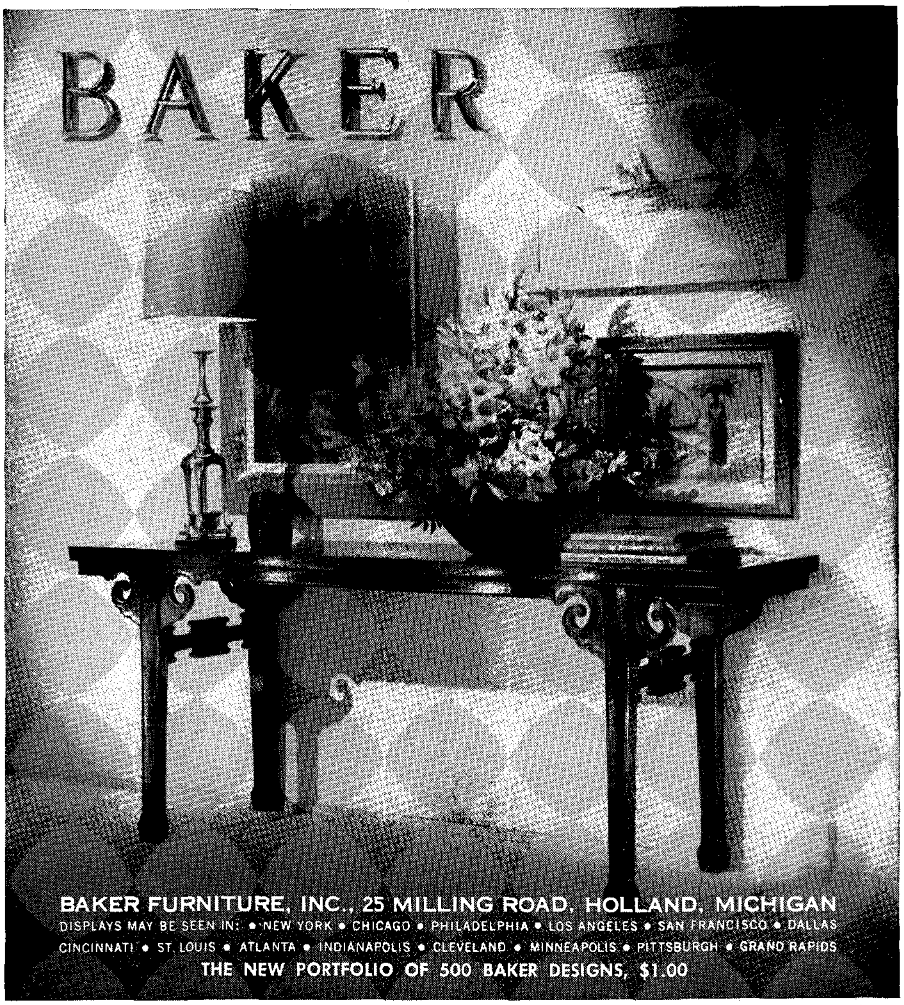
first weeks in Israel, where she falls in love with the whole country, having already fallen in love with the man she will probably love for the rest of her life. Andrea Mornatnai, a beautiful girl who at first irritates the reader by her startling detachment from herself and from everyone around her but who very soon establishes herself as a creature of grace and intelligence, sails from New York with a shipload of strangers, all of them around her own age and all of them under the sponsorship of a Jewish agency that is encouraging them to visit Israel and perhaps settle there. The descriptions of life on shipboard and the accounts of life in Jerusalem and on a *kibbutz* leave no doubt about the authority of Miss Gourse's talent, and Andrea and her lover are figures who will not soon be forgotten by anyone who reads even a few pages about them.

The House on Coliseum Street, by Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf). Miss Grau's novel is set in New Orleans and describes the enfeebling effects of an abortion on a young girl's capacity for happiness. The girl, Joan Mitchell, lives with her mother, Aurelie, and her four younger half sisters—each of them the daughter of a different father. The depiction of Joan's slow withdrawal from bewilderment into silence and hatred is impressive and convincing, and the atmosphere of the beautiful old house in which selfish, practical, still handsome Aurelie and her daughters all live is pleasantly conveyed.

The Last Letter Home, by Vilhelm Moberg, translated from the Swedish by Gustaf Lannestock (Simon & Schuster). A slow, melancholy, and frequently moving account of the struggle of a young Swedish immigrant couple to make a place for themselves and their children in Minnesota a hundred years or so ago. Kristina and Karl Oskar Nilsson have courage, strength, and faith in each other, but there is an air of remoteness, or perhaps of saintliness, about them that makes them less human and therefore less memorable than they might have been. Their chronicle ends in 1890, with the last letter back to their family in Sweden.

No Signposts in the Sea, by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday). This mild little story of a man's refusal to believe that he can be loved is set on a small cruise ship sailing in tropical



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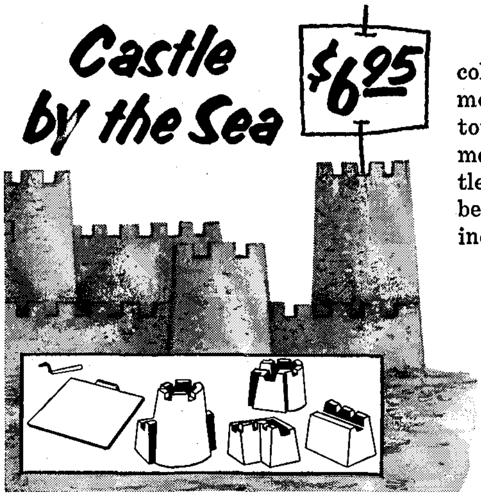

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AMERICAN COMMISSAR, by Sandor Voros (Chilton). These memoirs of a former Communist functionary are somewhat overwrought but heartfelt and informative. Mr. Voros's autobiography begins toward the end of the First World War, when he was a cadet in the army of the disintegrating Austro-Hungarian Empire. Some years afterward, he and his family came to the United States. Good-natured and politically innocent, he was euchred into joining the Communist Party by more sophisticated Hungarian émigrés. He performed his Party chores with such military snap that he was quickly advanced through the ranks, and at the time of the Spanish Civil War he was sent overseas with the dual mission of offering Party guidance to and investigating conditions in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of American volunteers. Voros discovered that all the international brigades were being butchered, mainly on account of Communist ruthlessness, and that nobody in the Communist hierarchy intended to do anything except lie about it. When he returned to the United States, he left the Party. Voros's testimony, fascinating and poignant, is something of a tribute to the Loyalist volunteers, who have been left, by historical accident, in a political limbo; at the time, Communist propaganda largely concealed their sufferings, and, later, their having fought in Communist-controlled formations made them all suspect, with no distinction drawn between betrayers and betrayed. Voros's book suggests that many deserve something better, if only pity.

•

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